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THE NEW YORKER

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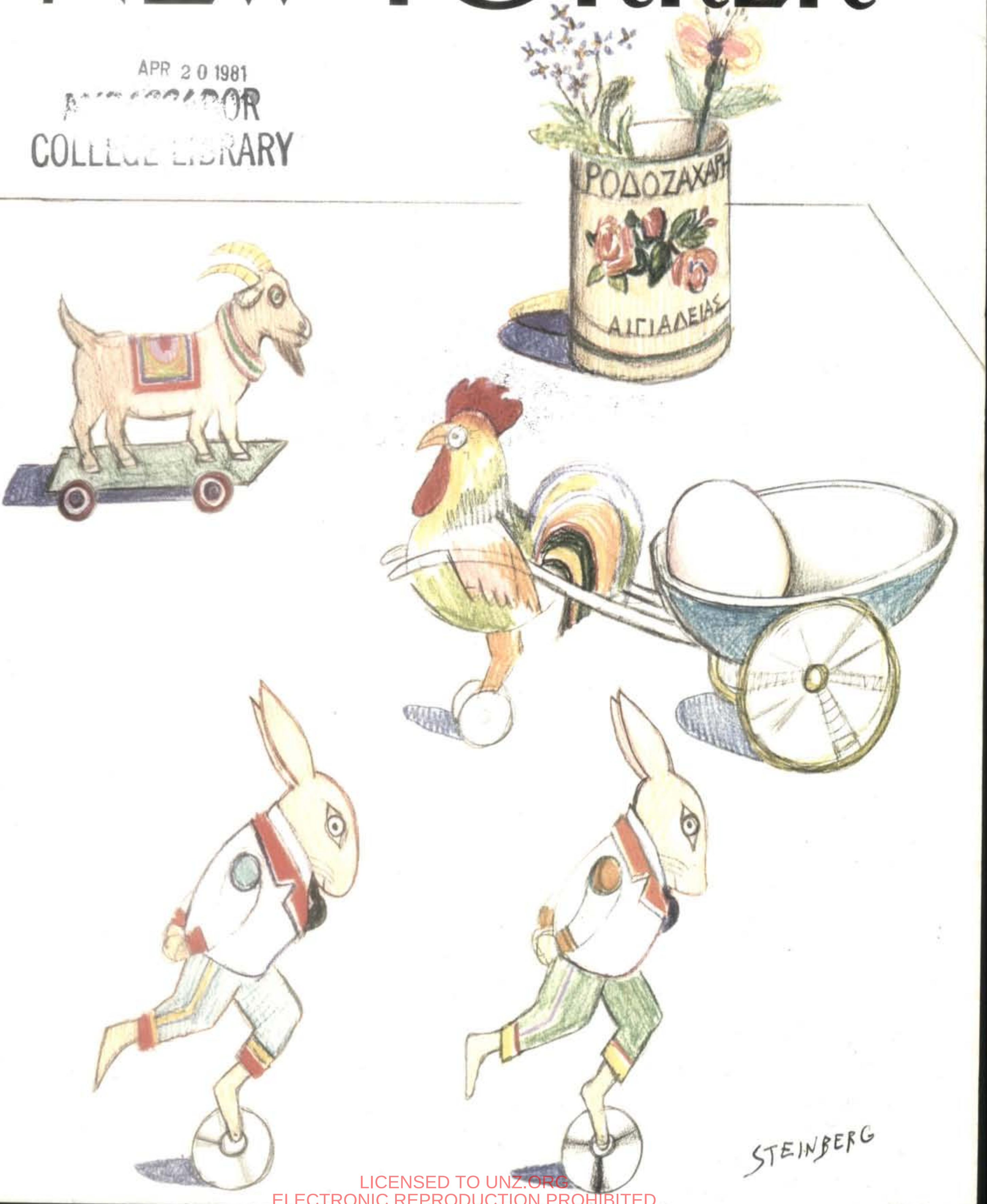
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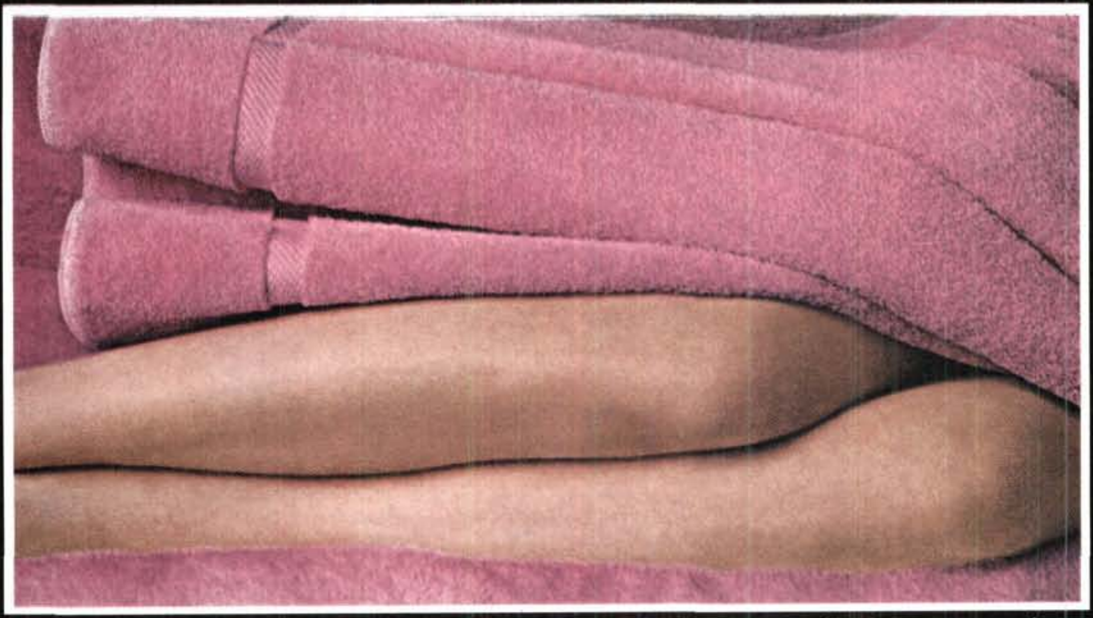

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aaah Oui Genty!—Masterly feats of puppetry by a French company of four, the leader of the group being Philippe Genty. The show is as much for adults as for children, since matters of life and death are often on M. Genty's mind. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Acting Company—A brief engagement by John Houseman's group. **IL CAMPIELLO, A VENETIAN COMEDY,** an eighteenth-century farce by Carlo Goldoni, newly translated by Richard Nelson; directed by Liviu Ciulei: Wednesday, April 15, at 7 (opening); Thursday and Friday, April 16-17, at 8; and Saturday, April 18, at 3 and 8. . . . ¶ Samuel Beckett's **WAITING FOR GODOT,** directed by Alan Schneider: Tuesday, April 21, at 8 (preview); Wednesday, April 22, at 7 (opening); and Thursday and Friday, April 23-24, at 8. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,** directed by David Chambers: Saturday, April 25, at 8, and Sunday, April 26, at 3 and 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are acted by Tracy Pollan, Jan Leslie Harding, Sam Robards, and Ralph Davies, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amadeus—Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Ian McKellen plays the villainous Salieri superbly, and Tim Curry is almost his match as Mozart. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Amazin' Casey Stengel; or, Can't Anybody Here Speak This Game?—Paul Dooley in a one-man play by Shelly Altman and Michael Zettler. A presentation of the American Humorists Series. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, and Thursdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3.)

BAM Theatre Company—The last two in a series of plays to be presented in repertory through Sunday, May 10. Bertolt Brecht's **JUNGLE OF CITIES,** with Don Scardino and Beth McDonald. Wednesday, April 15, at 8 (preview); Thursday, April 16, at 6:30 (opening); Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, at 8; Sunday, April 19, at 2 and 7:30; and Tuesday through Saturday, April 21-25, at 8. . . . ¶ Sophocles' **OEDIPUS THE KING,** with Joe Morton, Gerry Bamman, and Sheila Allen. Thursday through Saturday, April 16-18, at 8; Sunday, April 19, at 2 and 7:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 21-22, at 8 (all previews); Thursday, April 23, at 8 (opening); and Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

The Buddy System—A play by Jonathan Feldman, with Keith Gordon as the lead. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Copperfield—A musical based on Dickens' "David Copperfield," with book, music, and lyrics by Al Kasha and Joel Hirschhorn. With George S. Irving, Barrie Ingham, Brian Matthews, Carmen Mathews, and Evan Richards. Directed by Rob Iscove. Previews Wednesday, April 15. Opens officially on Thursday, April 16. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Molière's comedy **THE MISER,** in a new translation by Earl McCarroll, will be the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, April 15. Opens officially on Thursday, April 16, and will run through Sunday, May 3. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Father—Strindberg's passionate domestic melodrama is ill served by this clumsy production. The cast includes Ralph Waite and Frances Sternhagen. (4/13/81) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fifth of July—One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is a cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams, well-shaken; the results are substantial. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fools—An unpleasant comedy by Neil Simon about a village in Russia doomed to everlasting stupidity. John Rubinstein heads the able cast. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

42nd Street—Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (9/8/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Haggadah—Elizabeth Swados's celebration of Passover. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Saturday, April 18, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

It's Me, Sylvia!—Sylvia Miles in a one-woman show, for which she wrote the book and the

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lyrics and Galt MacDermot supplied the music. (Playhouse II, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:45. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Late City Edition—A musical entertainment, conceived and directed by Isaiah Sheffer, that incorporates the writings of Eve Merriam, Russell Baker, Barbara Carson, Mr. Sheffer, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Fridays and Saturdays at 11:15.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's PATIENCE. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—This production of O'Neill's autobiographical drama has a distinguished black cast, but it seems rather tame, on the whole, in spite of a stunning performance by Al Freeman, Jr., as Jamie Tyrone. A presentation of the Richard Allen Center for Culture & Art. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (3/16/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Lunch Hour—A new comedy by Jean Kerr, about a mild case of adultery in the Hamptons. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Marry Me a Little—Seventeen songs by Stephen Sondheim that were eliminated from his shows during rehearsal are sung by Suzanne Henry and Craig Lucas in this abbreviated musical. Some of the songs are charming; the performance is only pretty good. (3/23/81) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A play by Larry Neal, IN AN UPSTATE MOTEL, is the last in this season's series of productions. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 26.)

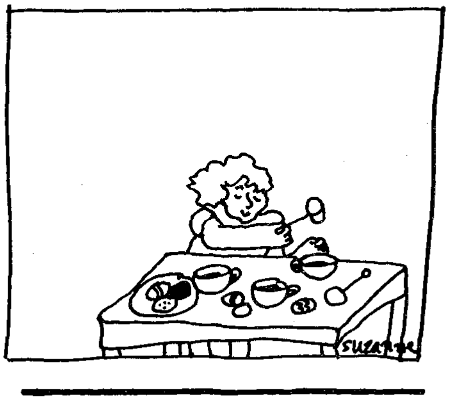
Phoenix Theatre—A comedy, MEETINGS, by the Trinidadian dramatist Mustapha Matura which darkens into a grisly fable about the destruction of the islanders and their culture by the rapacious white man. Carl Lumbly plays a prosperous Trinidadian engineer who tries to renew his ties to his own people; Michele Shay is his wife, an advertising woman engaged in promoting a dangerous synthetic cigarette; and Seret Scott is a country girl who comes to cook for them. Considered scene by scene, the play is humorous and effective, but as a whole it adds up to something less than Mr. Matura's "Rum an Coca-Cola," a more original work with a similar theme, of a few years back. The acting under the direction of Gerald Gutierrez is very good. (4/13/81) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 19.)

Piaf—A ramshackle non-play about the gifted and valorous French chanteuse, who died in 1963. It provides an opportunity for a grandly theatrical performance by Jane Lapotaire. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert-and-Sullivan warhorse. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Rockaby—A one-character play by Samuel Beckett, with Billie Whitelaw. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 477-6430. Final performance Wednesday, April 15, at 8.)



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Rose—Glenda Jackson plays an intelligent and rebellious schoolteacher in the English Midlands. The playwright, Andrew Davies, has written some good scenes, but they fail to add up to a play. (4/6/81) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Translations—A play by Brian Friel. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . ANNIE: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.). . . BARNUM: A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD: An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING: A play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . DANCIN': Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE: The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: A Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . DEATHTRAP: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . THE ELEPHANT MAN: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . EVITA: A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . THE FANTASTICKS: 8,720 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . GEMINI: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . MORNING'S AT SEVEN: A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . ONE MO' TIME: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . SCRAMBLED FEET: The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . SUGAR BABIES: This mock tribute to old-time burlesque em-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

braces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Diana Canova and Ted Wass. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—This show, a patchwork of Americana, has the Rockettes doing a precision number called "Stars and Stripes" (what else?) and thirty-six other performers doing everything from country hoedowns to polkas to jam sessions. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays through Mondays at 2:30 and 8.)

The Circus—Another big basketful of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey goodies. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, April 15, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 16, at 10:30 and 2:30; Fridays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; and Monday through Thursday, April 20-23, at 10:30 and 2:30. Because of hockey play-offs, the five-thirty performance on Sunday, April 19, and the two-thirty performance on Monday, April 20, will be cancelled, and the evening performance on Friday, April 24, *may* be cancelled. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting "Patience." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, April 23, at 8—there will be several more performances in the next few weeks. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 722-6641. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 21-22, at 8; Thursday and Friday, April 23-24, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 25, at 2 and 8.)

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of an eight-week engagement that will run through Saturday, June 13—Monday, April 20, at 7:30: "Raymonda," "Les Rendezvous," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Push Comes to Shove." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-3030.). . . ¶ Tuesday, April 21, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Airs," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Wednesday, April 22, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Prodigal Son," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 23, at 8: "Theme and Variations," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Bournonville Pas de Trois," and "Voluntaries.". . . ¶ Friday, April 24, at 8: "Raymonda," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 2: "Raymonda," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Interplay.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 8: "Les Rendezvous," "Airs," "Prodigal Son," and "Voluntaries." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Wednesday evening, April 15, and Saturday evening, April 18: "Diggity," "From Sea to Shining Sea," and "Arden Court" (première). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 16: "Airs," "From Sea to Shining Sea," and "Le Sacre du Printemps (the Rehearsal).". . . ¶ Friday evening, April 17: "Diggity," "Runes," and "Airs." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 19: "Esplanade," "From Sea to Shining Sea," and "Airs." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 21: "Polaris," "Dust," and "Arden Court.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 22: "Public Domain," "Runes," and "Airs.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 23: "Diggity," "Runes," and "Esplanade.". . . ¶ Friday evening, April 24: "Polaris," "From Sea to Shining Sea," and "Arden Court." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 25: "Runes," "Public Domain," and "Le Sacre du Printemps (the Rehearsal)." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 3.)

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Dance Umbrella—Final performances of a four-week season. **MARGARET JENKINS DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, April 15, and Friday, April 17, at 8; Saturday, April 18, at 2; and Sunday, April 19, at 8. . . . **ELISA MONTE AND DANCERS:** Thursday, April 16, and Saturday, April 18, at 8, and Sunday, April 19, at 2. . . . **MARIA BENITEZ-ESTAMPA FLAMENCA:** Tuesday, April 21, Thursday, April 23, and Saturday, April 25, all at 8; and Sunday, April 26, at 2. . . . **PEGGY LYMAN:** Wednesday, April 22, and Friday, April 24, at 8; Saturday, April 25, at 2; and Sunday, April 26, at 8. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 265-0822.)

Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers—Performing traditional African dances. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, April 22, and Friday, April 24, at 8; and Sunday, April 26, at 2.)

DanceAfrica Festival—Traditional African dances, as well as adaptations of them, performed by nine companies. Friday, April 24, at 8: Muntu Dance Theatre, The Art of Black Dance and Music, Arthur Hall's Afro-American Dance Ensemble, African Heritage Dancers, Chuck Davis Dance Company, Charles Moore's Dances and Drums of Africa, International Afrikan American Ballet, and Izulu Theatre. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 8: Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers; The Art of Black Dance and Music; Muntu Dance Theatre; African Heritage Dancers; and Arthur Hall's Afro-American Ensemble. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 26, at 2: The Art of Black Dance and Music, Arthur Hall's Afro-American Ensemble, Muntu Dance Theatre, and African Heritage Dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Kathakali—South Indian dance dramas by an all-male company from the Kerala Kalamandalam. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 371-4758. Friday through Tuesday, April 24-28, at 8. The doors will open at 7 to allow the audience to watch the ritualistic preparations of makeup and dress.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Two fine pianists and their trios will cast off aboard the four-foot-high bandstand: **DANNY MIXON** on Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, and **BARRY HARRIS** on Friday and Saturday, April 24-25. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Gallery
GALLERY

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—This club, named for the great Creole soprano saxophonist, is encrusted with mirrors. Drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** is working with Irish guitarist Louis Stewart, pianist Derek Smith, and bassist **JAY LEONHART** through Sunday, April 19; on Monday, April 20, clarinettist Rick Hardeman will head a trio; and on Tuesday, April 21, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** will arrive with a quartet. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)— The current lineup: Thursday, April 16, saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN'S** quartet & alto saxophonist **HANK CRAWFORD,** tenor saxophonist **AL COHN'S** foursome, and jazz singer **DAKOTA STATON** and her trio; Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, rock singer and record producer Genya Ravan and Otto & George (a ventriloquist and puppet, respectively); Monday and Tuesday, April 20-21, drummer **BILLY COBHAM;** Thursday, April 23, the country-rock band J. J. Cale and the Big Sky Mudflaps, a sextet from Montana that performs Gershwin, Ellington, Charlie Parker, and Boswell Sisters material, and their featured singer, **JUDY RODERICK;** and Saturday, April 25, Jools Holland & the Millionaires. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: pianist **FRED HERSCH** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Saturday, April 18, and bassist **RUFUS REID** and pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** starting Monday, April 20. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, works with pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

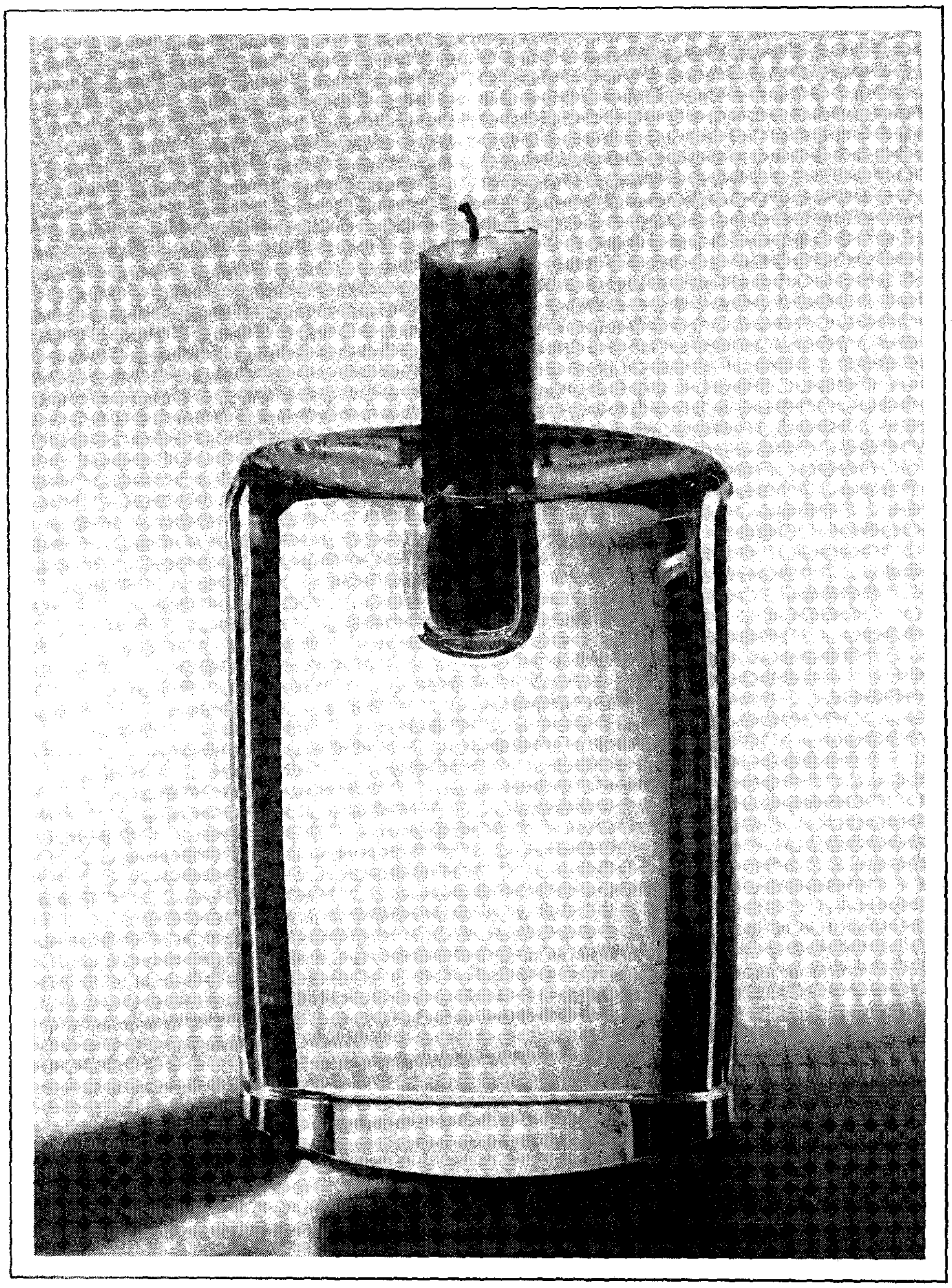
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a place where one can wear a tuxedo even if one is not a headwaiter or a member of **BOBBY SHORT'S** trio. Mr. Short and his two stalwart sidemen—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**—are back, holding Porter, Gershwin, and Coward soirées Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. On three evenings—Thursday, April 16, Wednesday, April 22, and Friday, April 24—Mr. Short won't be here, but **BARBARA COOK,** who sings in a wonderfully clear, ringing soprano voice, will be. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ** is paying a solo-piano tribute to Stephen Foster nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, April 15, Real Politik and Chinese Puzzle; Thursday, April 16, Swollen Monkeys and the Heat; Friday, April 17, Jo Marshall, the Flicks, and XYZ; and Saturday, April 18, DNA, Arthur Monroe Zone, and XYZ. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. *Dancin'.*

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-



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4450)—Lu Elliott, a onetime Ellington singer, has moved into this room for a while with pianist Robert Banks and bassist Jimmy Lewis. Her shows begin Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen; and Sundays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, April 15, the Battlefield Band and the Derby Ram; Thursday, April 16, Provincetown Jug Band; Saturday, April 18, the Yankee Rebels; Sunday, April 19, Larry Johnson, Joe Ravo, and Richard Perrin; Wednesday, April 22, Liam Og O'Flynn, Dave Surman, and the Derby Ram; Thursday, April 23, Changing Lanes; and Saturday, April 25, mandolinist **ANDY STATMAN** & Very Good Company. Music from about eight-fifteen Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays through Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, April 19, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** will guide his Jazz Sultans from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. Saxophonist **ART PEPPER** and his quartet perform through Sunday, April 19; beginning Tuesday, April 21, the four-part collaboration of pianist **STEVE KUHN,** singer **SHEILA JORDAN,** bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ,** and drummer **BOB MOSES** can be heard. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Wednesday, April 15, **STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY;** Thursday through Saturday, April 16-18, Raw Sugar; Monday, April 20, **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and **BROSS TOWNSEND,** with saxophonist Norris Turney; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 21-22, singer **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE;** and Thursday through Saturday, April 23-25, pianist Harry Whitaker and Marilyn Redfield, a vocalist. On Sundays Argentine pianist **JORGE DALTO,** Brazilian singer **ANGELA SUAREZ,** and a quintet play Brazilian jazz. The first show gets under way after eleven. Dining.

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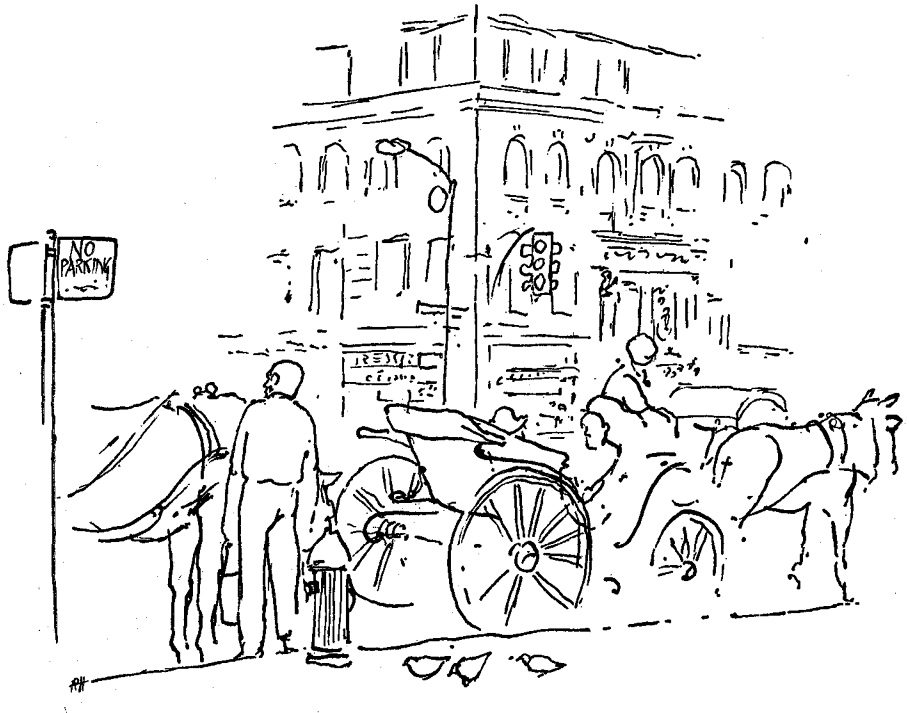
Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Sundays from five to ten, pianist **BROOKS KERR** plays stride numbers and sings a bit, too.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts East Side-looking couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **DICK WELLSTOOD,** the stride specialist, is working at the dining-room keyboard through Saturday, April 18. Daryl Sherman will sing on Sunday and Monday, April 19-20, and on Tuesday, April 21, **RED RICHARDS** will take charge. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. The **MARTY NAPOLEON** trio performs for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Unlike a lot of Hurrah's rock-disco competition, this second-floor space is amply large, its ceilings are quite high, and its video monitors are aimed from above in several directions, all of which makes it possible for one not to feel trapped or gulp for air or miss a hot video recording of Devo. The live-entertainment schedule: Thursday, April 16, Liquid Liquid and Certain Generals; Friday, April 17, the Dance and Bunny Drums; and Saturday, April 18, **SUN RA** and Swollen Monkeys. Live music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays.



Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, one will find a built-in balcony loft from which one can survey the whole room, appreciate—unless there is a heat wave—at least one cheering fire going (there are two fireplaces), and listen to the visiting musicians. On Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, the multinational multi-instrumentalist **DAVID AMRAM** will drop by with a quintet that performs music from the Middle East, South America, and Tompkins Square Park. On Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** will gig with pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** drummer **WALTER PERKINS,** and bassist **MIKE FLEMING.** On Sundays, composer, arranger, guitarist, percussionist, and singer **THIAGO DE MELLO** directs a ten-piece loose and limber Brazilian jazz band. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the sets by the guest musicians—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—Mike Morgenstern pilots a combo.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays thrugh Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Right now, it's also got super bassist **RON CARTER,** who will perform with pianist **CEDAR WALTON** through Saturday, April 18, and with pianist **JOHN HICKS** from Tuesday, April 21. **DON FRIEDMAN** and **BOB BODLEY** have the Sunday and Monday piano-bass honors. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday and Thursday, April 15-16, country-rock singer Michael Murphey; Sunday, April 19, Texas Jewish stand-up cowboy-folkie Kinkie Friedman; Monday and Tuesday, April 20-21, singer and keyboardist **COMMANDER CODY;** Wednesday, April 22, folkie Jonathan Edwards; and Thursday, April 23, the Bellamy Brothers. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

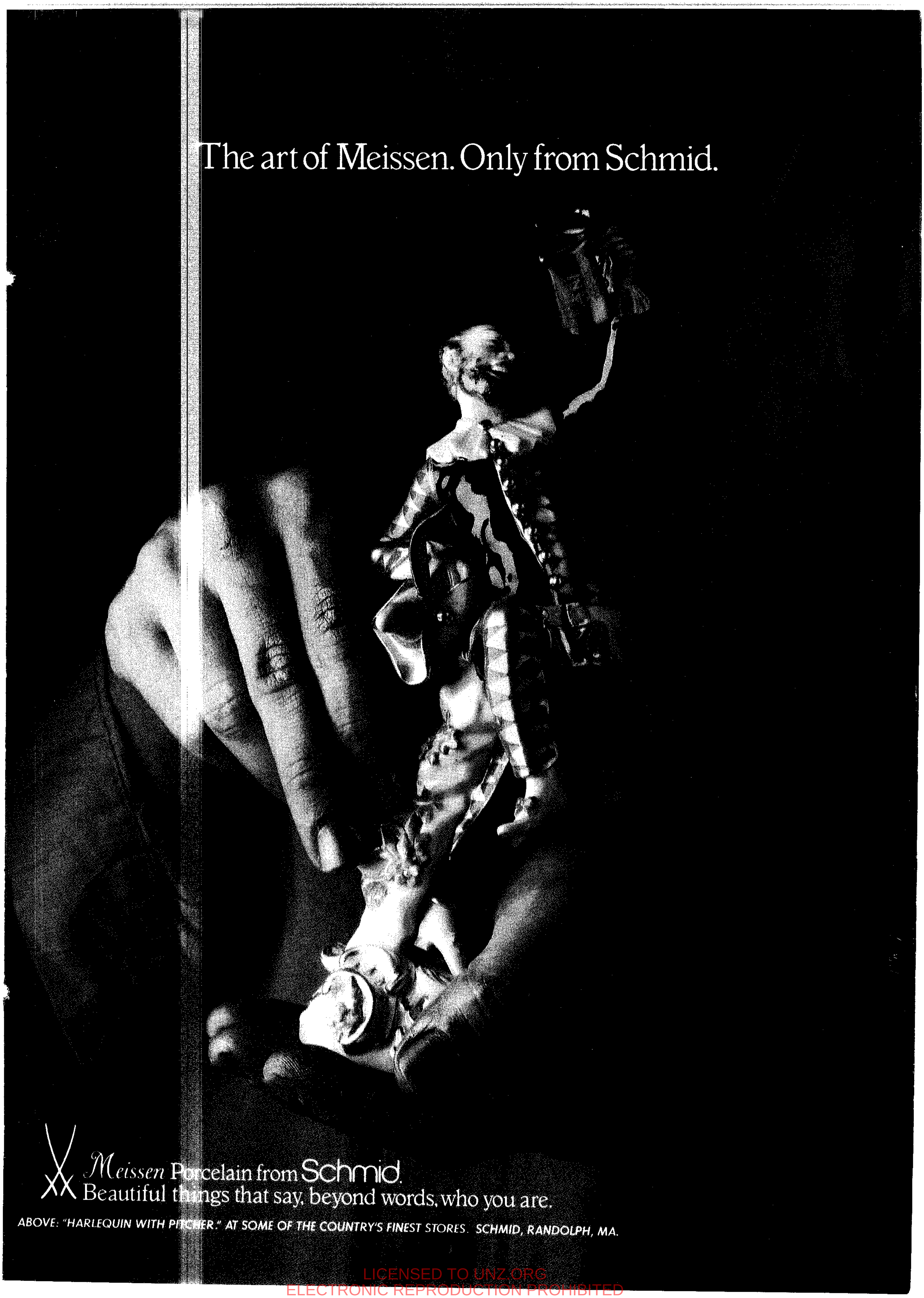
Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singers' room on the upper East Side. Wednesday, April 15, is **MEL TORMÉ'S** last night in this intimate setting. On Thursday, April 16, pop singer Maureen McGovern will move in. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, April 15, 4/4, the Lost, and Karnival; Thursday, April 16, Outsets, Black 'n' Blue, and Neck Tie Party; Friday, April 17, Senders, the Offs, and the Vectors; and Saturday, April 18, Lenny Kaye Connection, Ozone, and Kieran Liscoe & the Attitude. Shows usually begin long after eleven.

Michael Phillips, 994 First Ave., at 54th St. (888-0018)—A very pleasant room with a striking deep-blue wall, an indoor waterfall, and pale-pink table linens. Thursdays through Saturdays, the stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** performs here from ten-thirty to two. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer Weslia Whitfield and her pianist, Michael Slaughter, perform Tuesdays through Saturdays. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Evelyn Blakey sings here on Wednesday, April 15; and on Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, bassist Jerry Jemmotte will lead his



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sextet, which will feature guitarist **ARLEN ROTH.** Music from ten to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Wednesday and Thursday, April 15-16, will belong to guitar-bass team **JOHN STOWELL** and **DAVID FRIESEN;** on Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, the Joe Bidewell band will open the show for Chicago-blues composer, bassist, and singer **WILLIE DIXON,** who wrote biggies such as "Hootchie Cootchie Man," "I Just Want to Make Love to You," and "Seventh Son." On Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, folkies Christine Lavin and Jim Dawson will trade sets. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER'S** band plays bouncy dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Sort of a big bustling rec room with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, curled-cast-iron ice-cream-parlor chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom; the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. The schedule: Wednesday, April 15, **PARLIAMENT FUNKADELIC,** a wild and crazy soul unit; Thursday, April 16, Robert Ellis Aural; Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, Classix Nouveaux and Look; Monday, April 20, Kieran Liscoe & the Attitude; and Tuesday, April 21, Startoon. Music begins usually after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, "Thank Heaven for Lerner and Loewe," the latest house tribute, is under way, with Marni Nixon (who gave Natalie Wood a singing voice in "West Side Story"), Steve Elmore, Martin Vidnovic, and Meg Bussert comprising the cast. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor: **ASTRUD GILBERTO,** who sings Brazilian-jazz standards and an occasional funky number in her unmistakable soft, low, non-dramatic voice, is in town through Sunday, April 19. On Monday, April 20, proprietors **MIKE** and **RANDY BRECKER** will play saxophone and trumpet, respectively, and lead their quintet. Saxophonist Denny Morouse's *group will be present on* Tuesday, April 21; Wednesday, April 22, will belong to pop-jazz pianist Robert Kraft; and on Thursday, April 23, guitarists **JOHN TROPEA** and **DAVID SPINOZZA** will arrive with their band. Music from ten to two.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An outlet for first-rate pianists, bassists, and drummers. Bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** bows and hums while the man at the piano, **TEDDY WILSON,** glides. Through Saturday, April 18. On Wednesday, April 22, **PHILLY JOE JONES,** who is perhaps best known for his work with Miles Davis in the fifties and who is still a robust drummer, will come in with a quartet. Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. The player leading a group through Saturday, April 18, is **BENNY CARTER,** the great alto saxophonist, arranger, and bandleader. On Sunday, April 19, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** will take off with his bassist **MARTY RIVERA;** Monday, April 20, will feature non-depressing swing music from the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA;** and on Tuesday, April 21, bebop trombonist **KAI WINDING** will bring in a band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, Joan Crawford—line the walls. Mondays through Wednesdays drummer-proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** leads a trio; Thursdays through Saturdays baritone and tenor saxophonist **CHARLES DAVIS** and his quartet back up singer Anita Moore. The music begins after ten. Dining. Closed Sundays.

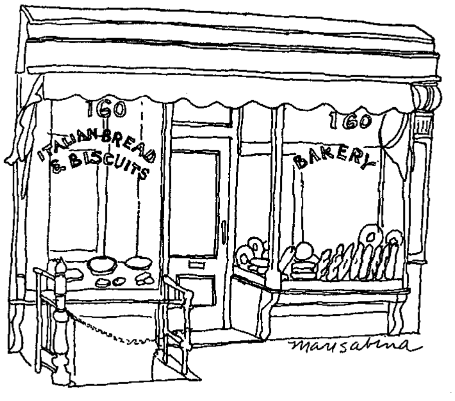
TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A mostly blues, Chicago-blues, and R. & B. lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, April 15-16, Chicago-blues singer and guitarist **LUTHER ALLISON** will be on hand; Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, will be claimed by another Chicago guitarist, Eddie (Bigtown Playboy) Taylor; on Sunday, April 19, Hoy Boy & the Doys will play rockabilly; Wednesday and Thursday, April 22-23, will be given over to Chicago-blues slide-guitar master **J. B. HUTTO** and his New Hawks; and on Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, veteran session guitarist Earl King will perform some New Orleans R. & B. Tuesdays are the property of the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a basic-blue local octet that performs stirring renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights at nine and midnight.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Wednesday, April 15, Design, Locals, and Exposures; Thursday, April 16, Plimsouls and Marshall Crenshaw; Friday, April 17, Elliott Murphy and Will Rambeau; Saturday, April 18, Sorrows and Mande Dahl; and Tuesday, April 21, Fort Knox. Music every night but Sunday after eleven. Dancing.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** a flame-throwing tenor saxophonist and bassoonist, heads up a quartet that features bassist **SLAM STEWART** through Sunday, April 19. Mondays and the whole week of April 20 will be the property of drummer **MEL LEWIS** and sixteen other effusive *players. Music from ten.*

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in Peacock Alley, a quiet sort of passageway with tables, chairs, and banquettes, which connects the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the last decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. *(929-9645)*—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and **SADIK HAKIM** Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight.



WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing and bebop and R. & B. musicians who can still swing. R. & B. tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** guides a combo through Saturday, April 18. Wednesday through Saturday, April 22-25, will be turned over to trumpeter Franc Williams and his Swing Four. On Sundays, **JAZZ À CORDES,** a convincing hot-jazz quintet, has the floor, and on Tuesdays, pianist Ram Ramirez is present with a quartet. Music every night from nine. Steam-table dining.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

FANIA ALL-STARS—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, April 15, at 7:30 and 11:30.

WARREN BERNHARDT—With poet Barry Wallenstein. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, April 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

HAL FREEDMAN QUINTET—Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, April 15, at 8.

WHISPERS AND SHALAMAR—With Lakeside and Carrie Lucas. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, April 16, at 7 and midnight.)

DAVID GRISMAN QUINTET & LEO KOTTKE—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, April 17, at 8.

JUBILEE SINGERS OF FISK UNIVERSITY—Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 17, at 8:30.

THE STARS OF DOO-WOPP—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, at 8.

AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS—With the Voice Choir. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, April 17, at 11.)

TED CURSON BIG EIGHT AND MELBA LISTON & COMPANY—Town Hall. Saturday, April 18, at 7 and 10.

JOAN JETT & THE BLACK HEARTS—With Jools Holland & His Millionaires. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, April 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

BILLY SAXTON QUARTET—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington *Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757.* Friday, April 24, at 8.

DAVID CROSBY—Town Hall. Friday, April 24, at 8 and 11.

ELLEN SEELING-JEAN FINEBERG JAZZ QUINTET—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Friday, April 24, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

GORDON LIGHTFOOT—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, April 24, at 9.

SONNY ROLLINS AND GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.—Town Hall. Saturday, April 25, at 8.

GREEN SPACE—Saturday, April 18, at 8 and 9:30: Arthur Rhames. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 8 and 9:30: Henry Threadgill. (Green Space, 105 Greene St. 925-3775.)

IRVING PLAZA—Saturday, April 18: The Brains, the Cosmopolitans, and Die Hausfrauen. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 24-25: Dead Kennedys. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows begin after 11:30.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, April 15-16, at 10: Arthur Rhames trio. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, April 17-19, at 10: Kenny Barron trio. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, with Jo Jones, Jr. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday, April 16, at 9: Colson Unity Troupe. . . . ¶ Friday, April 17, at 8:30: Milford Graves and John Tchicai. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 8:30: John Tchicai and Andre Goudbeek. . . . ¶ Thursday, April

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

23, at 8:30: Marion Brown. . . . ¶ Friday, April 24, at 8:30: Gunter Hampel & Galaxie Dreamband. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 8:30: Jay Oliver & Neophilia, with Wayne Horvitz, Roy Campbell, and Zen Maatsura. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Robert Adams—Recent cast-bronze sculptures. Through May 2. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Shusaku Arakawa—Two exhibitions mounted by the Ronald Feldman galleries: recent drawings (at 33 E. 74th St.; open Mondays) and paintings from about twenty years ago (at 31-33 Mercer St., between Grand and Canal Sts). Both through May 23.

Phyllis Bramson / Howardena Pindell—Mixed mediums on paper. / Abstract works on paper. Through May 2. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.) . . . ¶ Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St., is showing works on canvas by Pindell. Through April 29.

Gretna Campbell—Landscapes in oil. Through April 29. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Manierre Dawson (1887-1969)—Cubist paintings dated 1910-14 and thus among the very first ever done in this country. Their curving, hard-edge forms are strongly evocative of the Armory show, in which Dawson's works appeared when it moved to Chicago. Through Wednesday, April 22. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Igor Galanin—Mannered fantasy paintings, many of them circus scenes involving acrobatic rhinos, pigs, giraffes, and people. Through Saturday, April 25. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Nancy Graves—Bronzes and paintings. Through Thursday, April 23. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Gertrude Greene (1904-56)—A retrospective of constructions, among them painted-wood reliefs; paintings; and preparatory sketches and collages by an early abstract artist. Through Saturday, April 25. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Helen Hoie—Collages of frayed fabric and colored paper by an abstractionist. Through April 30. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Diamond shapes are the central motif in a group of new paintings. Through Saturday, April 25. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Gwen John (1876-1939)—Drawings and watercolors. Through May 9. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Malcolm Morley—Seven oils and eight watercolors, the latter principally studies for the oils, by an Expressionist. Through May 9. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Lee Mullican—Canvases with totemic figures on a dark background. Through April 30. (Schreiner, 115½ E. 62nd St.)

Jean-Pierre Péricaud—Recent abstract paintings. Through Thursday, April 23. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Paul Resika / Henry Glintenkamp (1887-1946)—Landscapes of Cape Cod dunes and the countryside of France and Italy. Through Friday, April 17. / Paintings and drawings by an artist whose early works were influenced by his teacher, Robert Henri. Through May 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

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Susan Rothenberg—Five ten-foot-square paintings. Through May 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Lucy Sallick—Five watercolors with overlapping images of the Maine coast, and acrylic paintings. Through May 9. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Alan Siegel—Box constructions. Through May 2. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Syd Solomon—Abstract paintings based on the artist's studies of flora and fauna and rock strata in the Galápagos Islands. Through Friday, April 17. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St.)

J. M. W. Turner (1775-1851)—Thirty drawings and watercolors from about the last twenty-five years of his life. Through Saturday, April 25. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Catharine Warren—Abstract collage paintings. Through May 2. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Wunderlich—Landscapes, chiefly, by a German surrealist. Through May 2. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Group Shows—At **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: A survey of American printmaking, arranged chronologically, up to the middle of the twentieth century. A benefit show. Through Saturday, April 25. . . . **MC KEE,** 140 E. 63rd St.: Drawings by Stuart Diamond, Jake Berthot, Philip Guston, Katherine Porter, and others. Through May 20. . . . **PAUL ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: Sixteen Old Master drawings. Through May 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit showing of fifty Old Master paintings (about half of them Italian baroque works; three of them by Peter Paul Rubens) from the John and Mable Ringling Museum in Sarasota. Through May 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—This group of paintings, many on loan from museums, serves as the Grace Borgenicht Gallery's annual exhibit of Avery's work as well as the first show in the gallery's new home. Through May 9. (724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Hannelore Baron—Collages and boxes. Through May 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Nell Blaine—Landscapes and still-lifes in oils, watercolors, and pen and ink. Through April 29. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Scott Burton—New tables—cement and marble. Through May 2. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Bert Carpenter—Studio still-lifes. Through Thursday, April 23. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Courtright—Twenty-four collaged papier-mâché masks in Plexiglas boxes. Through May 2. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Michael David—The cross, the Star of David, and the swastika (among other symbols), interpreted in oils and encaustics on shaped frameworks. Through May 2. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Martha Diamond—Large paintings, done in heavy brushstrokes, which catch the atmosphere (especially at night) of old-time office buildings. Through Saturday, April 25. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Richard Francisco—Delicate wall constructions made of thin strips of balsa wood, paint, and paper. Through Saturday, April 18. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bückminster Fuller—Dymaxion sculptures, blueprints, and models by this Synergetic artist. Through May 2. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

K. M. Graham—Paintings of lyrical abstract forms by a Canadian woman. Through Saturday, April 25. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Harold Gregor / Chuck Forsman—Recent paintings of Illinois farmland. Through Thursday, April 23. / Realist landscapes. Through April 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Red Grooms—Room after room of rowdy sculptures, reliefs, paintings, and drawings that deal with football, cowboys and Indians, sinister candy stores, traffic jams, Wall Street, and sundry other targets of opportunity for this maverick sculptor. Through May 5. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Susan Hall—Paintings, including the monumental "Night Train Express," and drawings. Through April 29. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Juan Hamilton—Ceramic and bronze sculptures. Through May 9. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Maryann Harman—Colorful semi-abstractions based on vistas that catch the artist's eye as she rides to and from her farm home in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. Through May 2. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Theo Hios—Landscapes (Shinnecock Hills at night) in pastels. Through Saturday, April 25. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St.)

David Hockney / Piero Dorazio—High-spirited paintings and drawings in carnival colors, done in preparation for the sets and costumes that the artist designed for the Metropolitan Opera's "Parade." Through Saturday, April 18. / Abstract works on paper. Through May 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Hunt—Abstract metal sculptures. Through Saturday, April 25. (Dorsky, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

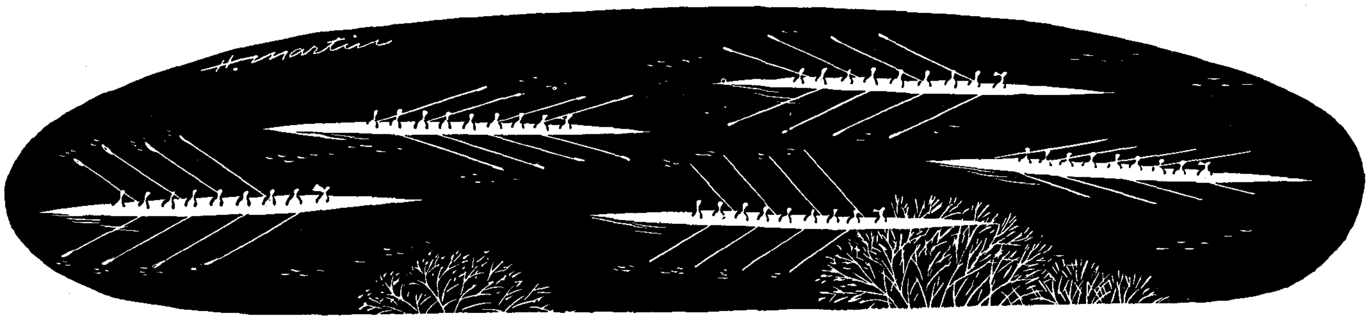
Ellsworth Kelly—A three-gallery exhibit: Nine paintings and two steel sculptures, through May 2, at the Blum Helman (20 W. 57th St.), drawings of plants at Castelli (4 E. 77th St.), also through May 2, and more paintings at one of the Castelli galleries in SoHo (142 Greene St.), through May 9.

Lee Krasner / David von Schlegell—New abstractions done in a lyrical vein and cheerful colors under the over-all title "Solstice," which seems to signal a new direction for her. Through Saturday, April 18. / New abstract wood sculptures, small in scale. Through May 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Irving Kriesberg—Paintings in mixed mediums of an imaginary menagerie living in a flamboyant landscape. Through Friday, April 24. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Loren MacIver—Paintings and pastels, including a group of recent works, in the artist's first show here in ten years. Through May 2. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lilian MacKendrick—A retrospective of paintings. Through May 2. (Wally Findlay, 17 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)



Matta—A series of paintings entitled "The Magic Flute." Through May 9. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Hans Moller—Flower motifs prevail in a new set of landscape paintings. Through Saturday, April 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—Sculptures (five large working models, seventeen maquettes, three wall plaques), drawings, and prints. Through May 16. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Edith Posel—Abstract acrylics on paper. Through Saturday, April 25. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Miriam Schapiro—Richly decorated (beads, rhinestones, glitter) pieces of fabric collaged to solid-black canvases. Through Saturday, April 25. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Barbara Siegel—Layered works on canvas and board in which a single subject (a landscape, for instance) is explored in several ways—as a collage, as a representational painting, as a Polaroid. Through May 2. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Athena Tacha—Models for her huge outdoor sculptures, most of them done in tiers and some of them painted in pastel colors. Through Saturday, April 25. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ursula von Rydingsvard—Five sculptural works carved from red cedar. Also drawings and photographs of large outdoor works. Through Saturday, April 25. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Nina Yankowitz—Abstract works on shaped panels. Through May 9. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **PAM ADLER,** 37 W. 57th St.: "Between Painting and Sculpture" includes works by fourteen artists, among them Rodney Ripps and Ree Morton. Through Saturday, April 25. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: "Narrative Painting," a show of works by ten artists—James Valerio, Jack Beal, Alfred Leslie, and Michael Berg among them. Through April 30. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **SUTTON,** 29 W. 57th St.: A single work each by eleven of the gallery's stable, including Bernard Dreyfus, Amalia Hoffman, and Rudolfo Abularach. Through Saturday, April 18.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Charles Cajori / Tom Boutis—Seven large paintings of seated figures plus a set of black-and-white paintings on paper. / Monotypes. Through Thursday, April 23. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Sandro Chia—Recent paintings by an Italian artist. Through Saturday, April 25. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Jillian Denby—Seamless oil paintings of female nudes, larger than life, plus landscapes, still-lifes, and small figure studies in oil on paper. Through Wednesday, April 22. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Mike Glier—Heroes of the Establishment—legislators, warriors, and such—are the targets of these savage black-and-white oil-stick or charcoal drawings, most of them done directly on the gallery walls. Subjects the artist *likes*—a girl, a thinking man, a rabbit—are gently done in colored oil sticks. Through Saturday, April 18. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

April Gornik—Large, brooding landscapes under weather—distant storms, a lakeside at dusk, two streaks of lightning on the horizon. Through Saturday, April 25. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Robert Grosvenor—A single wood floor sculpture. Through April 28. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Valerie Jaudon / Robert Kushner—References to architectural ornamentation and Celtic manuscripts occur in large new paintings. / Fabric-and-paint profiles of women, twelve in all. Through May 6. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Kiki Kogelnik—Paintings and cast-paper pieces. Through April 26. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open Sundays.)

Hilarie Mais—Small steel wall pieces. Through April 29. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

William Nichols / Robert Bechtle—Outsize Photo-Realist acrylic paintings. / More Photo-Realist paintings. Through Saturday, April 18. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In the large front gallery, Keith Long is showing collages made up mostly of moldering pieces of wood.

John Okulick / David Parrish—Mr. Okulick specializes in arrangements of boxes that seem to project much farther from the wall than they actually do (a matter of perspective), and this year he is filling the boxes with bright-colored geometric forms or skeins of rope. / Intricate paintings (it takes the artist a year to do one of them) in which the glare and glitter of motorcycles is caught in semi-abstract form. Through April 29. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Robert Rauschenberg / Marcia Hafif—Enlarged black-and-white photographs (the artist's own) collaged to rag board and aluminum plate. / Nonobjective paintings. Through Saturday, April 25. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Curtis Ripley—Eight large terra-cotta urns, some of them with birds perching on their lips. There are also pastel drawings of the pieces. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 18. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Charles Ross—"Solar Burn Signs": wood panels on heavy metal frames which have been sunscorched by means of a large lens. Through Saturday, April 25. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Julian Schnabel / Douglas Huebler—Paintings (some incorporating broken plates) on canvas and on velvet. / Photographs (paired with storyboards) by a conceptual artist. Through May 2. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Mary Boone Gallery, also at 420 West Broadway, has additional paintings by Mr. Schnabel. Through May 7.

Joan Semmel—Paintings of the artist's own nude body. Through Saturday, April 25. (Lerner-Heller in SoHo, 112 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Leon Polk Smith—Large shaped canvases done in solid colors and grouped together by an artist, a Cherokee, who took his direction from Mondrian. Through May 2. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

Nancy Spero—A single figurative drawing on paper that encircles the gallery twice. Through Saturday, April 18. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Robert Swain / Nancy Genn—Paintings. / Handmade paper works. Through May 2. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Brian Wall—Abstract steel sculptures going back to 1954 and as recent as 1980. Through May 9. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Sculptors' Drawings Over Six Centuries (1400-1950)—A hundred and forty drawings, practically all of them prefiguring works of sculpture. The artists range from Bernini and Canova to David Smith and Noguchi. Through June 20. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—Three artists: Gahan Wilson showing original works that appeared in this magazine and elsewhere; Theodoros Stamos showing paintings from the late fifties; Mel Ramos showing abstract oils based on closeup views of bridge parts, tree tops, etc. Through Saturday, April 25. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

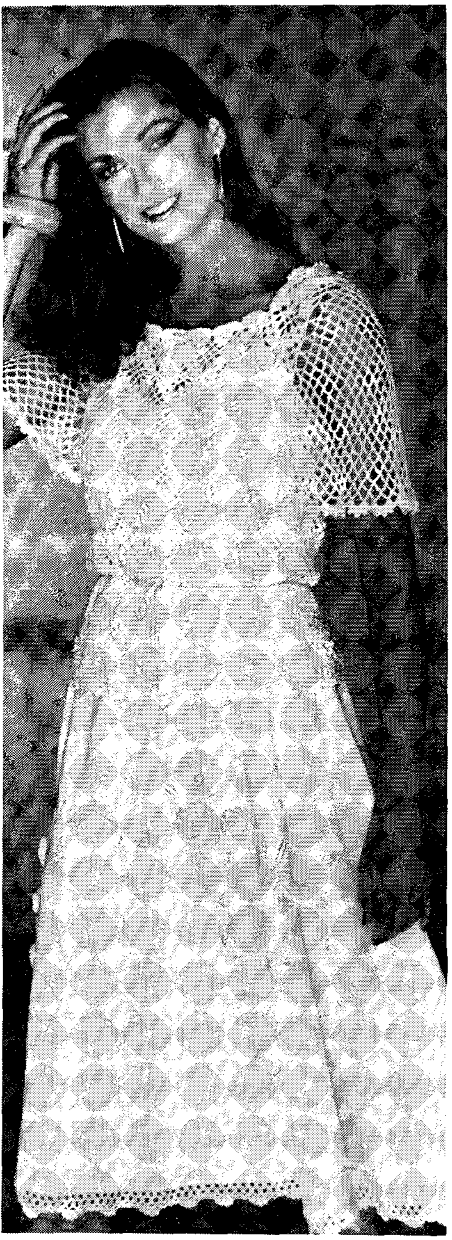
OTHER GALLERIES

Alice Adams / Roger Cutforth—Three sculptural pieces that constitute a sort of architectural sampler—i.e., an arched doorway made of raw, sanded oak, basswood, and pine. (A major outdoor work by this artist is now on view a couple of blocks away, in City Hall Park.) / Color photographs of Texas landscapes extending across the Rio Grande into Mexico, several of them showing the same site at different times of day. Through Tuesday, April 21. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

R. O. Blechman—Original drawings for *New Yorker* covers and other works. Through May 22. (International Typeface Corporation, third floor, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, 866 Second Ave., at 47th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Domenick Capobianco—Abstract paintings on canvas. Through April 30. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

Giuseppe Penone—This Italian artist has dug into a heavy timber, twenty-six feet long, and exposed, like a fossil in a rock, the shape of the original sapling. Another Penone work on view is a drawing, thirty-four feet long, of the



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capillaries in his own eyelids. Through Saturday, April 25. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Images of Labor—Thirty-two original works (by Mimi Gross, William King, Seymour Chwast, and others) commissioned by District 1199, National Union of Hospital and Health Care Employees. Starts Thursday, April 16. (Gallery 1199, at 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

John Barrington Bayley—Photographs of classical and neoclassical architectural details here and there about the city. Through April 28. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

Alfred Capel-Cure (1826-96)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of calotypes by this British amateur, whose subjects included architecture, his family, and the English countryside. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Walker Evans (1903-75) **and Robert Frank**—Called "An Essay on Influence," this show, curated by Tod Papageorge, chairman of the Photography Department at Yale, consists of photographs from Evans' "American Photographs" (1938) and from Frank's "The Americans" (1959). Through Saturday, April 25. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Roland L. Freeman / Bill Beckley—Photographs of black Americans at home and at work in rural communities and in large cities. / Twelve works combining photographs, drawing, and text. Through May 17. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Benno Friedman—Works in which a photograph and a pencil drawing are fitted together to form a continuous view. The subjects are landscapes and villages in the British Isles. Through May 2. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders—Recent photographs of New York School artists, primarily, made with a seventy-five-year-old view camera. Through Friday, April 24. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Garry Winogrand / Ted Victoria—Sixty photographs in a retrospective that includes recent work made in California. / Constructions (wooden frames with spotlights, lenses, mirrors, and other objects). Through Saturday, April 25. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Show—A large exhibition of photographs by Félix Bonfils, Eliot Porter, Betty Hahn, and others. Through Saturday, April 18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Leonardo da Vinci: Nature Studies from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle," a show of fifty drawings—landscapes, botanical studies, and designs for waterways. Through June 7. . . . ¶ A permanent installation of American glass, ceramics, silver, and pewter will be opened on the balcony of the Charles Englehard Court in the new American Wing on Saturday, April 18. . . . ¶ A full display of the Lehman Collection's nearly two hundred eighteenth-century Italian drawings, with its indispensable Canalettos, Guardis, and Tiepolos (father and son). Through May 31. . . .

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¶ A loan show of seventy-three European terra-cotta sculptures which chronicles the practice of clay modelling from the Renaissance to modern times. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"New Work on Paper I," an exhibit that launches a series devoted to this line of work. The eight artists participating in this show are Jake Berthot, Dan Christensen, Alan Cote, Tom Holland, Yvonne Jacquette, Ken Kiff, Joan Snyder, and William Tucker. Through Tuesday, April 21. . . . ¶ A show of recently acquired drawings by Cézanne, Matisse, Léger, Lois Lane, James Biederman, and numerous others. Through June 2. . . . **Photography:** Forty calotypes made by Alfred Capel-Cure in the middle of the last century. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A comprehensive show of works by the portrait artist Chuck Close, who organizes his paintings—some of which are gigantic—with grids and a commercial color-printing process. Through June 21. . . . ¶ A show of more than forty works by Alexander Calder, including several recent acquisitions to the museum's collection. Through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nearly seventy paintings and sculptures by American artists (Stuart Davis, Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Georgia O'Keeffe, John B. Flannagan, and others), collected by Edith and Milton Lowenthal over a twenty-year period beginning in 1930. . . . ¶ A show of nineteenth-century French realist paintings and drawings—genre scenes, still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes—by little-known and well-known artists, among them Courbet, Degas, and Millet. Both shows through May 10. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, April 19, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—On display: The seventy-pound man-powered aircraft "Gossamer Albatross," which Bryan Allen pedalled across the English Channel in June, 1979. Through May 30. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—"The Clay Figure:" Works by twelve sculptors, among them Mary Frank, Robert Arneson, and Richard Shaw. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of almost sixty Northern Chinese Tz'u-chou vessels, a pottery whose white slip is customarily decorated with animals, birds, and flowers. The pieces date from the tenth century to the sixteenth. Through May 24. (Open daily except Friday, April 17 and Sunday, April 19. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

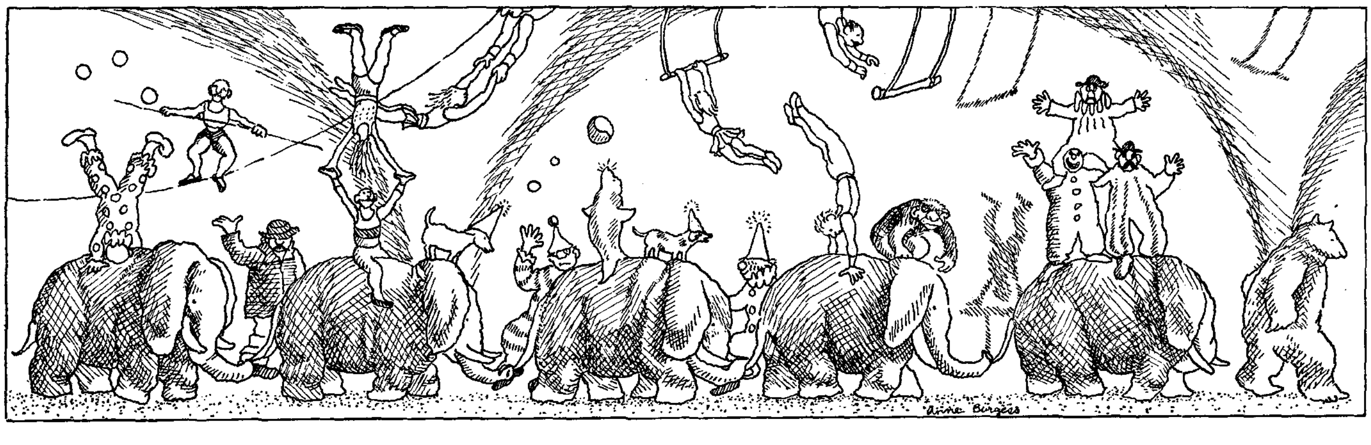
The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—"The Royal Abbey of Saint-Denis in the Time of Abbot Suger," a show of forty pieces (monumental sculptures, stained glass, and liturgical vessels) once part of the abbey, which under the direction of the abbot was one of the high points of twelfth-century ecclesiastical architecture and ornamentation. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of eighty scene and costume designs for theatre and opera productions in nineteenth-century Germany. Through June 7. . . . ¶ "Innovative Furniture in America," forty-seven pieces that are examples of technique (bentwood), comfort (a Morris chair), materials (Saarinen's plastic "Womb" chair), portability (a Bonner chair), and dual function (a sofa bed). Through May 10. . . . ¶ A show of laminated carved furniture made in the shop of the New York cabinetmaker John Henry Belter between 1844-63. Through May 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"One Thousand Years of Japanese Art (650-1650)," a loan show from the Cleveland Museum, which has in its holdings objects of both religious significance (a seventh-century Buddhist sculpture, "Miroku in Meditation") and secular decoration (tea-ceremony utensils, Nō masks, paintings, scrolls, and screens). Through May 17. (Open daily except Sunday, April 19, from 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A survey of twentieth-century Israeli art, showing more than a hundred works by thirty-six major artists. . . . ¶ A loan show of European prints derived from stories in the Hebrew Scriptures; the artists include Dürer, Rembrandt, Blake, Pascin, and Chagall. Through June 21. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays and Sunday and Monday, April 19-20. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred drawings by European draftsmen, spanning the years 1375-1825. These are not just any draftsmen, however; Botticelli, Raphael, Dürer, Hogarth, Rembrandt, Ingres, and Goya (to name, literally, just a few) are among them. . . . ¶ From roughly the same period, these artists' literary counterparts are also featured: first edi-



tions of poetry, novels, and plays by Molière, Voltaire, Goethe, Sir Thomas More, and Cervantes. Also the manuscript and corrected galley proofs of Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet." Both shows through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display of prints, paintings, and photographs, primarily landscapes and architecture, acquired by the museum as records of New York life: City Hall is seen when it represented uptown (in an 1812 print) and again when it represented midtown (in an 1874 photograph). The contemporary skyline is shown in pictures of the World Trade Center, among other buildings. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of drawings, renderings, and scale models for eleven visionary projects commissioned by the Architectural League of New York in recognition of its centenary. Each project is the work of an architect-artist team; some of the pairings are Richard Meier and Frank Stella; Emilio Ambasz and Michael Meritet; and Susana Torre and Charles Simonds. Through June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St.—Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A show of paintings and sculptures by thirteen New York artists. Through Saturday, April 25.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Candace Hill-Montgomery (performance), Thursday, April 23, at 8:30. Exhibition: Krzysztof Wodiczko's large-scale slide projections, through Saturday, April 25.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Rhys Chatham (music), Friday, April 17, at 8:30; Ingram Marshall (music), Saturday, April 18, at 8:30; Michael Blackwood (film), Tuesday, April 21, at 8 and 10; Ntozake Shange & Jessica Hagedorn (performance), Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, at 8:30. Exhibition: collages by Izhar Patkin, through May 2.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 15, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Cornell MacNeil; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 17, at 8: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, Mario Sereni, Ariel Bybee, and Batyah Godfrey; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine.

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, April 15: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Elizabeth Hynes, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 16: "The Cunning Little Vixen" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Nadia Pelle, Richard Cross, and John Lankston; Michael Tilson Thomas. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 17: "Anna Bolena," with Olivia Stapp, Susanne Marsee, Mimi Lerner, and Robert Hale; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 18: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English), with Carol Gutknecht, Diane Curry, Joseph Evans, and David Hall; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 18: "The Cunning Little Vixen" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Nadia Pelle, Richard Cross, and John Lankston; Michael Tilson Thomas. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 19: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, Martha Sheil, Riccardo Calleo, and Richard Fredricks; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 19: "The Makropoulos Affair" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Elizabeth Hynes, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Bruce Reed; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 21: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English), with Carol Gutknecht, Diane Curry, Joseph Evans, and David Hall; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 22: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Janice Hall, Thomas Moser, and Ralph Bassett; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 23: "The Makropoulos Affair" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Elizabeth Hynes, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Bruce Reed; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 24: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Janice Hall, Thomas Moser, and Ralph Bassett; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 25: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, Martha Sheil, Riccardo Calleo, and Richard Fredricks; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 25: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Elizabeth Hynes, and Richard Fredricks; Brian Salesky. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, April 26.)

New York Light Opera—Presenting Offenbach's "The Cat Who Turned Into a Woman" and "Hooray for Herbert: A Musical Bouquet." (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 691-1630. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6. Through Sunday, May 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday through Saturday, April 16-18, at 8, and Tuesday, April 21, at 7:30: A Vivaldi-George Crumb-Haydn program, with Mindy Kaufman, piccolo; Kathleen Battle, soprano; Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Tom Krause, bass; and the New York Choral Artists. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 23, at 8; Friday, April 24, at 2; Saturday, April 25, at 8; and Tuesday, April 28, at 7:30: A varied program including the première of Ravi Shankar's "Raga-mala," with Mr. Shankar, sitar.

Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra—Lukas Foss conducting a Stravinsky-Rachmaninoff-Ravel program, with Lorin Hollander, piano; RoseMarie Freni, soprano; Curtis Rayam, tenor; and Roger Roloff, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 25, at 8.)

Orchestra of the 20th Century—Arthur Weisberg conducting, with Wanda Maximilien, piano, and Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 20, at 8.)

Bach's "St. John Passion"—Musica Sacra: Richard Westenburg directing, with Charles Bressler and James Hoback, tenors; Samuel Ramey and James Morris, basses; Kathryn Bouleyn, soprano; and Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 15, at 7:30.) . . . **Canterbury Choral Society:** Charles Dodsley Walker directing, with Ray DeVoll and Gary Glaze, tenors; Richard Crist and Stephen Owen, basses; Jennifer Barron, soprano; Jean Kraft, mezzo-soprano; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Friday, April 17, at noon. No tickets necessary.)

Grace Church Choral Society—Frank Cedric Smith directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Dilys Smith, soprano; Anita Gatti, mezzo-soprano; Paul Spencer Adkins, tenor; Stephen Sturk, tenor; and John Ostendorf, bass. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, April 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Wheaton College Women's Chorale—Mary Hopper directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 20, at 8.)

Columbia Glee Club—Warren Brown directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 22, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Verdi's "Four Sacred Pieces" and Mozart's Requiem, with

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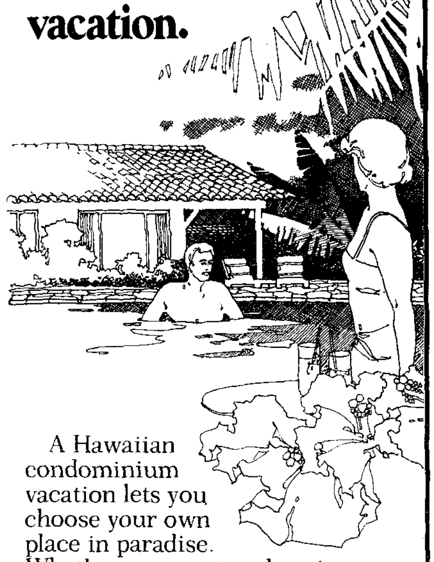

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Betsy Norden, soprano; Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Gene Tucker, tenor; and Andrew Wentzel, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 24, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of music for antiphonal choruses, with the Long Island Symphonic Choral Association. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, April 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus—Peter Schubert directing a Haydn-Mozart program, with the Barnard-Columbia Philharmonia. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The third in a series of five one-hour concerts, this one played by Paul-Martin Maki. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 15, at 5:30.)

Gustav Leonhardt—Harpsichord. (Medieval Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Wednesday, April 15, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 15-16, with Lynn Harrell, cello. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 23, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—A program that includes the American première of Marc Neikrug's "Through Roses," performed by Jaime Laredo, viola; Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; Joseph Kalichstein, piano; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Ronald Roseman, oboe; David Singer, clarinet; Jonathan Haas, percussion; and Sol Frieder, actor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 15, at 8.)

Galina Vishnevskaya and Mstislav Rostropovich—Soprano and piano/cello, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 16, at 8.)

Jean Kopperud—Clarinet, with Rolf Schulte, violin, and Cameron Grant, piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 16, at 8.)

Charles Russo—Clarinet, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 16, at 8.)

Israela Margalit—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 17, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program entitled "An Easter Festival." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 18, at 8.)

Suk Soon Kim—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 19, at 5:45.)

Byron Janis—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 21, at 8.)

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—The first two in a series of six concerts, each presenting a Brahms piano quartet and other works. With Eugenia Zukerman, flute, and Pinchas Zukerman, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, April 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 23, at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—With Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, April 21, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—The first three of four concerts of twentieth-century music. Tuesday, April 21, at 8: A program of music by Elliott Carter performed by Ursula Oppens, piano; Fred Sherry, cello; and Jan Williams, timpani. Mr. Carter will be on hand to provide commentary. Also, a film on Mr. Carter by Donn Pennebaker. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 22, at 8: A program of jazz and other music performed by Karl Berger, composer-vibraphonist; Ed Blackwell, drums; George Lewis, trombone; and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 23, at 8: A program entitled "Sal Martirano and the Sal-Mar Construction." With the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. For information about tickets, call 673-8794.)

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet. The second in a series of four concerts played with a quartet, in this case the Guarneri Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 22, at 8.)

Sequeira Costa—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 22, at 8.)

Wanda Wilkomirska—Violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 22, at 8.)

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Sharon Isbin—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 23, at 8.)

Audubon Quartet—A program including the première of Ezra Laderman's String Quartet No. 6. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 23, at 8.)

Tana Bawden—Piano. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Friday, April 24, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Brandenburg Collegium—The last in a series of all-Bach programs, this one with Anthony Newman, harpsichordist-conductor, and Ann Briggs, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 24, at 8.)

Evalyn Steinbock—Cello. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Friday, April 24, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ani Kavafian, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Maurice Bourgue, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Emanuel Ax, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 24, at 8, and Sunday, April 26, at 5.)

Indiana University Chamber Ensemble—A program of music by Haydn, Bozza, Barber, and Schumann. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 25, at 2:30.)

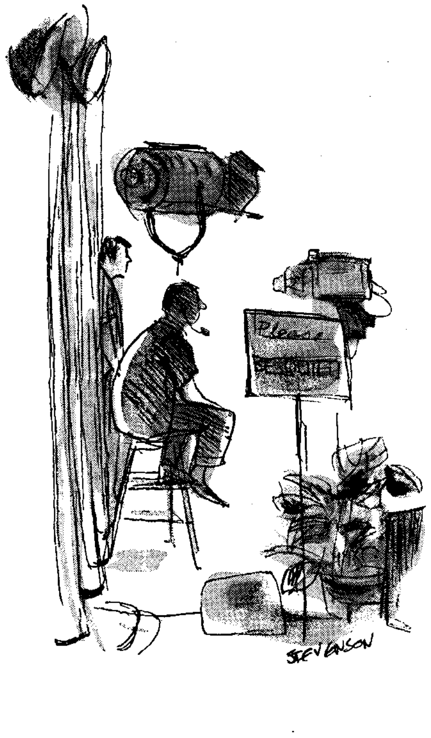
Composers String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 25, at 3. The Quartet will provide a one-hour commentary and musical illustrations of the cycle at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the complete Bartók cycle of string quartets, as well as quartets by Brahms. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 25, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Opera Interviews—Leontyne Price being interviewed by Speight Jenkins. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, April 22, at 6. Tickets at the box office one hour before the interview.)

A Musical Tribute to Edgard Varèse—A program of his music performed by the Orchestra of Our Time. With commentary by Frank Zappa. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, April 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)



SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium:** Mets vs. St. Louis, Wednesday and Thursday, April 15-16, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Montreal, Saturday, April 18, at 2:05, and Sunday, April 19, at 1:05 (double-header). . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Monday through Wednesday, April 20-22, at 8. . . . ¶ Toronto, Thursday and Friday, April 23-24, at 8, and Saturday, April 25, at 2.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 18.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 25.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Syracuse. Saturday, April 25.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, April 25.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup quarterfinal playoffs—All we know at press time is that the Rangers will be playing somebody on Sunday and Monday, April 19-20, and, if necessary, Friday, April 24, at Madison Square Garden (Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400), and that the Islanders will be playing somebody else on Thursday and Friday, April 16-17, and, if necessary, Wednesday, April 22, and Sunday, April 26, at the Nassau Coliseum (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100).

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, May 18. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 18, and the Bold Ruler, Saturday, April 25.

Running—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Monday, April 20.)

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Thursday through Saturday, April 23-25.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 17. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Jared Carter and Etheridge Knight reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, April 16, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Kenneth Koch reading from his own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, April 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4. Through Sunday, April 26.

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30.) Thursday, April 23, at 2: American eighteenth- and nineteenth-century and Western paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 18. . . . **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, April 17, from 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30.) Wednesday, April 15, at 10:15 (continuing all day), and Thursday, April 16, at 10:15: Decorative works of art and furniture. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 16, at 2: Musical instruments, including an Amati viola made for Henry of Navarre. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 22, at 10:15 and 2: Wedgwood and other English pottery. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 16. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 23, at 2, and Friday, April 24, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese and Japanese works of art, along with Chinese snuff bottles. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 18. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, April 16, at 10: Jewelry. . . . **phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, April 22, at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Monday, April 20.

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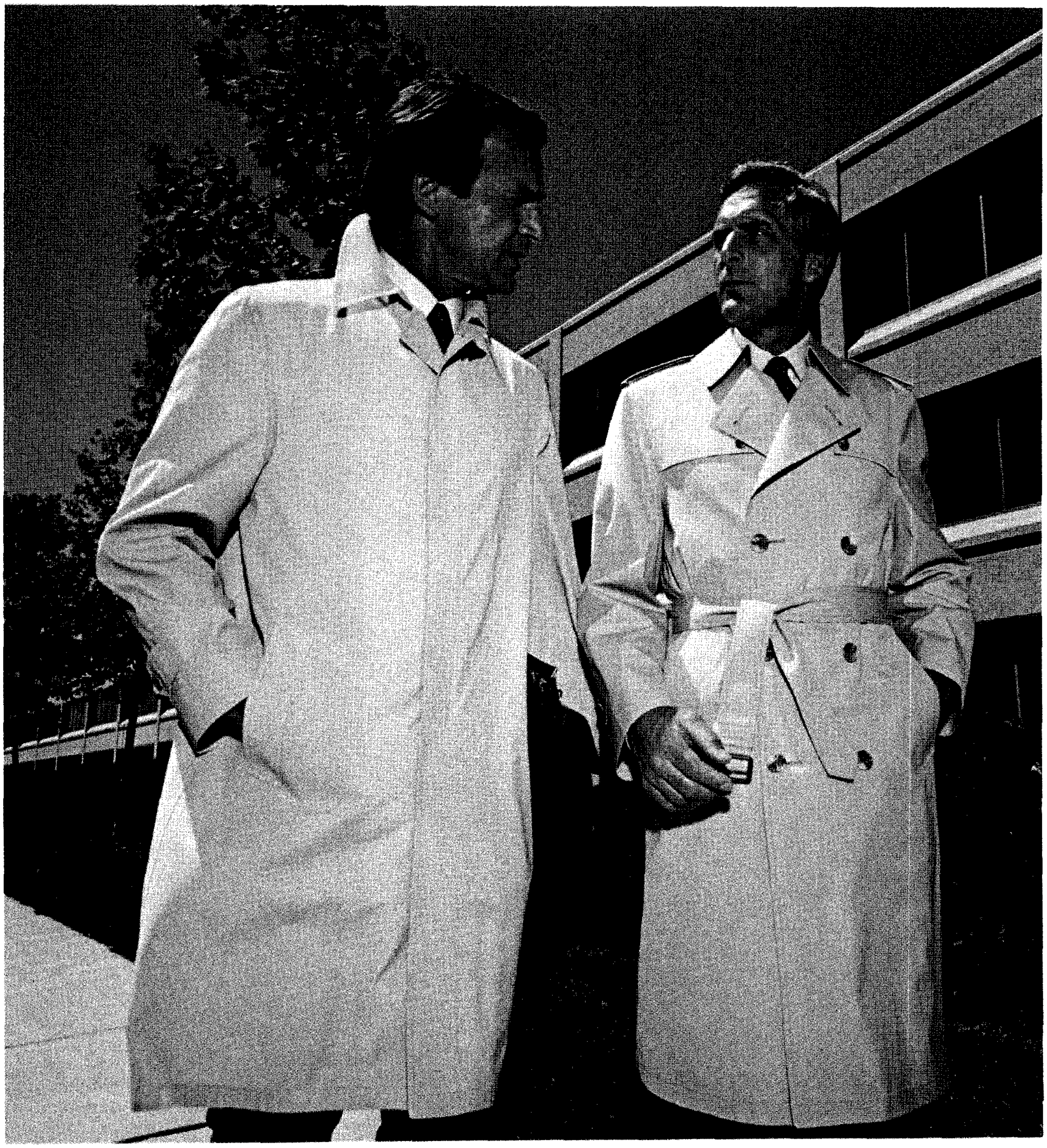

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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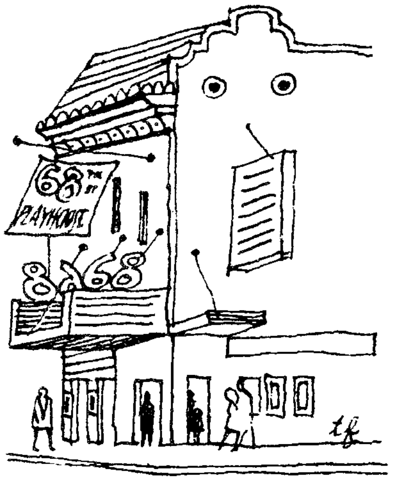

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 19: "8½." (†)
April 20: Theatre closed.
From April 21: "Spoiled Children" (1977; directed by Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Michel Piccoli.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Gal Young Un" (Victor Nunez), with David Peck.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 16: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder; and "When a Stranger Calls" (1979; Fred Walton), with Carol Kane and Charles Durning.
From April 17: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through April 16: "Raging Bull." (†)
From April 17: "Knightriders" (George A. Romero), with Ed Harris.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through April 16: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.
From April 17: "Caveman" (Carl Gottlieb), with Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Excalibur." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through April 16: "Fame." (†)
From April 17: "Going Ape!" (Jeremy Joe Kronsberg), with Tony Danza and Jessica Walter.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 16: "The Private Eyes" (Lang Elliott), with Tim Conway and Don Knotts.
From April 17: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Eyewitness." (†)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through April 16: "Raging Bull." (†) April 17-23: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†) From April 24: "The Hand" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Caine and Andrea Marcovicci.
Theatre 2: Through April 16: "Image Before My Eyes" (Josh Waletsky), a documentary about Jews in Poland prior to the Second World War. From April 17: "Caveman" (Carl Gottlieb), with Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
Theatre 2: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through April 16: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams. From April 17: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through April 16: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld. From April 17: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Excalibur." (†)

Loews New York I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through April 16: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†) From April 17: "Alice in Wonderland." (†)
Theatre 2: Through April 16: "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film. From April 17: To be announced.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Atlantic City." (†)

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through April 16: "Resurrection." (†)
April 17-23: "Melvin and Howard." (†)
From April 24 (tentative): "Raging Bull." (†)

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Hardly Working" (Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Susan Oliver.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 16: "Raging Bull." (†)
From April 17: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Star Wars." (†)
Theatre 2: Through April 16: "The Howling" (Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee. From April 17: "Going Ape!" (Jeremy Joe Kronsberg), with Tony Danza and Jessica Walter.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 16: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.
From April 17: "Caveman" (Carl Gottlieb), with Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through April 23: "The Private Eyes" (Lang Elliott), with Tim Conway and Don Knotts. From April 24: "The Hand" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Caine and Andrea Marcovicci.
Theatre 2: Through April 23: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams. From April 24: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"D.O.A." (directed by Lech Kowalski), a documentary about punk rock.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.
Theatre 2: "La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)
Theatre 2: Through April 16: "Ordinary People." (†) From April 17: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.
Theatre 3: Through April 16: "Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)." (†) From April 17: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.
Theatre 4: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through April 16: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.
From April 17: "Alice in Wonderland." (†)

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through April 16: Theatre closed.
From April 17: "Lion of the Desert" (Moustapha Akkad), with Anthony Quinn and Oliver Reed.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Three films directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, all X-rated and all in Italian: "The Decameron" (1971), "The Canterbury Tales" (1972), and "The Arabian Nights" (1973).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tess."(†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Melvin and Howard." (†)

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through April 16: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)
From April 17: "Atlantic City." (†)

Lincoln Plaza, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin.
Theatre 3: "La Drôlesse" (Jacques Doillon; in French), with Madeleine Desdevises and Claude Hebert.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: April 15: "Confidence" (István Szabó; in Hungarian), with Péter Andorai and Ildikó Bánsági. From April 16: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Ordinary People." (†)
Theatre 2: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Excalibur." (†)
Theatre 2: Through April 16: "Raging Bull." (†) Through April 17: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.
Theatre 3: Through April 16: "Hardly Working" (Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Susan Oliver. From April 17: "Alice in Wonderland." (†)
Theatre 4: "Star Wars." (†)

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Melvin and Howard." (†)
Theatre 2: "Resurrection." (†)

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)
Theatre 2: Through April 16: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder; and "Used Cars." (†) From April 17: "Ordinary People." (†)
Theatre 3: Through April 16: "Bye Bye Brazil" (Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker. April 17-23: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld. From April 24: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, and James Mason; and "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Star Wars." (†)
Theatre 2: Through April 16: "The Final

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Conflict" (directed by Graham Baker), with Sam Neill. From April 17: "Knightriders" (George A. Romero), with Ed Harris.

Theatre 3: "Eyewitness." (†)

Theatre 4: Through April 16: "Raging Bull." (†) From April 17: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.

Theatre 5: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)

Theatre 6: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Hardly Working" (Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Susan Oliver.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

Theatre 3: "The Elephant Man." (†)

Theatre 4: Through April 16: "Ordinary People." (†) From April 17: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.

EMBASSY 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)

Through April 16: "The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.

From April 17: "Alice in Wonderland." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

Through April 16: "Holy Terror" (1977; Alfred Sole).

From April 17: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: Through April 16: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†) From April 17: "Atlantic City." (†)

Theatre 2: Through April 16: "Eyes of a Stranger" (Ken Wiederhorn), with Lauren Tewes. From April 17: "Going Ape!" (Jeremy Joe Kronsberg), with Tony Danza and Jessica Walter.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

"Excalibur." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Through April 16: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

From April 17: To be announced.

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through April 23: "The Private Eyes" (Lang Elliott), with Tim Conway and Don Knotts. From April 24: "The Hand" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Caine and Andrea Marcovicci.

Theatre 2: Through April 16: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld. From April 17: "Caveman" (Carl Gottlieb), with Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach.

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

April 15: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; directed by Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and two short documentaries by John Ford: "December 7th" (1943) and "This Is Korea!" (1951).

April 16: "Pit of Loneliness" (1951; Jacqueline Audry; in French), with Edwige Feuillère and Simone Simon; and "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald.

April 17: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Lea Massari; and "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, and Brooke Shields.

April 18: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.

April 19: "The Black Stallion" (1979; Carroll Ballard), with Mickey Rooney and Kelly Reno; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair.

April 20: "The White Sheik" (1951; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Brunella Bova, and Giulietta Masina; and "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.

April 21: "The Mysterians" (1959) and "Rodan" (1957), both Japanese films, dubbed in English, directed by Ishiro Honda.

April 22: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (†); and "The Cars That Ate People" (1974; Peter Weir; an Australian film).

April 23: "Drums Along the Mohawk" (1939; John Ford), with Claudette Colbert, Henry Fonda, and Edna May Oliver; and "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell, and John Carradine.

April 24: "Love on the Run" (†); and "The Green Room" (1979; François Truffaut; in French), with Truffaut, Natalie Baye, and Jean Dasté.

April 25: "Wise Blood." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

April 15: "Pandora's Box" (1929; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya.

April 16: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.

April 17: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi; and "The Taming of the Shrew" (1967; Franco Zeffirelli), with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton.

April 18: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Wrong Box" (1966; Bryan Forbes), with John Mills, Ralph Richardson, Peter Sellers, and Michael Caine.

April 19: "The Ballet of Romeo and Juliet" (1956), a full-length Russian production, with Galina Ulanova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps; "Galina Ulanova—Her Life and Art" (1964), a documentary film; and "Plisetskaya Dances" (1965), a Russian documentary film about Maya Plisetskaya.

April 20: "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre.

April 21: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962; Sidney Lumet), with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell.

April 22: "Charulata" (†) and "Two Daughters." (†)

April 23: "Closely Watched Trains" (†) and "The Apple Game." (†)

April 24: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

April 25: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

FLORIST
EASTER PLANTS
BOY WANTED

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 16: "Dark Star" (1974; John Carpenter), with Brian Narelle; and "Fantastic Planet" (1973; René Laloux; in French), an animated science-fiction film.

April 17-18: "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles; and "How I Won the War" (1967; Richard Lester), with Michael Crawford and John Lennon.

April 19-20: "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

April 21: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

April 22-23: "The Idolmaker" (†); and "That'll Be the Day" (1974; Claude Whatham), with David Essex and Ringo Starr.

April 24-25: "Fritz the Cat" (†) and "Heavy Traffic." (†)

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

April 15: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "The Garden of Delights" (1971; Carlos Saura; in Spanish).

April 16: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

From April 17: "Breaking Glass" (Brian Gibson), with Hazel O'Connor.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

April 15: "Weekend in Havana" (1941; Walter Lang), with Alice Faye, John Payne, and Carmen Miranda; and "That Night in Rio" (1941; Irving Cummings), with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda.

April 16-17: "Blonde Venus" (1932; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore; and "Mata Hari" (1932; George Fitzmaurice), with Greta Garbo, Ramon Navarro, and Lionel Barrymore.

April 18-19: "Mildred Pierce" (1945; Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter.

April 20-22: "The Woman in the Window" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, and Dan Duryea; and "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson.

April 23-24: "Waterloo Bridge" (†) and "That Hamilton Woman!" (†)

From April 25: "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "Back Street" (1941; Robert Stevenson), with Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

April 15: "Greetings" (1968) and "Hi, Mom!" (1970), both films directed by Brian De Palma, with Robert De Niro.

April 16-17: "That'll Be the Day" (1974; Claude Whatham), with David Essex and Ringo Starr; and "Stardust" (1975; Michael Apted), with David Essex.

April 18-19: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967; Roman Polanski), with Jack MacGowran, Sharon Tate, and Polanski; and "House of Dark Shadows" (1970; Dan Curtis), with Jonathan Frid and Joan Bennett.

April 20-22: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.

April 23-24: "Elvis: That's the Way It Is" (1970; Dennis Sanders), a filmed concert; and "Jailhouse Rock" (1957; Richard Thorpe), with Elvis Presley, Judy Tyler, Mickey Shaughnessy, and Dean Jones.

From April 25: "Halloween" (1978; John Carpenter), with Donald Pleasence and Jamie Lee Curtis; and "Sisters" (1973; Brian De Palma), with Margot Kidder and Jennifer Salt.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

April 15: "The Group" (1966; Sidney Lumet), with Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, and Candice Bergen.

April 16-18: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.

April 19-21: "Oliver!" (1968; Carol Reed), with Ron Moody, Oliver Reed, and Mark Lester.

April 22-24: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

From April 25: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957; David Lean), with William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 15: "The Rainmaker" (1956; Joseph Anthony), with Katharine Hepburn, Burt Lancaster, Wendell Corey, and Lloyd Bridges; and "Break of Hearts" (1935; Philip Moeller), with Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer.

April 16: "Beat the Deva" (1980), "Hollywood's Musical Moods" (1980), and "Tap Dancing" (1979).

April 17-18: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg).

April 19: A program of Betty Boop cartoons.

April 20: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

April 21: "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" (†); and "One Third of a Nation" (1939; Dudley Murphy), with Sylvia Sidney and Myron McCormick.

April 22: "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" (1931; Edward Sedgwick), with Buster Keaton, Charlotte Greenwood, and Reginald Denny; and "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (†)

April 23: "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck; and "The Raven." (†)

April 24-25: "Halloween" (1978; John Carpenter), with Donald Pleasence and Jamie Lee Curtis; and "Assault on Precinct 13" (1976; John Carpenter), with Austin Stoker and Darwin Joston.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 15: "Pygmalion" (1938; Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard), with Wendy Hiller and Howard; and "Sidewalks of London" (1938; Tim Whelan), with Vivien Leigh and Charles Laughton.

April 16: "The Beloved Rogue" (1927; Alan Crosland; a silent film), with John Barrymore; and "The Eagle" (1925; Clarence Brown; a silent film), with Rudolph Valentino, Louise Dresser, and Vilma Banky.

April 17-18: "Number Seventeen" (1932; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leon M. Lion and Anne Grey; and "Foreign Correspondent" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders.

April 19: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (1939; Sam Wood), with Robert Donat, Greer Garson, and Terry Kilburn.

April 20: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (†) and "It Came from Outer Space." (†)

April 21: "20,000 Years in Sing Sing" (†) and "Jimmy the Gent." (†)

April 22: "King Kong" (1932; Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack), with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot; and "Bird of Paradise." (†)

April 23: "The Ladykillers" (1956; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom; and "The Lavender Hill Mob." (†)

April 24: "Oliver Twist" (1948; David Lean), with Alec Guinness, Robert Newton, Kay Walsh, John Howard Davies, and Anthony Newley; and "Great Expectations" (1946; David Lean), with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness.

From April 25: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of documentary films produced at the National Film Board of Canada: April 16 at 2:30: "Blood and Fire" (1958, directed by Terence Macartney-Filgate), "Fishermen" (1959; Guy L. Côté), and "The Backbreaking Leaf" (1959; Terence Macartney-Filgate). . . . April 16 at 6: "Les Petites Soeurs" (1960; Pierre Patry), "Lonely Boy" (1961; Wolf Koenig and Roman Kroitor), and "Les Bucherons de la Manouane" (1962: Arthur Lamothe). . . . April 16 at 8:30: "Paul Tomkowicz: Street-Railway Switchman" (1954; Roman Kroitor), "The Shepherd" (1956; Julian Biggs), "Les Raquetteurs" (1958; Gilles Groulx), and "The Days Before Christmas" (1958; Terence Macartney-Filgate, Stanley Jackson, and Wolf Koenig). . . . April 17 at 2:30: "Les Petites Soeurs," "Lonely Boy," and "Les Bucherons de la Manouane." . . . April 17 at 6: "Steeltown" (1966; Wolf Koenig and Rex Trasker) and "Jour après Jour" (1962; Clement Perron). . . . April 18 at noon: "Corral" (1954; Colin Low) and "In Search of the Bowhead Whale" (1974; Bill Mason). . . . April 18 at 2:30: "La Lutte" (1961; Michel Brault and Claude Jutra), "Golden Gloves" (1961; Gilles Groulx), and "Kindergarten" (1963; Guy L. Côté). . . . April 18 at 5: "You Don't Back Down" (1965; Don Owen), "The Things I Cannot Change" (1966; Tanya Ballantyne), and "Nell and Fred" (1971; Richard Todd). . . . April 19 at noon: "Corral" and "In Search of the Bowhead Whale.". . . April 19 at 2:30 "Steeltown" and "Jour après Jour.". . . April 20 at noon: "Universe" (1960; Roman Kroitor and Colin Low) and "Fluxes" (1967; Arthur Lipsett). . . . April 20 at 2:30: "You Don't Back Down," "The Things I Cannot Change," and "Nell and Fred.". . . April 21 at noon: "Universe" and "Fluxes." . . . April 21 at 6: "The Inheritance" (1980; John Kramer). . . . April 23 at 6: "Pour la Suite du Monde" (1964; Michel Brault, Marcel Carrière, and Pierre Pèrrault). . . . April 23 at 8:30: "Les Voitures d'Eau" (1968; Pierre Pèrrault; in French, with English subtitles). . . . April 24 at 2:30: "Rose et Landry" (1963; Jean Rouch and Jacques Godbout), "Le Beau Derangement" (1964; Suzanne Angel), and "Les Montréalistes" (1965; Denys Arcand). . . . April 25 at noon: "High Steel" (1965; Don Owen), "Rouli-Roulant" (1966; Claude Jutra), "Cattle Ranch" (1961; Guy L. Côté), and "60 Cycles" (1965; Jean-Claude Lebrecque). . . . ¶ Other, non-NFBC, films scheduled during this period: April 19 at 5: "Exodus" (1960; Otto Preminger), with Paul Newman, Eva Marie Saint, Ralph Richardson, and Sal Mineo. . . . April 20 at 6: A program of films by Richard Levine. . . . April 21 at 2:30: "Exodus." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at Moma)—The first programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. April 24 at 6: "Simone Barbes, or Virtue" (France; Marie-Claude Treilhou). . . . ¶ April 24 at 8:30: "The Willmar 8" (United States; Lee Grant) and "Possum Living" (United States; Nancy Schreiber). . . . ¶ April 25 at 3: "Hazal" (Turkey; Ali Ozgentürk). . . . ¶ April 25 at 6: "Love Brewed . . . In the African Pot" (Ghana; Kwaw Ansah; in English). . . . ¶ April 25 at 8:30: "The Boat Is Full" (Switzerland/Germany/Austria; Markus Imhoof). . . . ¶ April 25 at 11: "Simone Barbes, or Virtue." (Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 956-7284.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Starting April 17: "Time Zones" (1980; Tom Zafian), a videotape installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (8 on Tuesdays). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—April 15 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ April 15-17, all at 8: Three different programs of films by Walter Gutman. . . . ¶ April 18 at 2: A video program. . . . ¶ April 18 at 5:30: To be announced. . . . ¶ April 18 at 8: A program of films by Walter Gutman. . . . ¶ April 19 at 8: A program of films by Michael Mideke. . . . ¶ April 21 at 8: A video program by Richard Foreman. . . . ¶ April 22 at 8: Two French films, with no English subtitles, by Jean Cocteau: "Le Sang d'un Poète (1930) and "La Belle et la Bête" (1946). . . . ¶ April 23 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ April 23 at 8: A program of films by Walter Gutman. . . . ¶ April 24 at 8: A program of films by Manuel de Landa. . . . ¶ April 25 at 2: A video program. . . . ¶ April 25 at 6: A program of films by Walter Gutman. . . . ¶ April 25 at 8: A program of films by Susan Wittenberg and Carol Stein.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alice in Wonderland (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsy and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Loews New York, Guild, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5; starting April 17.)

The Apple Game (1976)—This was the first movie to reach us from Czechoslovakia after more than a decade. It seems politically bland (it's a romantic comedy about an affair between an obstetrician and a country nurse in a small Prague maternity hospital), which is why it got past the state censors there, but in a funny, disturbing, sneaky sort of way it deals directly and movingly with some fundamentals of life and feelings. Director Věra Chytilová could have spared us a few of the broad comedy touches, but she does avoid most of the heavy irony implicit in these cheerful moral lessons, and the picture is made by Jiří Menzel's performance as a distracted, bespectacled Lothario who is deluged with women and sex and birth and emotion. There are some arresting, triumphant views of babies being born, which may not be to everyone's taste, but the movie is sunlit and sensuous, and it will probably leave you feeling extremely happy. With Dagmar Blahova and Evelyna Steimarová-Rytířová. In Czech. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/21/80.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 23.)

Atlantic City—This spa that became a racketeers' paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John

Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid as the widow of a mobster, Hollis McLaren as a dippy flower child born into the wrong era, Richard Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors, and an appearance by Robert Goulet as himself. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Loews Tower East. ¶ Paramount, and Loews State; starting April 17.)

Bird of Paradise (1932)—The director, King Vidor, and his associates performed near-miracles on this outdated story (an adaptation of a stage melodrama) about a Polynesian princess (Dolores Del Rio) whose love for a white man (Joel McCrea) results in her being punished by the Polynesian priests (she's thrown into a volcano). The talk is fearfully silly, but Clyde De Vinna's rich, tactile cinematography, the foliage of the locations, and Max Steiner's overblown score contribute to some high romantic effects. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 22.)

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime? (1975)—A palimpsest film documentary about the Great Depression, mixing clips of reportage, staged newsreels, home movies, and feature films. The director-writer, obviously diligent in research, is Philippe Mora. He belies the seriousness of his purpose by deciding to give the audience practically no identifying subtitles: we need dates, credits, and some indication of whether what we are looking at is fact, staged fact, or fiction. But see the film. (Thalia; April 21.)

La Cage aux Folles II—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (by Edouard Molinaro, who also did the first). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The movie is most inventive when they're in Italy and Albin, dressed as a peasant woman, is toiling in the fields among the women; he looks youthful and radiantly fulfilled—he really believes that he is one of them. Albin doesn't see what we can see: wherever he is and however he's dressed, he's so far into his fantasy that he looks like no one else. This film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. And maybe it's only in this exaggerated form that a movie about the ridiculousness and the tenderness of married love can be widely accepted now. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (3/23/81) (68th St. Playhouse, Greenwich Playhouse, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

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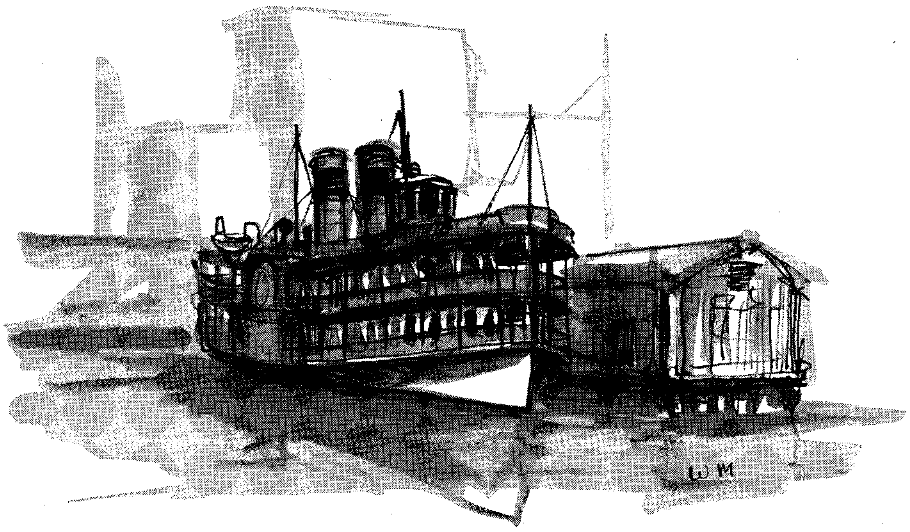
Charulata (1964)—Directed by Satyajit Ray His most nearly flawless film, apart from his great Apu trilogy. A flowing, opulent tale of love and restrained longing, set in the eighteen-seventies. A triumph of period comprehension, with an understanding of the Indian character that seems to light it from the inside. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 22.)

Closely Watched Trains (1966)—A wryly tender Czech film about how a shy, scared young man, who comes from a long line of patsies and fools, succeeds in bed but loses his life. This first film directed by Jiří Menzel is based on the well-known ironic novel by Bohumil Hrabal, who collaborated with Menzel on the scenario. It's set during the Second World War, and most of it takes place at a village railway station; it's fairly simple—the modest sort of film that shows human concern and decency but isn't very stimulating, and that sometimes takes the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film (as this one did). But it also has quirky moments of small-town passion, and a funny sequence in which an assistant stationmaster rubber-stamps a girl telegrapher's buttocks. It's a sophisticated, elliptical folktale. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 23.)

Coal Miner's Daughter (1980)—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn, who was married at fourteen before going on to attain Nashville immortality with "I'm a Honky Tonk Girl," "You're Lookin' at Country," and other down-home classics. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. The picture, which was directed by Michael Apted, drags a bit in its later stages, but its modest, keepin'-on manner and terrific Appalachian scenery disarm the cynicism that we bring to most show-biz bios. With Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Paramount; through April 16. . . . ¶ Manhattan; April 17-23.)



The Creature from the Black Lagoon (1954)—The amusingly slimy monster—a sort of rubbery, leering frog that stands upright, like a man—has obscene intentions on the fainting heroine (Julia Adams). This low-grade horror film from Universal came out in 3-D, and kids seemed to adore the amphibious villain. (There were two sequels.) Jack Arnold directed; with Richard Carlson, Richard Denning, Antonio Moreno, Nestor Paiva. Whit Bissell, and Ricou Browning as the monster. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 20.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical phantasmagoria. Guido (Marcello Mastroianni), the director hero, is the center of the film's universe, the creator on whose word everything waits, the man sought after by everyone. He can do anything, and the possibilities confuse him. The multi-ringed circus of "8½" is such a luxuriously externalized version of an artist's inner life that it's more like the fantasy of someone who wishes that he were a movie director—someone who has soaked up those movie versions of an artist's life in which, in the midst of a carnival or a ball, the hero receives inspiration and dashes away to transmute life into art. It's a de-luxe glorification of creative crisis, visually arresting (the dark and light contrasts are extraordinary, magical), but in some essential way it's conventional-minded. The cast includes Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, Claudia Cardinale, Rossella Falk, Barbara Steele, Madeleine Lebeau, Guido Alberti as the producer, Jean Rougeul as the critic, Annibale Ninchi as Guido's father, and Edra Gale as La Saraghina. The cinematography is by Gianni Di Venanzo; the score is by Nino Rota; the script is by Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, and others. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through April 19.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft, as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Embassy.)

Excalibur—With Nicol Williamson and Nigel Terry, directed by John Boorman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Loews 83rd Quad, and National.)

Eyewitness—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero; he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays him) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. In order to pique her interest, he suggests that he may have been an eyewitness, and this fib of his makes the two of them targets for the killers, for those who seek to avenge the killing, for the police, and—it begins to seem—for every passerby. Maybe because of the moviemakers' failure to adapt and modernize forties conventions, something berserk happens: Weaver, Irene Worth, and Christopher Plummer, who are all playing Jews, play them like Nazis. They're intense, drawn, haggard, rich, and highly cultured—a stiff and sinister bunch. The movie is punctuated with frequent, inept cuts to a couple of Vietnamese thugs who sneak around eavesdropping, following people, and boding ill. There are good, funny moments, though, with Hurt, with Weaver (before she gets too pinched), with Morgan Freeman and Steven Hill as a cynical, gripping team of police lieutenants, with Pamela Reed as the janitor's old girlfriend, and with Kenneth McMillan as the janitor's father. The cast includes James Woods and Albert Paulsen. (3/23/81) (Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. The picture, which was written by Christopher Gore and directed by Alan Parker, is great fun when its attractive, semi-anonymous youngsters are allowed to get on, with their hoofing and warbling, but the weight of so much snuffy, pubescent hokum sinks the vehicle about midway through its interminable voyage. With Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody—the last of whom gives a subdued, exemplary performance as a dedicated drama teacher. The music is by Michael Gore, lyrics by Dean Pitchford. (5/26/80) (34th St. East; through April 16.)

Fort Apache, the Bronx—There's a bloom on everything Paul Newman does in the role of Murphy, a veteran of eighteen years on the New York police force, who has spent most of those years in the rotting Forty-first Precinct, in the South Bronx—the most shattered, crime-ridden section of the city. Murphy and his young partner, Corelli (dark-haired, loose-limbed Ken Wahl), do the best they can in dealing with muggers, arsonists, pimps, pushers, and killers—one of them a fellow-officer, Morgan (Danny Aiello), who throws a Puerto Rican teen-ager off a roof. The film is an attempt to show urban crisis *in extremis*, and it's an expression of disgust at racism. But the director, Daniel Petrie, glides over the action, levelling things out, shooting on the hellhole Bronx locations as if he were making a travelogue. With Rachel Ticotin as a Hispanic nurse, Pam Grier as a stoned hooker, Ed Asner in the tired role of the martinet who takes over as commanding officer at the precinct, Miguel Piñero as a drug dealer, and Kathleen Beller as Corelli's girlfriend. (2/23/81) (Olympia, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews New York; through April 16.)

Fritz the Cat (1972)—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity; everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Cinema Village; April 24-25.)

From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China—A documentary devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by Stern's Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (Baronet.)

Heavy Traffic (1973)—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat" (see above), wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about life in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (Cinema Village; April 24-25.)

The Idolmaker—A likable first feature by the director Taylor Hackford; it has verve and snap, despite a rickety script and a sloshy finish. Ray Sharkey plays a brash young songwriter from the Bronx who becomes a hype artist. He takes a baby-faced boozing pillhead (Paul Land) and turns him into a rock idol for teen-agers; then he finds a swarthy sixteen-year-old busboy (Peter Gallagher), whose eyes and mouth are impossibly—foolishly—large, and he saturates the country with publicity, preselling the kid as an idol before the public ever hears his voice. The picture keeps moving, and the satirical musical numbers are cheerful and impudent. The script, by Edward Di Lorenzo, was suggested by the life of the rock impresario Bob Marcucci, who promoted Frankie Avalon and Fabian. With Kenneth O'Brien as the corrupt disc jockey, Jimmy Carter as the jiggling blond singer, and Tovah Feldshuh. (12/22/80) (Cinema Village; April 22-23.)

It Came from Outer Space (1953)—Sci-fi set in the Arizona desert, originally from Ray Bradbury. A spaceship lands and buries itself in the desert, and starts mysteriously to change people's characters. Good stuff about personality takeover, which is one of the metaphysical preoccupations of sci-fi. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 20.)

Jimmy the Gent (1934)—We are watching a Michael Curtiz film of 1934, and Jimmy is James Cagney, so the gentlemanizing of Jimmy is fairly wry. It is done for the sake of Bette Davis, the eternal sadist; Cagney as her matching masochist is a funny idea. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 21.)

Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)—Warfare is treated dispassionately in this epic film in color by Kurosawa, which is set during the wars of the clans in sixteenth-century Japan (the period just before the country was unified). Kurosawa seems to be saying that wisdom dictates caution, security, stasis, but that to be alive is to be subject to impulse, to chaos. The film's style is ceremonial rather than dramatic; it's not battle that Kurosawa is interested in here but formation in battle regalia. Tatsuya Nakadai plays the warlord known as The Mountain, and he also plays the thieving peasant who has been condemned to death but whose life is spared so that he can serve as the lord's double. In Japanese. (2/2/81) (Quad Cinema; through April 16.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—As the prim, innocuous civil servant with a hidden spark of nonconformity, Alec Guinness carries out a dream of larcenous glory: robbing the Bank of England. A man who steals three million in gold bullion may be permitted to coin a word: Guinness describes his gleaming-eyed, bowler-hatted little man as the "fubsy" type, and he's an image of Everyman. T. E. B. Clarke's script, Charles Crichton's direction, and Georges Auric's music contribute to what is probably the most nearly perfect fubsy comedy of all time. It's a minor classic, a charmer. Stanley Holloway is the genteel, artistic accomplice; Alfie Bass and Sidney James are the professional assistants; and one of the beneficiaries of Guinness's wrongdoing is a bit player, Audrey Hepburn. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 23.)

Love on the Run (1979)—A film in François Truffaut's autobiographical Antoine Doinel series ("The 400 Blows," "Love at Twenty," "Stolen Kisses," "Bed and Board"). Dionel is, as ever, played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, who is now—unbelievably—twenty years older than the boy in "The 400 Blows." His presence on the screen—the film is photographed by the great Nestor Almendros—is both reviving and moving. Truffaut has a great affinity with Jean Renoir; every foot of film he makes perpetuates the distinctness of being a Frenchman. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 24.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Cinema 3, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; April 17-23.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Sutton, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Embassy; through April 16. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting April 17.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock (1975)—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day of 1900 in a prissy girl's school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistress; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 22.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice—Taste and craftsmanship have gone into this Bob Rafelson version of James M. Cain's hot tabloid novel, but Rafelson's detached, meditative

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tone is about as far from Cain's American tough-guy vernacular as you can get. The impulsiveness and raw flamboyance that make the book exciting are missing, and the cool, elegant visuals (Sven Nykvist is the cinematographer) outclass the characters right from the start. As Frank, the drifter whose passion for Cora leads him to kill her husband, Jack Nicholson does a runthrough of his over-deliberate sly, malevolent expressions from "The Shining" as though still lobotomized from "Cuckoo's Nest." (His performance could have been given by a Nicholson impersonator.) As Cora, who does the cooking at her husband's roadside café, Jessica Lange is the best reason to see the movie. She looks good-sized—muscular but rounded—and with her short, curly blond hair, a Japanese silk wrapper pulled tight, and a lewd, speculative smile, she's both seraphic and steamy. The film needs to be propelled by a growing intensity in the sex scenes, but the first sex, on the table in the café kitchen, is the hottest. So things go downhill. With John Colicos as greasy Nick, the husband; Michael Lerner as Katz, the lawyer; and a highly expendable episode that features Anjelica Huston as a lion tamer. The sparse yet maundering script is by David Mamet. (4/6/81) (Coronet. . . . ¶ Loews State; through April 16. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; starting April 17.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro). Scorsese tries to turn raw, pulp power into art and loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (Gramercy, Manhattan, U. A. East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center; through April 16. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting April 24, tentative.)

The Raven (1943; "Le Corbeau")—Henri-Georges Clouzot's gall-and-wormwood thriller about a town terrorized by a series of vicious poison-pen letters that drive various townspeople to crime and suicide. The plot—tracking down the blackmailer—is rather mechanical, but Clouzot can give an audience the cold creeps. At the time, the depravity and political corruption revealed in this slice of provincial life were nastily shocking; there's not a likable person in the entire film, and because it was released during the Occupation it was thought to serve the interests of the Nazis. When France was liberated, both Clouzot and the picture's star, Pierre Fresnay, were accused of unpatriotic activity. With Ginette Leclerc as the lame girl. (Remade in 1951, by Otto Preminger, as "The 13th Letter.") In French. (Thalia; April 23.)

Resurrection—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (12/22/80) (New Yorker. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through April 16.)

Star Wars (1977)—Written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), the movie is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. (The two last trudge across what is actually the Tunisian desert bickering inseparably, like man and wife in Beckett.) Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center.)

Steamboat Bill, Jr. (1927)—One of the least known of the Buster Keaton features, yet it possibly ranks right at the top. It is certainly the most bizarrely Freudian of his adventures, dealing with a tiny son's attempt to prove himself to his huge, burly rejecting father. Ernest Torrence is the father—a tough Mississippi-steamboat captain, who does not conceal his disgust when Junior (Keaton) arrives to join him, nattily dressed in bell-bottoms, a polka-dot tie, and a beret. When the father is in jail, Keaton tries to hand him a gigantic loaf of bread containing tools for breaking out, but the father doesn't understand what's in it and refuses the bread; Keaton mutters, "My father's ashamed of my baking." The film features a memorable comic cyclone and a peerless (and much imitated) sequence in which Keaton tries on hats and changes personality with each, becoming a series of movie stars of the period. Directed by Charles Riesner. (Thalia; April 22.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France, with cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Little Carnegie.)

OFFICE
SHORE ACRES
COUNTRY REAL ESTATE HOMES

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh, with Laurence Olivier as Lord Nelson, but the movie is rather soggy. Alexander Korda directed, in the lavish style considered appropriate to national heroes. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 23-24.)

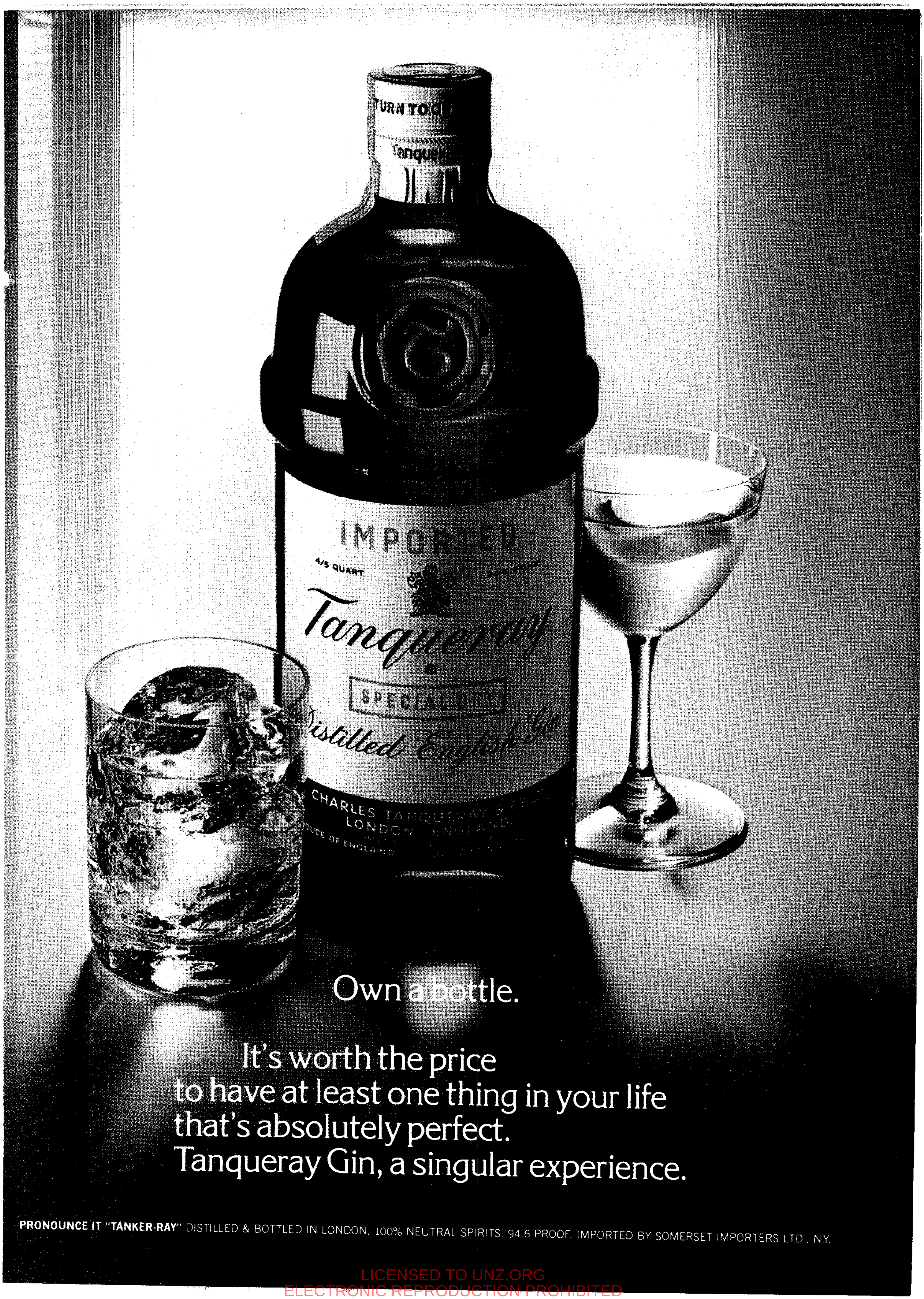
20,000 Years in Sing Sing (1933)—Spencer Tracy as a wise-guy hood, and Bette Davis as his vulnerable, sweet-tough moll. This Warners mixture of social reform, comedy, and sentimentality was very loosely based on a book by Warden Lewis E. Lawes; the plot creaks, but the director, Michael Curtiz, keeps things moving. The cast includes Lyle Talbot, Louis Calhern, Arthur Byron, and Warren Hymer as Hype. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 21.)

Two Daughters (1961)—Satyajit Ray at his most splendid in two short-story films based on works by Rabindranath Tagore. The first, "The Postmaster," is a small masterpiece; the second, "The Conclusion," has some defects of rhythm, so it is merely wonderful. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 22.)

Used Cars—A classic screwball fantasy—a neglected modern comedy that's like a more restless and visually higher-spirited version of the W. C. Fields pictures. (The Fields' title "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" sums up the theme.) The director, Robert Zemeckis, and his co-writer and producer, Bob Gale, have developed a homegrown surrealism out of earlier American slapstick routines. Set in the world of competing used-car dealers in the booming Southwest, this picture has a wonderful, energetic heartlessness; it's an American tall-tale movie in a Pop Art form. The premise is that honesty doesn't exist; if you develop a liking for some of the characters, it's not because of their freedom from avarice but because of their style of avarice. Kurt Russell is the hero: a fast-talking supersalesman who's so rambunctiously, ingeniously crooked that he's a standout—a star in the world of the mendacious. With Jack Warden as twin brothers who run rival lots across the street from each other, and Gerrit Graham, Frank McRae, Deborah Harmon, Al Lewis, Alfonso Arau, Harry Northup, and David L. Lander and Michael McKean as the electronic wizards who devise a way to cut into a Presidential address with used-car commercials. Cinematography by Donald M. Morgan; editing by Michael Kahn. (11/10/80) (Olympia; through April 16.)

Waterloo Bridge (1940)—A great many people are inexplicably hooked on this weeper about the unlucky wartime love affair of a duke's nephew (Robert Taylor, trying to act aristocratic) and a dancer (Vivien Leigh). She becomes the saddest-eyed fallen woman ever. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, uses candlelight and rain more effectively than he does the actors. Adapted from a Robert E. Sherwood play. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 23-24.)

Wise Blood (1980)—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. The picture works in the end, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. Brad Dourif is painfully convincing as the black-hatted, Jesus-haunted prophet Hazel Motes, and Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce are also funny and heartbreaking by turns as they pursue their lonely paths of scam and vision in the back alleys of our gothic South. (2/25/80) (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 25.)



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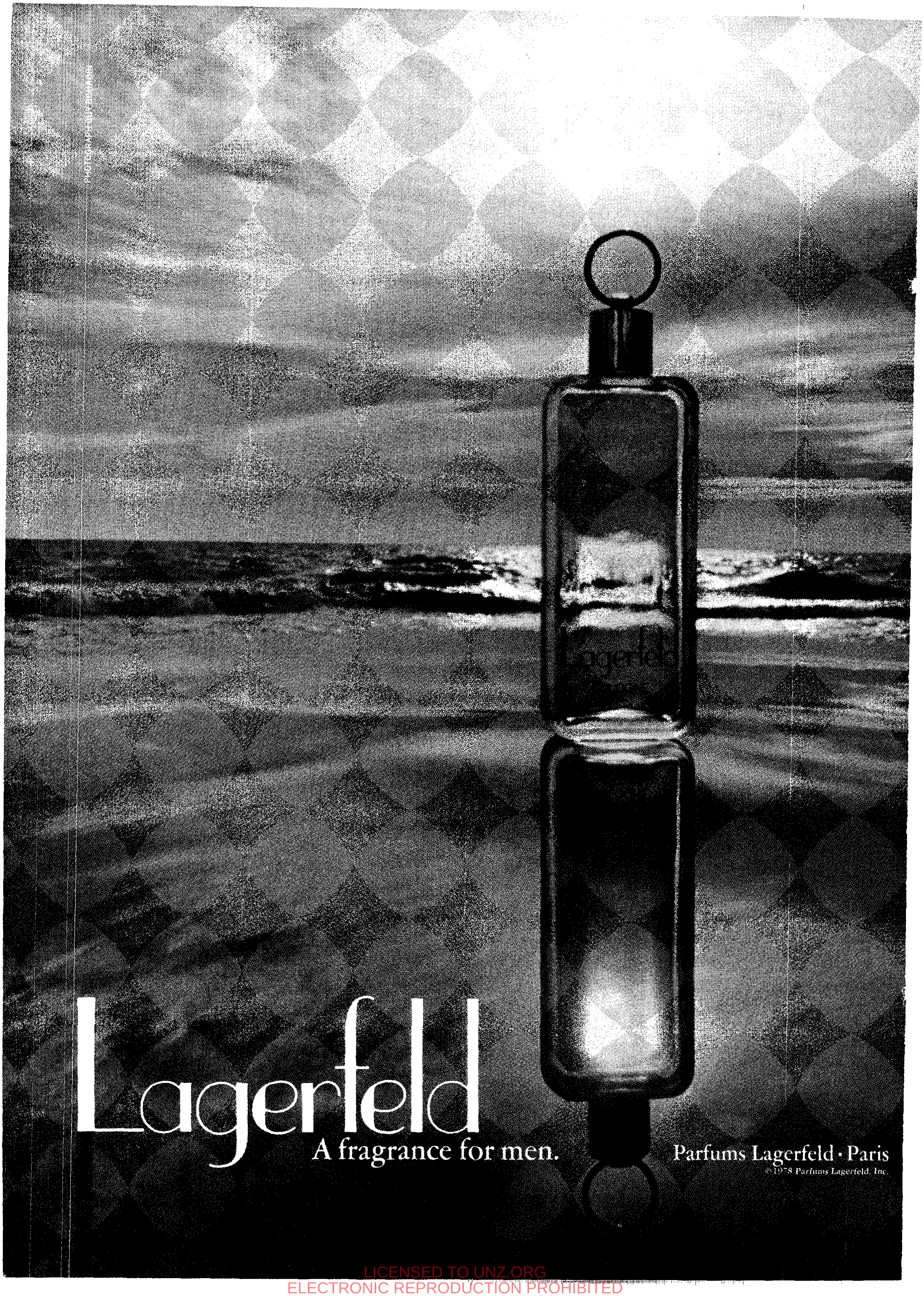
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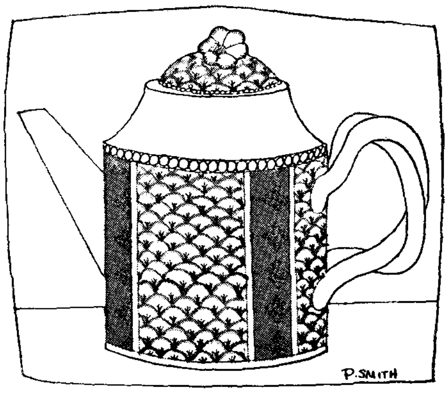
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SINCE the beginning of what the Poles call the "renewal" of their country, there has existed a curious disparity between Polish and Western judgments about the direction in which events are moving there. Repeatedly, Western opinion has persuaded itself that a Soviet invasion was all but inevitable, while the Poles themselves—the people in the bull's-eye of the Soviet target—have remained on the whole unconvinced that anything of the kind would occur. The nearer one gets to the scene of danger, it seems, the greater the calm becomes. Some Poles are so unruffled that they even bridle at the word "crisis" to describe their country's political upheaval, claiming the upheaval to be in fact the normalization of political life—the very opposite of a crisis. They contend that what is occurring in Poland is not national division but, rather, unification; and the extent of the obedience to Solidarity's recent four-hour strike, to say nothing of the astonishing fact that some thirty per cent of the Communist Party's members in Poland have joined Solidarity and are pressing within the Party for many of the reforms that Solidarity is pressing for from without, lends substance to the contention. The recent agreement between the Party and Solidarity after the police beating of Solidarity workers in the city of Bydgoszcz only adds one more detail to the picture of a growing unity of popular will. According to this interpretation, there *is* a crisis, to be sure, but it is elsewhere—above all, in the Soviet Union, which, like the United States in its unprofitable engagement in Vietnam, has no choices open to it that are advantageous. Either the Soviets let the Poles go their own way, and lose much of their control over Poland, and perhaps over the rest of Eastern Europe as well, or they invade, at an incalculable military, economic, and moral cost.

The tranquillity of the Poles at the moment, last week, of the most feverish Warsaw Pact maneuvers and the direst warnings from the West (Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger said at one point that an invasion had already occurred, "by osmosis") was captured by Michael Dobbs, of the Washington *Post*, who reported that a French photographer who had arrived in Warsaw disguised as a tourist and expecting to photograph "the carnage in the streets" instead found a "picture of normality," in which "young couples were walking hand-in-hand in the sunshine," and "families lined up patiently for ice cream and children played happily in the park." One reason for the Poles' surprising equanimity was offered by a Polish journalist. "What people in the West seem to forget," he said, "is that the Soviets have been here for the last thirty-six years already—and it hasn't done them much good. Sure, more of them can come, but they will be confronted with that same situation." Except, of course, that now the Russians would be confronted with a nation that was actively mobilized to resist them. The most difficult question faced by the Soviet Union, therefore, is not whether it can manage to get its forces into Poland, by osmosis or otherwise—it has at least two divisions there now—but how those forces could be brought to bear on the situation. As Dobbs reports, the Poles find it "difficult to envisage what the Soviets are supposed to do with their tanks" once they arrive. It was, after all, under the noses of the Soviet divisions already in Poland that the Solidarity movement began in the first place. Nor does the successful invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 offer a hopeful precedent for the Russians. There "conservative" elements of the Czech Communist Party, challenged by a rival, "liberal" wing of the Party, were willing and able to organize the repression of their own country at the Russians' command. But in Poland, where the spirit of resistance is rooted in the population as a whole, no element of the Polish Communist Party appears strong enough to carry out a similar order. There is, of course, one thing that the Soviets could do with their tanks, and there is a precedent for it in the Nazi occupation of Warsaw: the Nazis simply blew up the city systematically, block by block. But even to mention such a possibility is to recognize its extreme unlikeliness. To launch repression on that scale—and nothing less, it seems, could bring Poland back under Soviet control—the Soviet Union would have to re-Stalinize itself, and this would be a crisis for it even greater than the Polish renewal. "It would be difficult to shoot everyone," Lech Walesa, the leader of Solidarity, was heard to say recently. It is not a remark that could have been made with confidence in Stalinist times, but since then the world has



changed. And in this changed world, for reasons that are as yet incompletely understood but that include a new determination of people around the world to govern their own affairs, the costs of extreme repression appear to outweigh any gains. The Poles, feeling the depth of their resolve within themselves, perhaps have grounds for confidence that are invisible to the anxious West. They feel strong, and their strength makes them calm.

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Thinking and Writing

FROM time to time, Leon Botstein shows up in town championing a bright new idea. The other day, Mr. Botstein came down from Annandale-on-Hudson, where for the past six years he has taught at and presided over Bard College. Before arriving at Bard, he spent five years as president of Franconia College, in New Hampshire, an experimental institution that, three years after he left it, died of acute fiscal distress (not of any dearth of enterprising suggestions from him about how to keep it alive and thriving). Mr. Botstein was twenty-three years old when he arrived at Franconia; he is now thirty-four and, it appears, is getting younger. He has dark, wavy hair, and the only predictable things he does are dress in tweeds and wear horn-rimmed glasses and smoke a pipe. His daily energy output seems roughly equivalent to that of an entire Boy Scout troop. He had a busy day planned for himself in New York. It included a fund-raising reception on Wall Street, a squash game, dinner with friends, time out to revise and proofread galleys of a long review he has written of the twenty-volume New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians, and a gathering at the Essex House to talk about his bright new idea. Several prospective Bard freshmen—high-school students who were still waiting to hear whether they'd been accepted to matriculate next fall—were present at the gathering, along with the parents of some of them, and some curious outsiders.

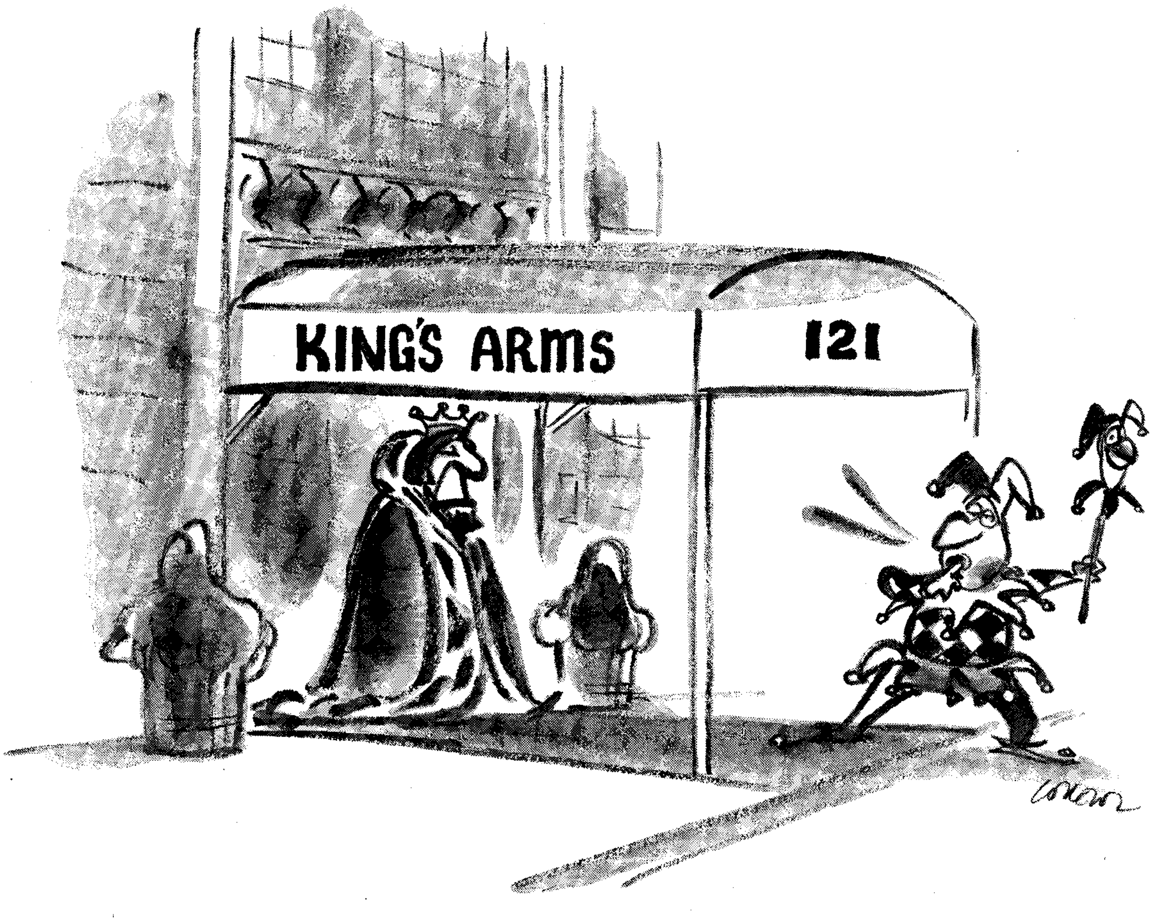
Mr. Botstein and the Bard faculty have concluded that Bard's entering freshmen should know how to think and write before their first semester in college begins. According to Mr. Botstein's calculations, fulfilling this prerequisite will take three weeks. What he has in mind is to invite—not invite, really, but require—all freshmen to come to Annandale-on-Hudson in mid-August and invest the next three weeks in something called a Workshop in Language and Thinking. The program will be directed by Stuart Levine, who is Bard's Dean of Academic Affairs, and Peter Elbow, who is a professor of English at Evergreen State College, in Olympia, Washington. There will be no grades and no credit for the course—and thus no certifiable successes or failures—and virtually all the instructors will come from outside Bard.

Dean Levine was present at the Essex House, but President Botstein did most of the talking. Together, they explained the particulars of the program: the students will spend the first week thinking and writing about themselves, the second week thinking and writing about da Vinci's "Last Supper," and the third week thinking and writing about "justice"—progressing, along the way, from the subjective to the objective and then to the abstract. The students will work six days a week, from nine to five, writing every day, revising three times a week, reading their work aloud, hearing it read aloud by others, and dropping in, when necessary, at something on campus called the Syntax and Grammar Crisis Center.

"No one is exempt from spring training in baseball, and no one will be exempt from this," Stuart Levine said at one point, in a cheerful tone. "The students will arrive on August 16th, a Sunday, and work will begin the next day. In fact, I just got a letter from Peter Elbow in which he suggests that all students meet in the Commons hall at seven o'clock that Monday morning with paper and pencil, ready to write. Breakfast will be from eight to nine."

"If you've been in doubt that Bard's a different institution, this settles it," said Leon Botstein.

The session at the Essex House lasted forty-five minutes,



during which Mr. Levine and Mr. Botstein, despite their candor and friendliness, probably managed to intimidate a few of the students who were present. Afterward, we cornered Mr. Botstein, who speaks faster than the average academic—more like an auctioneer, actually—and asked him to slow his cadences. He obliged, and said the following:

"I genuinely believe that there is a correlation between the ability to think and write and the preservation of political freedom. I've said over and over again, 'The illusion of education is worse than visible ignorance.' The *appearance* of being able to think and write lets people think they're free when they aren't. People view themselves as literate, they have degrees on the wall, and they're oblivious of their own unfreedom. They think they're knowledgeable and educated, and they haven't a real clue to how to think through a problem. Secondary education provides only a certification function—one that is really fraudulent. Having gone through high school means nothing.

"I teach a freshman seminar in the humanities. The proposal for the three-week Workshop in Language and Thinking originated in a feeling of 'Damned if I'm going to go through another semester in which I have very bright students and yet have to grapple with their terrifyingly locked-up capacities, with the awkward kind of written analysis they produce, which is almost insulting to themselves.' The stuff that we read in that seminar starts out with French Revolutionary thought and goes on to Malthus, Mill, Darwin, Tocqueville, Marx, Dickens, Nietzsche. It seems to me that in that material we confront questions that the students have never thought about seriously, and that the extent to which those questions are germane or are no longer germane is precisely the subject matter. One is challenged to reflect seriously on his or her condition. As a teacher, I said to myself, 'Something radical has to happen.'

"Now, what can you accomplish in three weeks? I think you can accomplish a lot. I think that when the three weeks are over, the students will have a greater recognition of what thinking entails. In other words, they may be able to recognize an argument or have the ability to generate aspects of some issue or some reality which go beyond the cliché. I think you can teach an individual by having him look at other people's thinking and at his own attempts at expression, so that he sees what's being asked and what's being omitted. One of the real problems with undergraduate writing is the student's utter lack of confidence that he or she has something really serious to say, something outside the most narrow personal confines.

Dana Fradon

"I'm an Episcopalian on my mother's side and a supply-sider on my father's."

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"What's different about this program is that if we ask the students to read a passage from Burke or to look at a painting by da Vinci and to write about it, the question is not whether what they have to say is idiotic or plausible from a historical point of view, or whether it's a naïve re-creation of obvious truths. In this program, we want to encourage the will to have that *initial perception*. We're asking students to be honest, to read the textbook, to speak effectively from a genuine encounter with what they think about the object in question.

"You know, students respect honesty and they respect your taking them seriously. The way to show that you take them seriously is to say, at certain times, 'Wait, what you've written here is nonsense. This is drivel. I'm terribly sorry, you're a very smart fellow, but this just won't do.' Most colleges don't have the courage to face the truth about this, about thinking and writing. And, of course, most teachers don't write.

"I write a fair amount. It is extremely difficult for me. I do not write felicitously. I hate revision. A wonderful student at Bard four years ago had a very interesting perception. The student made a distinction between the teachers she'd had in the arts and the ones she'd had in her academic subjects. The distinction was that when you walk in to a cello lesson you instinctively understand that the person teaching you plays the cello, too, and there is an immediate sense of allegiance. But when it comes to writing, the problem is that there are so many American academics who should write but don't—and this is not an issue of 'publish or perish,' which is a political issue; the issue here is writing. And the student understands this. The fact is, I feel a moral obligation every year to finish one or two or three pieces of writing, because I think if I'm going to ask my students to do it I have to be able to say to them, 'Here, this is what I'm working on. I, too, am opening myself up to being discovered to be an idiot or an illiterate, or not eloquent, or not intelligent.' I do it because I think it's worthwhile to expose myself in print and because, on a certain range of issues, writing is the only medium of serious communication."

Prince

LATE one afternoon, the Crown Prince of Benin, his uncle, an anthropology professor named Flora S. Kaplan, some men who are associated in one way or another with the Royal Court of Benin, some American men who are associated in one way or another with foundation endowments and grants, a still photographer, and a motion-picture photographer went to the Grey Art Gallery at New York University to see an exhibit of art objects from the Royal Court of Benin. The art objects, which are extremely beautiful, are now owned by people none of whom are African.

(Information, taken mostly from the press release that came in the mail: Benin today is the capital of Bendel State, in the Federal Republic of Nigeria; it is a city reposing in a high tropical rain forest eighty miles west of the Niger River. In precolonial times, Benin was the political and cultural center of a vast kingdom known as Benin, which flourished from the thirteenth century until the British Punitive Expedition of 1897; the present Benin is to be distinguished from the People's Republic of Benin, which used to be called Dahomey, and which borders Nigeria on the west. The Benin monarchy has continued in an unbroken line of descent for over five hundred and fifty years, and a new *Oba*, or Divine King, was installed in 1979. Many of Benin's historical rituals are still observed.)

The visit went something like this: Dr. Kaplan, who was responsible for the exhibit in the first place and so was officiating more as a hostess than as an anthropology professor, gathered around her the Crown Prince, his uncle, the men of the Benin court, and the men of the endowments and grants, so that they could all have their picture taken. Dr. Kaplan, who seemed notably energetic and notably eager, said to the Crown Prince, "There has never been a museum exhibition of this kind in New York, but I wanted to make people in this country aware of the culture and history of Benin. Many people in this country don't have a sense of geography or history. To us, history is two years old. Since Nigeria is so important to us, since Africa is so important to us, I really felt we should make this contribution."

The Crown Prince, who had said that he was a graduate of the University of Wales, and that he was in the United States to acquire knowledge and to broaden his horizon, nodded vigorously at Dr. Kaplan.

The Crown Prince then walked around the room. He said that as a boy he was always being reminded of who he was, that he was never allowed to go about alone, that he was never allowed to eat food outside his home or food that his family had not prepared for him, and that he was always being told whom to see and whom not to see. Everyone listened to him as he talked.

Then one of the endowments-and-grants men asked, "What is the distance from Benin to Lagos?"

"Seven hours' drive," the Crown Prince answered.

"What direction?" the same man asked.

"West," the Crown Prince answered.

"I am trying to place in my own mind the Kingdom of Benin in Nigerian life," said the man.

"Benin existed before Nigeria," said the Crown Prince.

"It's a hairline, isn't it—a delicate balance between the old and the new?" said the man.

"Yes," said the Crown Prince.

Dr. Kaplan, who had left the Crown Prince and the other men for a moment, now rejoined them. She looked around her, then turned to the Crown Prince, smiled, and said, "It must be an interesting feeling to come in here and see so much of home."

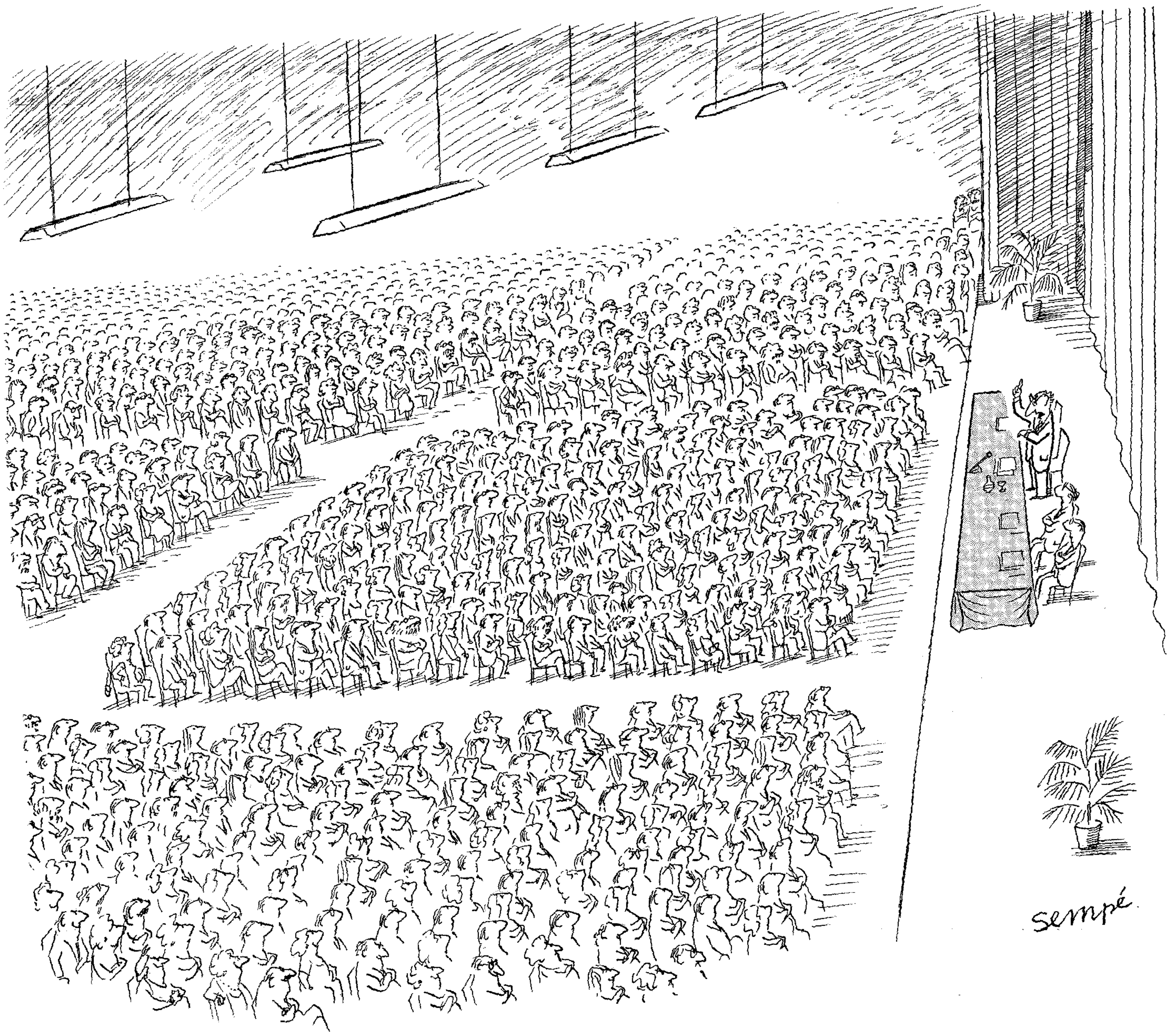
"Ha, ha, ha, yes," laughed and said the Crown Prince.

General Useful

MOST of the people who work at Madison Square Garden—and a lot of the performers who appear there regularly—know Tiger Land. He joined the maintenance crew at the Garden forty years ago—shortly after the New York Rangers last won the Stanley Cup. Not very many of Tiger's colleagues realize that his last name is Land or that Tiger is a shortening of his nickname, which is actually Tiger Bait. Probably only the personnel office knows that Tiger's mother named him Charles. Tiger has an eloquent way of explaining why no one calls him Charles anymore.

"I joined the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus in 1923, when I was fourteen," he said the other day. "I stayed with circuses until it was time to get out. The main thing I had against working in the circus was that the money was so short and the odds were so long. I was part of a high-wire act called the Billetti Troupe. Nobody in the act was Italian, but the management said if you're not European nobody will pay to see you, so we all became Billettis. Emmett Kelly, the clown, designed our stationery. The Billetti Troupe was a good act. I'd stand on my head on the high wire or ride a bicycle or walk across it blindfolded. Whenever I was up there, forty feet in the air, on a wire five-eighths of an inch thick, I'd think, If I can just get down from here, I'm never coming up again. But the applause at the end of the performance made it very tempting. One afternoon, I was up there. Clyde Beatty, the animal trainer, had preceded our act. The spotlight was on us, and there was a rigger who was working down below, starting to take apart the animal cage. It was dark where he was, so he couldn't see what he was doing, and he loosened the wrong rope. I ended up in the animal cage. I fell thirty-three feet. Clyde had already taken the lions out, but there were still eight tigers in there when I landed. They were as confused as I was, and I was at the bottom of the heap. That's how I got to be Tiger Bait."

It was shortly after seven o'clock in the morning, and Tiger had just come down from the ceiling of the Garden, where he had been since midnight. Within a few hours, the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus would open with a matinée—the first performance of a two-month run. To help the roustabouts get things ready, someone had to spend many hours above the arena ceiling—itself suspended by cables about seventy feet above the floor—rigging ropes



"And, to express our disapproval, we shall now observe one minute of grumbling."

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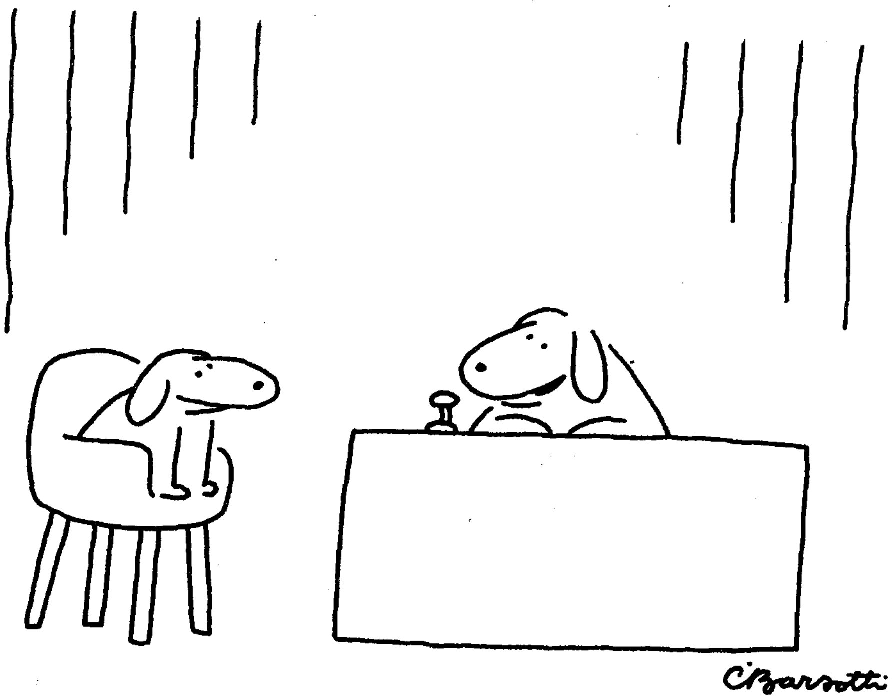
and pulleys and cables and guy wires so that, come show time, the Flying Vasquez and Flying Farfans could arrive at their intended destinations and the two Carrillo Brothers, when they concluded a performance on the high wire, would each still have a living sibling. Tiger Land is the Garden's house rigger. All told, he has spent several years above the ceiling. On the job, Tiger always wears a jump suit and a pair of worn-out sneakers. In motion, he seems as agile as any sober nineteen-year-old. In a few months, he will turn seventy-two. He looks like the hero's trusty sidekick. He is built like a retired shortstop and wears dark-plastic-and-silver-rimmed eyeglasses and has sparse dark hair, a thin, creased face, and yellowed teeth. His hands, all knuckle and muscle, appear oversized, as if he spent his time swinging from the rafters rather than tiptoeing around up there. The rule is that whenever there is rigging to be done at Madison Square Garden, Tiger Land is involved. You can't hang the American flag or a replica of Dave DeBusschere's jersey from the ceiling, much less a roomful of trapezes and high wires and animal cages, without Tiger Land.

"When I joined the circus, my contract said that I had to do a feature act and a second act, and then there was a clause that said I had to do 'general useful' work," Tiger said. "Everyone had that clause. It meant you had to put up the tent and take it down—just be general useful—and along the way I learned rigging. Plus, if you were going to walk the high wire, you did your own rigging. I got to be very religious about my preparations."

Tiger had been sitting in one of the Garden's well-cushioned red chairs, and he suddenly jumped to his feet, as if he feared the onset of lethargy. "I don't just rig," he continued. "I'm still general useful. I sweep out the press box after a hockey game. I'm on emergency call for all maintenance work. If a basketball net and rim need to be replaced, I've done it in eleven minutes. I live within walking distance, so they can reach me when they need me. When there's a hockey



"I understand you've learned some new tricks since you were here last."

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game, I'm on the crew that takes the nets in and out between periods. I put velvet on the ropes for boxing matches. I'm the rigger for the sound system when there's a rock concert. When the Grateful Dead come in here, they bring eighty-two speakers, and the speakers weigh over four hundred pounds apiece. I have to suspend seventy-four of them. I'd much rather rig a circus than a rock concert. Once we've finished this rigging job today, we'll be moving the rigs up and down all the time for the next two months. If we have the circus in the afternoon and the hockey playoffs in the evening, we raise the rigging. Usually, that takes about an hour, but I've done it in forty-seven minutes. Forty-seven is the record."

A dozen women who were wearing blue uniforms and carrying brooms worked their way through the stands above Tiger, sweeping up the debris from a basketball game the previous evening. As the avalanche of empty paper cups and ice-cream containers and popcorn boxes came closer, Tiger suggested a tour of his rigging room. He led us out of the arena, past the hockey dressing rooms, and through the wings—a special fragrance indicated that the circus animals were nearby—and then down a flight of stairs and through a short corridor to a padlocked metal door. He opened it and showed us a narrow room, five by fifteen. There were two canvas bins filled with ropes and pulleys, and more ropes and pulleys hung from hooks on the wall. The bins were covered with gold-colored cloth. For decoration, Tiger had attached white tassels to the edges of the bins. A row of four upright storage lockers stood just inside the doorway. Two of these contained Tiger's large collection of jump suits.

"For rock shows I wear green, for basketball blue, and for hockey white," Tiger said, opening a locker and showing us several jump suits that bore the Madison Square Garden emblem. "Then here's my others." He opened the other jump-suit locker and revealed several blue jump suits with embroidered red letters, from Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey; a white giveaway from the Moscow Circus; and another white one, from Trans World Airlines. The rigging room also contained basketball rims and nets, a small refrigerator that was well stocked with liquid refreshments, a blue-and-white sign that said "Conference Suite," and a photograph of Bob Richards, the Olympian, clearing fifteen feet in the pole vault in 1951 while Tiger, with his back to the camera, witnessed the event. Dolly Parton smiled down on all this from a large color poster on one wall. Taped to the opposite wall was a small pencil drawing of Tiger with, above it, in block letters, "WANTED." A paper Japanese lantern and a paper umbrella were hanging in one corner. These were travel souvenirs. When Tiger takes a vacation, he prefers to go someplace exotic. "I toured Europe with the circus, so I've seen all that," he said. His last four vacation trips have been to the Orient. "I only leave town when there's a long break between rigging assignments here. If there's no rigging to be done while I'm gone, nobody gets the idea that they can get along without me."

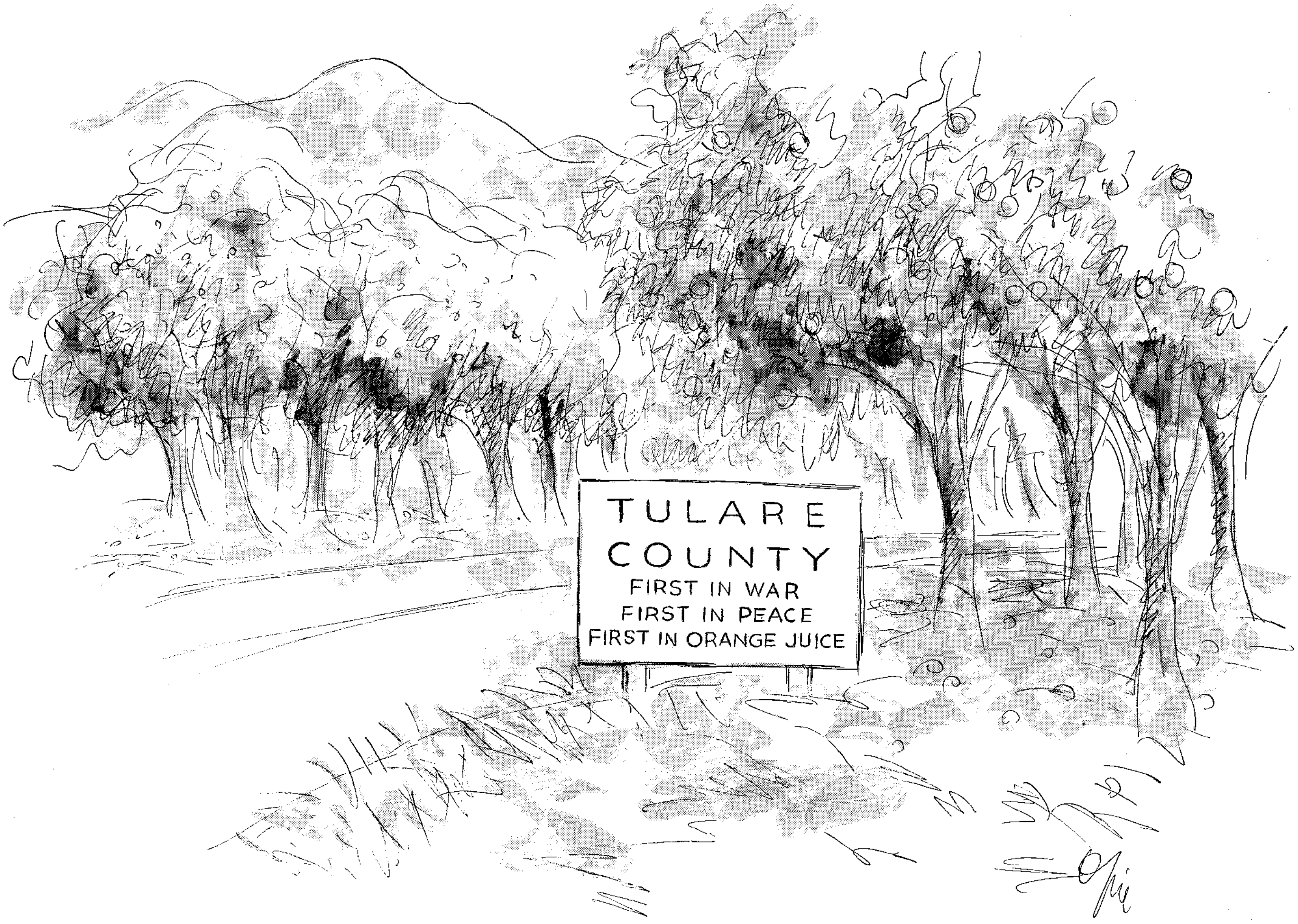
When Tiger led us back upstairs to the arena, some of the circus performers had begun to drift in. The important part of his work had been completed for the day. Most of the roustabouts had taken a break. The aerial riggings—rectangular metal frames that hung about thirty feet in the air—were securely in place above the three circus rings. Ropes, trapeze cradles, trapeze bars, hand rings for acrobats, and canvas-covered tethers called webs hung from the frames, and taut guy wires ran to the floor to hold the frames in place. Dolly Jacobs, an aerialist, had ascended a web to see whether the hand rings were rigged to her satisfaction. The band had begun to warm up—the musicians were playing the theme from "Rocky"—and the lighting crew had temporarily bathed the Garden in pink. In one of the side rings, Miguel Ayala, "Mexico's Marvellous Maestro of the Tight Wire," danced on a low wire, warming up for the matinée. At the opposite end of the arena, a crew of workers grappled with the dismantled sections of a steel-webbed sphere. When it was assembled, it would be sixteen feet in diameter—large enough, somehow, for an obviously underpaid female to stand inside while two maniacs propelled themselves around the interior walls of the sphere on motorcycles.

"That's the Globe of Death," Tiger said. "As soon as I rig that, I'm done and I can go home. Then I'll come back later this afternoon, in time for the seven-thirty show, to work another shift. There's hockey here in a couple of days—we have to start making ice—and plenty of circus in between. Any new event comes in, you know where I'll be." He pointed to the ceiling. "I'm the first one up and the last one down."

THE LETTER FROM HOME

I MILKED the cows, I churned the butter, I stored the cheese, I baked the bread, I brewed the tea, I washed the clothes, I dressed the children; the cat meowed, the dog barked, the horse neighed, the mouse squeaked, the fly buzzed, the goldfish living in a bowl stretched its jaws; the door banged shut, the stairs creaked, the fridge hummed, the curtains billowed up, the pot boiled, the gas hissed through the stove, the tree branches heavy with snow crashed against the roof; my heart beat loudly *thud! thud!*, tiny beads of water gathered on my nose, my hair went limp, my waist grew folds, I shed my skin; lips have trembled, tears have flowed, cheeks have puffed, stomachs have twisted with pain; I went to the country, the car broke down, I walked back; the boat sailed, the waves broke, the horizon tipped, the jetty grew small, the air stung, some heads bobbed, some handkerchiefs fluttered; the drawers didn't close, the faucets dripped, the paint peeled, the walls cracked, the books tilted over, the rug no longer lay out flat; I ate my food, I chewed each mouthful thirty-two times, I swallowed carefully, my toe healed; there was a night, it was dark, there was a moon, it was full, there was a bed, it held sleep; there was movement, it was quick, there was a being, it stood still, there was a space, it was full, then there was nothing; a man came to the door and asked, "Are the children ready yet? Will they bear their mother's name? I suppose you have forgotten that my birthday falls on Monday after next? Will you come to visit me in hospital?;" I stood up, I sat down, I stood up again; the clock slowed down, the post came late, the afternoon turned cool; the cat licked his coat, tore the chair to shreds, slept in a drawer that didn't close; I entered a room, I felt my skin shiver, then dissolve, I lighted a candle, I saw something move, I recognized the shadow to be my own hand, I felt myself to be one thing; the wind was hard, the house swayed, the angiosperms prospered, the mammal-like reptiles vanished (Is the Heaven to be above? Is the Hell below? Does the Lamb still lie meek? Does the Lion roar? Will the streams all run clear? Will we kiss each other deeply later?); in the peninsula some ancient ships are still anchored, in the field the ox stands still, in the village the leopard stalks its prey; the buildings are to be tall, the structures are to be sound, the stairs are to be winding, in the rooms sometimes there is to be a glow; the hats remain on the hat stand, the coats hang dead from the pegs, the hyacinths look as if they will bloom, I know their fragrance will be overpowering; the earth spins on its axis, the axis even so is imaginary, the valleys correspond to the mountains, the mountains correspond to the sea, the sea corresponds to the dry land, the dry land corresponds to the snake whose limbs are now reduced; I saw a man, He was in a shroud, I sat in a rowboat, He whistled sweetly to me, I narrowed my eyes, He beckoned to me Come Now; I turned and rowed away, as if I didn't know what I was doing.

—JAMAICA KINCAID



STEPHANIE, STEPHEN, STEPH, STEVE

SHE had been christened in 1929. Stephanie Angelica Bysshe Talbot, with the surname of Duncan, at the Cumberland family seat. One of the family seats. There were three. Her mother was also named Stephanie, it having been laid down by her overbearing great-great-grandfather Stephen, on her father's side, in his will, that any and all descendants and descendants' spouses or beneficiaries were to be christened, or to adopt the name by deed poll, Stephen or Stephanie, in honor of the aforesaid Stephen's repute and his fortune.

And as to these three family seats, the baby Stephanie's mother, Stephanie, had been saying to her husband for a long time that she wished a fraction of this withering fortune could be spent on chairs designed for sitting without bruises, adapted to reading, or writing, or thinking.

"A total of two hundred and seventy-one Cromwellian studded-leather chairs in three counties cries out for a few reading chairs, doesn't it? Upholstered, possibly? Some cushions?"

"The places were not originally architected to be originally furnished that way."

"But originally was a long time ago, seen from now. It isn't as though we had roast swan for dinner every night."

"I don't see how such things as you suggest would fit in."

"We could make at least one room *possible* to live in. Without offense to the rest of the house. Couldn't we?"

"I don't see how."

Seats and chairs. Stephanie drove into the market town and bought six deck chairs. Visibly glad that Stephanie had made the move, Stephen even liked the chairs' canvas.

"I haven't ever seen canvas before, except as sails. Interesting. I must say you look much more comfortable now. Stephanie, you *are* much more comfortable?"

"Yes, much. I don't suppose one's ever exactly comfortable when one's eight months pregnant."

"You've made the room very pretty." He looked round again at the room: the yellow cushions, his wife in muslin reading, the white voile curtains blowing. He touched one of the curtains, thinking not to be seen, and she laughed and said, "That was like the business with hugging the bookcase in Chekhov. The curtains are made of nearly the same stuff as my dress." She held out her hands. "You *could* even touch the dress." He was not then alert to irony, but she remembered that he had once said—later apologizing—"When you hug me you hurt me."

"There are some chocs over there," she said: she making time, and he glad of it. He brought them and said quickly, "I've got to go away to the shipyard. Before that, I'm going to sail round the country. I shan't be here when the baby's born. And don't plead."

She stayed quiet.

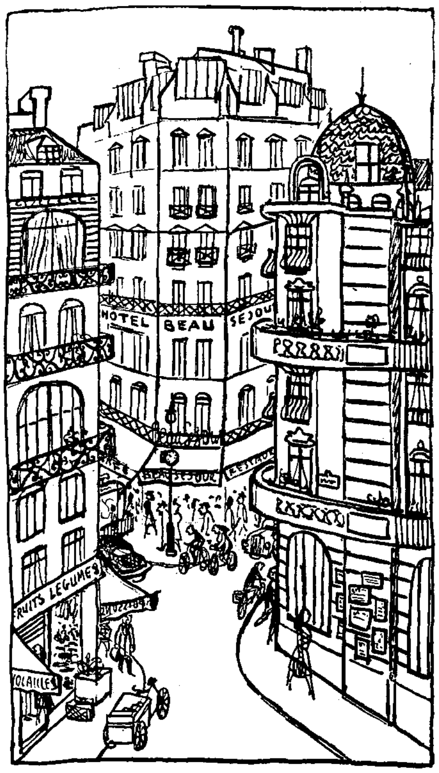
"And don't hold your tongue."

"You've left out 'either.' You need it. Because of the contradiction," she said. Pause. "Don't worry. There'd be nothing you could do anyway, and births happen every minute, and I know it would be wretched for you not to be able to help. Let's play Truisms. The truisms that aren't true."

"The trouble is that we must have played them all by now."

"Stephen, let your mind wander. What about the dinner party we had the night before last? That was fairly flush with them. 'The best things in life are free.' "

"That was said by the woman who'd inherited sixty-five million in tinned soups."



" 'You can always tell a lady by her accessories.' "

He said quickly, pleased, " 'You deserve the best.' It's the hallmark of stinginess."

" 'New York isn't America.' "

" 'It's not the heat, it's the humidity.' "

"Have you been seeing a lot of tropical people lately?"

"No, but one stores things up."

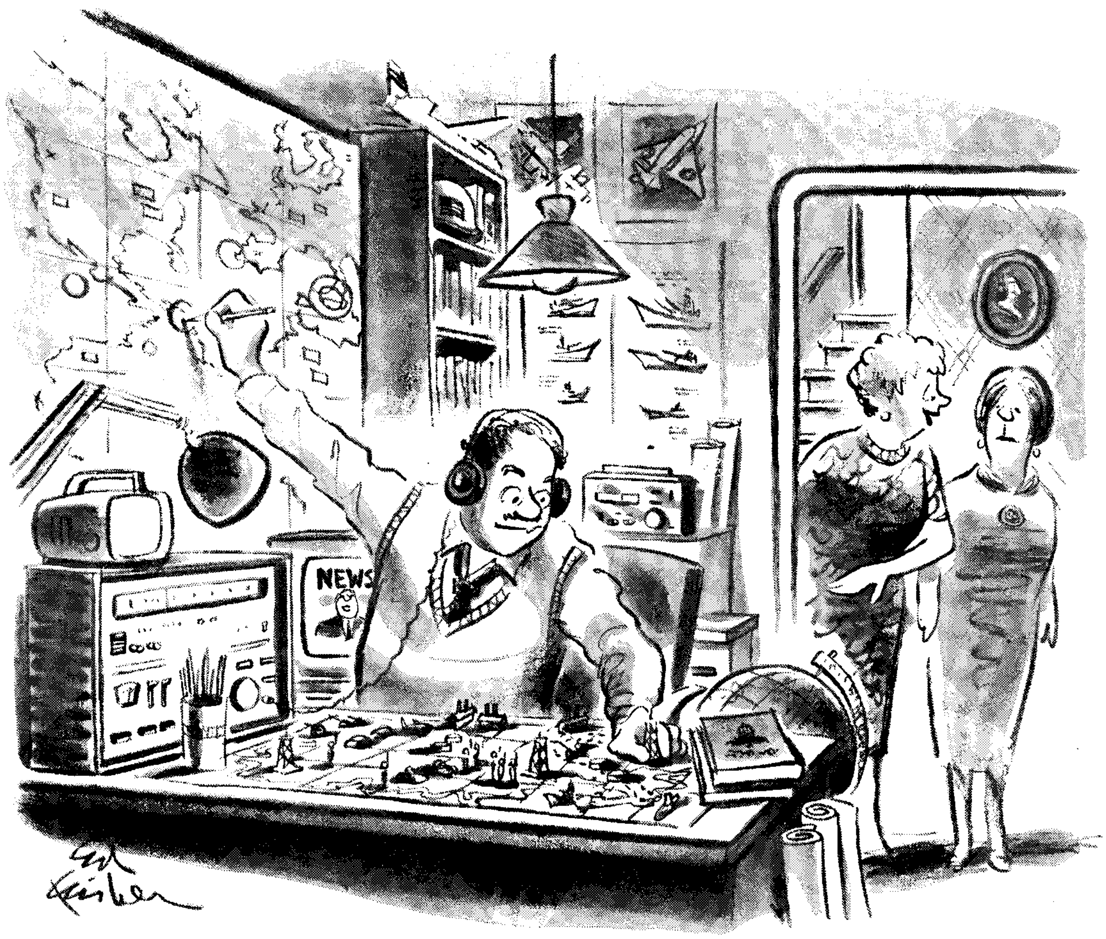
"This is one turned round the way it should be," said Stephen. " 'When you've lain on your bed, you must make it.' "

"Yes," said Stephanie. "Well done. 'When people are angry they say a lot of things that they mean.' When are you leaving? I could tell it would be soon."

"Tomorrow."

WHEN the baby Stephanie was born, she had two tufts of bright-red hair. They were the color that hair has turned on some of the skeletons in the crypt of St. Bride's. There are many clichés about the hope carried into a house by the newborn, but this one's character was different, and everyone who spent time with her saw it. She clearly already knew the dark side of life, though she was rapturous company from the start. Her mother foresaw in flashes the course of Stephanie's youth, prowess, age. In one dream she dreamed "Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease." She woke, still thinking of Dryden, and looked at the baby in her cradle. She wrote a letter to Stephen saying that the baby was a girl and that, as she was going to have to be called Stephanie, her mamma was ready to answer to Steph if absolutely necessary, or to anything else except Stuffy, which her governess had called her before her adenoids were taken out. She had nowhere to send the letter except to the shipyard, where her husband was not due for two months. She died that night.

A FEW letters, necessarily without return addresses, arrived from her husband during that time. Unemployment was growing all over the North, but it took him a while to gather the situation. Starting as he did from Land's End, he noticed first the swing of the sardine harvest away from the coast of Cornwall. He did what he could about the fishermen



"He's _so_ *glad to get back to global strategy after all that preoccupation with domestic social programming!"*

who were out of luck. At poor times of night, when he was incapable of saying to himself how much he missed Stephanie, he would stomp into the cabin of one or another of his crew and bring out maps to get on with things, though once he bawled, "I should be up there! Driven out of my own house!" Then, of course, a difficult apology. First babies, thought the crew, sleepy and resentful.

A letter, 1929

My darling,

Today—no, tonight, I can't sleep for my concern about you—a St. Ives meeting about the sardines.

Tomorrow we set off. Our itinerary will come to you as soon as possible.

S.

A letter, 1929

My darling,

Sleep still impossible. A lot of fishermen still out of work, though some moved to tin mining. Now: St. Clears, Carmarthen, Llandovery, Trecastle, Brecon, Hay, Hereford (a few miles further inland—nearer to you, my heart), the Outer Hebrides, many other places you wouldn't know of, no addresses of inns or pubs or digs to give you, so we *are* in the dark, aren't we. I am sure you are looking as beautiful as ever. Then I go to the shipyard. How I long to see you. Would you be your usual sweet self and ask Mrs. Watson to get in plenty of salted butter and a supply of potted shrimps nearer arrival, because there will be quite a few of us and I know that would go down well? Have snatched some time from the tiller to write some of the poetry of mine that you like, though I remember being v. hurt by several literary experiments that you said were "pensive-couch department." You see how seriously I take your criticism. I trust you will be as rapt by these endeavors as I am; and how the baby will enjoy them. Any letters you have written, though we know writing isn't your forte, will best find me at the shipyard.

Again and again,
my dear love,
Your husband

A letter, 1929

My darling,

High winds. Shall have this posted as soon as possible. I forgot to mention that the crew greatly likes beer, so Mrs. Watson should get in a goodly supply.

In haste,
Your husband

When Stephen eventually reached his family shipyard on the North East Coast, he found two-thirds of the men laid off. He had had no idea of what the crisis could come to. He also found many letters from Stephanie, carefully dated, giving him newspaper cuttings and, at length, her own understanding of the national situation. She had the intent focus that he was later to find in his daughter. It was in her last letter that she had given him the news of the baby's birth. And then telegrams from Mrs. Watson and from the Cumberland doctor, telling him of Stephanie's death. His secretary, Mary, at the shipyard, still working but without income, had opened the telegrams and thought it best to put them on top of Stephanie's letters to him. He seemed to Mary to wish her to stay in his office for a while.

"We must do something about these office chairs, mustn't we," he said.

She made a note.

"I don't know what to do next. I mean what to do first."

She waited a long while indeed.

"Can we get hold of Mrs. Watson? I'm sorry, can *you*, and when you do I'll come in straightaway? I've got to go out for a breath of air." He lifted his spectacles and consulted her face in request, for the first time in their knowledge of each other. "You must have been working for months for no money," he said.

"There isn't any."

She got Mrs. Watson and then the

ON THE JETTY

(FROM WORKS BY EDVARD MUNCH)

I

As if they would exist only in the reflection of your canvas

you recorded these scenes repeatedly.
The jetty at Asgardstrand
jutting out over blue-black water,

in back the lindens,
tall and impending.
Everywhere

a living light
moves
just beneath the surface,

half-articulate.
Now it has collected in the corners
of your sister's room,

now it floats
out in the open.
On streets people cast dark words

and lowered looks
behind their hands.
And inside the clean white houses

a shadow clings to the living.

II

Again the girls are gathered.

Composed in loose woollen skirts
for Sunday, they are looking out—
over the jetty edge, the fjord,
Oslo whitewashed in the distance—
for something they cannot see, but want,
that stands outside this landscape.

Two, linking arms, lean sideways
to gossip, while another bends
at the railing

to fill her reflection.
Now the one with the quiet face
turns to watch you.

You watch reticence take shape in her small body.

III

This is how you finally saw it,

Oslo withdrawn in the half-light,
the sun going down behind the houses.
But now the quiet is broken.

It is staggering: that red
opening like a wound,
the sky flaring.

This is the earth
off its axis,
the whole universe breaking down into sound.

And that man
mooning down at the water,
doubled over the railing,

is you,
and you are screaming,
screaming.

—KATHRINE JASON

• •

doctor. As she heard Stephen speaking, he sounded so ice-cold that Mary found him a blanket and some hot water. In the deserted shipyard there was no chance of tea.

"Where are the other directors, Mary?"

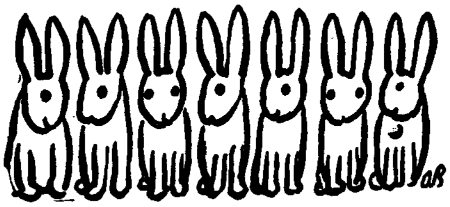
"Down South. There's a certain hostility from the men, sir."

"There are some documents I need." Agreements, contracts, his own bank statements, his assets. He wrote a list. He telephoned the other directors to tell them what he was going to do. They disagreed violently with him. So he acted on his own. He telephoned the unions concerned. He spoke to them with liberty, and they agreed to call a mass meeting of the laid-off men the next day. In the night, in his office, it could be said that he had a crackup. From three to five was the worst time to get through. The men gathered without sense of purpose at seven-thirty or thereabouts. No point in being on time when there was no work. He thought that he wasn't an open speaker, but his character seemed to Mary much changed.

"Not much doing, is there? Well, there should be, and I've talked to the other directors, they're all down South, and I've talked to the unions, and we ask you to build a ship."

A voice from the crowd yelled, "What's she called?"

"Talbot," shouted Stephen. "H.M.S. Talbot. Who's willing? To get back to work at your proper wages?"



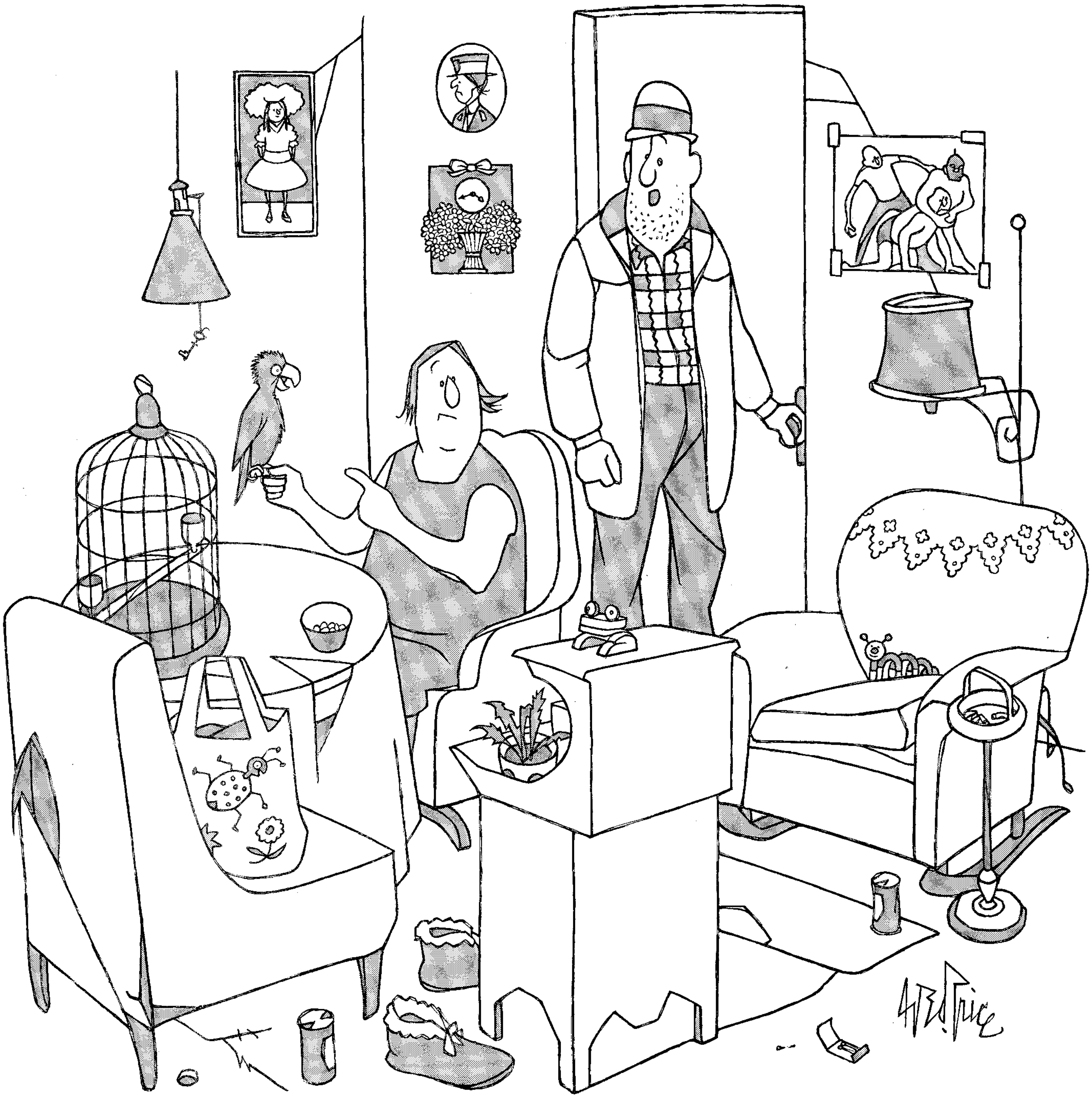
Another voice from the cloth-capped crowd: "Who's paying?"

Stephen: "Our company."

A ship engineer: "Bliddy company. Like enough *they'd* fork out. I'd eat my hat. You're the only bigwig who's shown his face at last. Know how much the dole is?"

Stephen gave the wretched amount. Though he didn't like separating himself from the directors who were making their way on the stock market down South, he came out with it: "I'm paying for this ship. The unions have your contracts, underwritten by me. You've got my word. You've turned up and I've turned up and I want you all to sign and you can stand me a pint when I'm broke. Who'll come in?"

The hands went up. Over three-quarters of the men.



"I'll be hoisting a few down at Grogan's. You keep the conversational ball rolling."

• •

Stephen went on: "Your contracts are in the office, with Mary and me. We want this ship by the end of the year."

A voice from the crowd: "You weren't here for two month, mate."

"See here," shouted Stephen. "We all turned up, didn't we?"

HAVING financed the ship from his own shares in the company and with much of his own fortune, Stephen was hardly a rich man any longer. He managed to keep his place in the company, though none of the other directors agreed with his compliance with the unions. He sold all three of the family seats, thinking often of Stephanie's wish for comfortable chairs and of her amicably-combative presence. Living now in the West Lodge of the Cumberland house, lying in the double bed that he and Stephanie had so long shared, he had the docile hallucination that she was lying beside him. He got up quietly and shaved and made their breakfast. In the kitchen he thought of the bed, still the same, the yellow curtains she had wanted, the deck chairs. Even if they were in a minute cottage, nothing of consequence had changed, he thought. A man should shave before breakfast, and Stephanie should have breakfast in bed, he thought. He carried the breakfast up the small stairs. He talked to Mrs. Watson through her bedroom door and went into the nursery to whistle to the baby. Covering the tray with a pram blanket, he whistled bits of a Handel saraband and "Voi che sapete" and the mandolin song from

"Don Giovanni." But when he went into the big bedroom, no movement from the double bed. Still stirred by the force of his wish to meet obligations about which he knew himself to have been faulty, he looked at the grandfather clock that had been moved from the big house, found it telling 5:10; corrected his own watch that told 8:45, thinking that it had stopped the night before; and sat with the baby. At 6:15 by his newly set watch, Mrs. Watson came in to the small Stephanie. He picked up the breakfast tray for two and said to her, "I'm just going down to redo our boiled eggs and heat up our coffee."

"Coffee boiled is coffee spoiled, sir," she said, nodding, wondering what to do with this man out of his wits.

"Mrs. Duncan still asleep, Mrs. Watson."

"Yes, sir."

"Sleeping quite heavily. On the usual side of the bed, of course. Not that anything else is usual for the moment. But the ship's coming along. That's one thing." He took the breakfast tray back to the kitchen, timed two new boiled eggs, made new coffee, carried the renewed tray upstairs, and sat at the bottom of the hump in the bedclothes for a while, until he realized that the hump was on his side of the bed and marked where he had briefly slept that night. Stephanie's side of the bed was now quite flat. But she had been there all night with him, he felt sure. He thought for a long while, rang the local telephone operator for the time, reset the clock and his watch to the time the watch had been keeping in the first place. But he had been perfectly awake. The making of the breakfast had been no dream. A man gone bonkers wouldn't be able to time boiled eggs, would he? He ate one of the cooling eggs, then the second one, so as not to be faithless to such a powerfully rational tray. Even as he drove to the shipyard, still not late, he found it hard to believe that a reasonable man could make such a dark error. In a half-awake nightmare, possibly. But fully awake, and in daylight? At the shipyard, he telephoned Mrs. Watson and tried to be level, to ask her to clear away the breakfast tray, to say lightly that he had made a mistake, to ask about young Stephanie. He missed his wife more than ever. He used the word "hallucination" to himself with severe irony. "*I* should have washed the breakfast tray," he muttered to himself. "It can't be so. She must be there. I'm *not* bonkers." He thought, with his chin on his hands, and then signed a pile of checks that Mary had left for him in the folder marked "For signature today." Today being, presumably, today.

"Is today today?" he asked Mary, pulling down the points of his waistcoat.

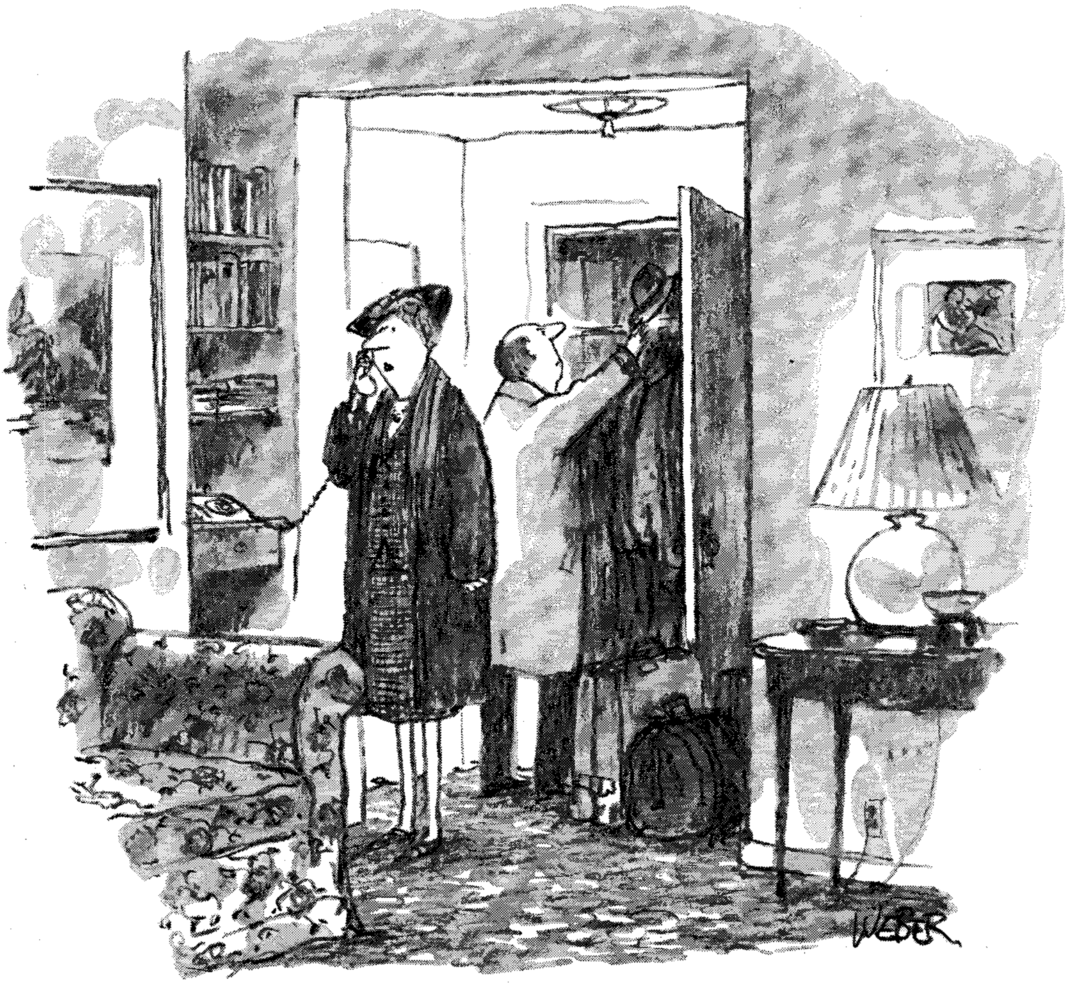
"Yes, sir."

"And I haven't gone mad?"

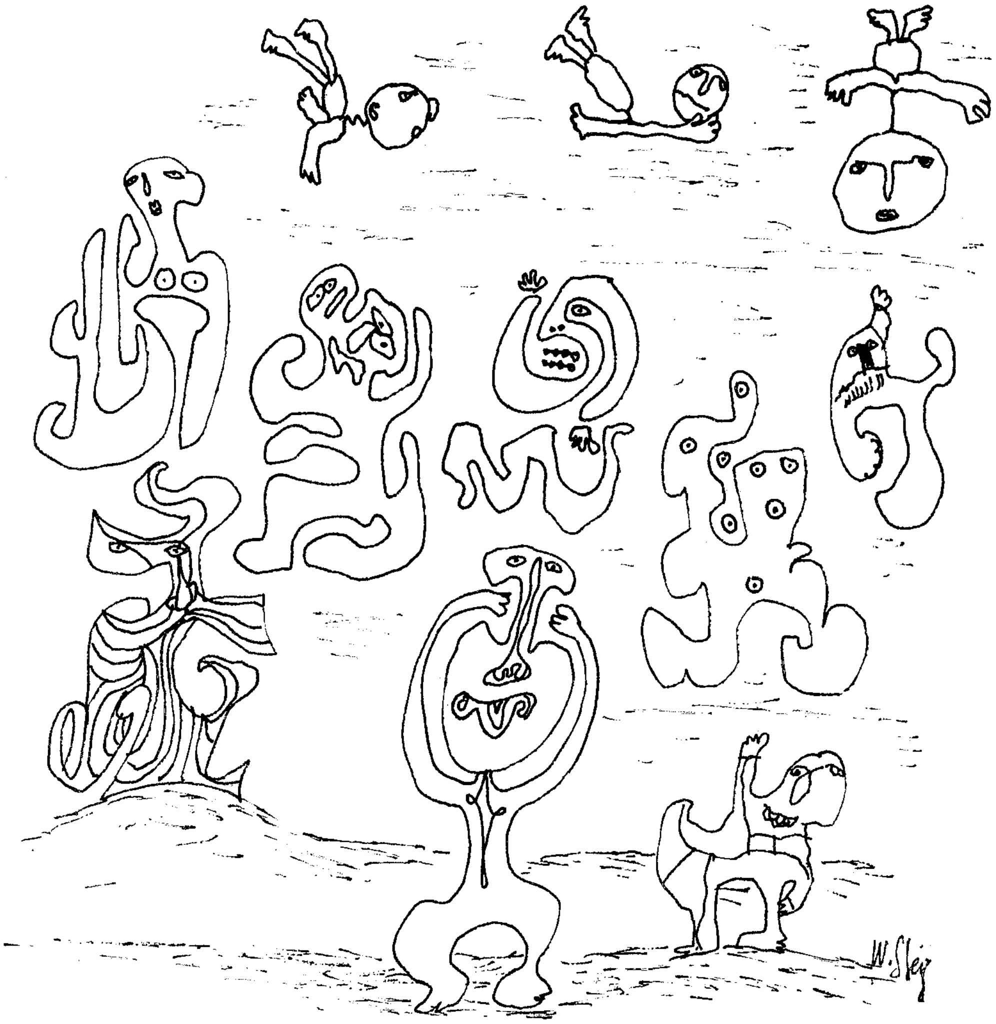
"No, sir," she said, looking at the date on the checks he had signed.

"In that case, the folder you yesterday must have marked 'today' isn't very clear, is it? A dive into delirium, I should call it. Put the *date* on the folder in future, in pencil, then rub it out, and when you're writing 'today' on what will always be yesterday, put the *date* of the next today. Is that clear? Oh, and this folder about things to be done, which you call 'Bring back.' Apart from its sounding like a command to a dog about a bone, and you know I don't like dogs, I think you mean 'Bring *forward*.' The folder holds the things getting nearer to us. So it's obviously 'Bring forward.' Nearer to us." Angry with her for not being Stephanie and for being alive, he added, "It's a matter of asking for action *sooner*, don't you see? For movement *forward*. Not *later*, movement *away* from you. Unless the you is someone standing at the end of the time continuum? Look up 'continuum' in the O.E.D. if you don't know it."

"I only have a 'Secretary's Friend.'" He looked at her minute dictionary, with its dolefully wrong information about subtleties and roots, and thought it no friend. In the shipyard's lunch hour he



"We're back a week early. California rubbed Roy the wrong way."



The Minute One's Back Is Turned

• •

went out and bought her the two-volume O.E.D.

"It's called 'The Shorter,' " she said. "Shorter than what? It's huge. Oh dear, it would have been costly." She went to the office kitchen, saying "Thank you," and made him a cup of the deep-black coffee that he liked, from the freshly ground beans called Continental.

"The proper one, the plain 'Oxford English Dictionary,' volumes and volumes of it, would be a weight to look things up in, I thought." He took the coffee and thanked her. "But I can picture you being very happy with the complete, so we can go a bust on it later as an office expense when there's anything coming in to put expenses against."

"You do cleave to the next thing, sir."

"I'm afraid I don't. This morning early I slithered downstairs and got a breakfast tray for Mrs. Duncan and me, because she was asleep in the bed beside me, and I waited, and she wasn't. Wasn't there."

Mary read the dictionary. "Interesting word here, sir. 'Wanhope.' Why should it mean despair? It says 'archaic' anyway."

"What would it mean to you?"

"Hope despite everything." She had some of her own tea—very sweet, a blend that was free if you collected enough coupons—and said in the manner of a dictionary, "2. Fragile hope."

"As there's no reliable country address for me now, let's address everything from the shipyard. Even personal letters, you see. If I have to go down South, you'll open everything. Otherwise I'll be here every day as usual. But starting at twelve noon, because I want to see Stephanie in the mornings. The baby Stephanie."

STEPHEN employed a tutor for Stephanie when she was ten. The tutor, called Steve, which further complicated things, was just down from Oxford. Steve and Mrs. Watson got on, except that Mrs. Watson had trouble with his habit of asking her in to sherry at six-thirty each evening in his bedroom, heavy with the smell of his pipe.

"This room has a Scots mist of your tobacco, Steve. You don't seem able to read a book without smoking. There's a shaggy Highland-cattle stink about the place. Cumberland isn't Scotland, Steve."

"Your usual sherry? Let's choose another topic."

"Pardon?"

"At an Oxford tutorial one always agrees on a topic. Then one—oneself and one's tutor—talks about it."

Mrs. Watson smoothed her apron and felt young. She got up, using the bottom of Steve's bedstead as a ballet barre, and danced. High kicks, done facing away from him, because she wasn't dressed for it.

"You've got an extraordinary turnout," he said, responding. "I'd no idea."

"It's not my own. It's modelled on Jessie Matthews' in 'Evergreen.' I think I could have been something of a star if I'd had enough of a mirror. You can't practice without a nice big mirror. Mrs. Duncan gave me one when she saw my interest. It must have cost the earth. But a bird got into my room and smashed it, and I wouldn't have asked for another. That being in the big house, of course. There wouldn't be room here anyway. So I do it in the bathroom and while I'm washing up. I got a biggish old mirror, and I prop it up under the sink so that I can put in an hour or two of work after dinner. Propped on the floor, you understand. An acrobat once said to me that he liked to work full figure."

"What are you drinking?" Steve asked when she had sat down.

"It's a port-and-lemon. I can't quite get on with your sherry. It makes me feel fuzzy. Not that I'm not accustomed to wines. When I'm simmering a salmon, there's always two tablespoons of white cooking wine in the stock. I expect you'll have noticed."

"I thought it might be vinegar."

"It may have gone off. I'm not a taster. You see how a conversation can move? It doesn't need a push from your Oxford things. We've talked about smoking, Oxford, Jessie Mat-

BROODING LIKENESS

I was born in the month of the bull,
the month of heaviness,
or of the lowered, the destructive head,
or of purposeful blindness. So I know, beyond the shadowed
patch of grass, the stubborn one, the one who doesn't look up,
still senses the rejected world. It is
a stadium, a well of dust. And you who watch him
looking down in the face of death, what do you know
of commitment? If the bull lives
one controlled act of revenge, be satisfied
that in the sky, like you, he is always moving,
not of his own accord but, in the world's eyes,
like grit caught on a wheel, like shining freight.

—Louise Glück

• •

thews, mirrors, wine, and very pleasant it's been."

"What happened to Mr. Watson, if I may ask?"

"We were in service together. 1921 it would have been. I was a book learner then, like you and Stephanie." She drank some of her port-and-lemon. "One day, after the dinner, he came into the kitchen and found me reading a book. Very angry he was. Reading in front of the cook, me being a betweenmaid, you see. As butler is to bootboy, so is cook to betweenmaid."

"And what was the book?" Forgetfully, Steve filled another pipe.

"I was interested in women's rights, you know, and much taken by the sea. The book was rather narky about the idea of women seamen, being written in the last century, but you could put up with it. Always interesting to hear the other side. It was called 'Let Them Be Sea Captains If They Will.' "

"Unkind," said Steve.

"Well, I learned quite a bit. Knots, rigging. It wasn't the time when I could really have been a sea captain, so he'd got me in a way, but I can't complain. I can sail a three-masted schooner quite well, given a good crew."

"Really?"

"It's in the mind, you see. When I was Stephanie's age or a bit older, I used to rub the palms of my hands up and down tree trunks to make them rough. As if I'd been hauling on ropes. Of course, the dishwashing does it now."

"And Mr. Watson?"

"He left me that night. But that's not to say that his getting into a tantrum about my reading a book has put me against books. They don't *necessarily* lead to the end of a marriage. Where would you say young Stephanie was bound for?"

"I'm worried that she's lonely. A man's no company hour after hour for a girl of ten."

"Children are hard to come by in this part of the world. It's mostly sheep. And the big houses here and there, of course, but the owners all send their children to public schools down South. Well, we'll put our minds to it. There's a very nice little girl just her age in the fishmonger's. Would you say she liked boys yet?"

"She says all the boys she's ever met are rough. I shouldn't be surprised."

"There's a nice lad who's the son of our organist. At least, it's a harmonium, but I've heard him at the organ in the Abbey, so we've decided to collect for an organ for our church."

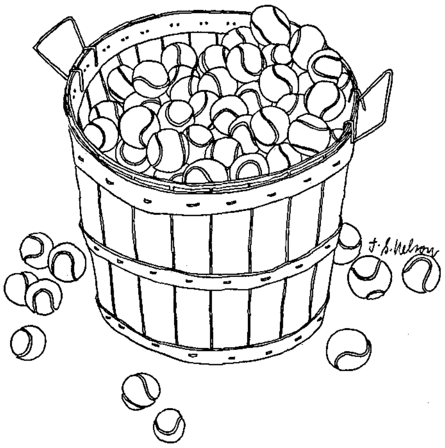
"Perhaps the organist could teach her. She seems interested in music, and who knows where it might lead."

DURING the Second World War, Mrs. Watson had to leave to work in munitions. Steve, being ill, was exempt. Stephanie regretted that she was too young to go into the Wrens. Perhaps the war would go on for years and years and the minimum age would get earlier. The shipyard was working at full speed. Stephen was so tired that he sometimes slept in the office. Ringing Stephanie whenever he was likely to be away overnight, he caught himself saying, "There's a hitch this end, so I may not quite be there. No, I may not totally be there." Stephanie laughed, not seeing the difference, and Stephen said, "Your mamma would have explained."

"That's the air-raid siren your end."

"It always goes about this time."

"I think I'd like to be with you."



Stephen considered that for a moment and then asked Steve to bring her to him by train, saving the rationed petrol. She arrived and typed two short letters for him, with many mistakes, but dexterously. Though the carbon paper often went in backward, she would always begin again.

"You do that pretty fast," said Stephen, working at another desk.

"It's like scales."

"Do you like the organist?"

"Not much."

"Why?"

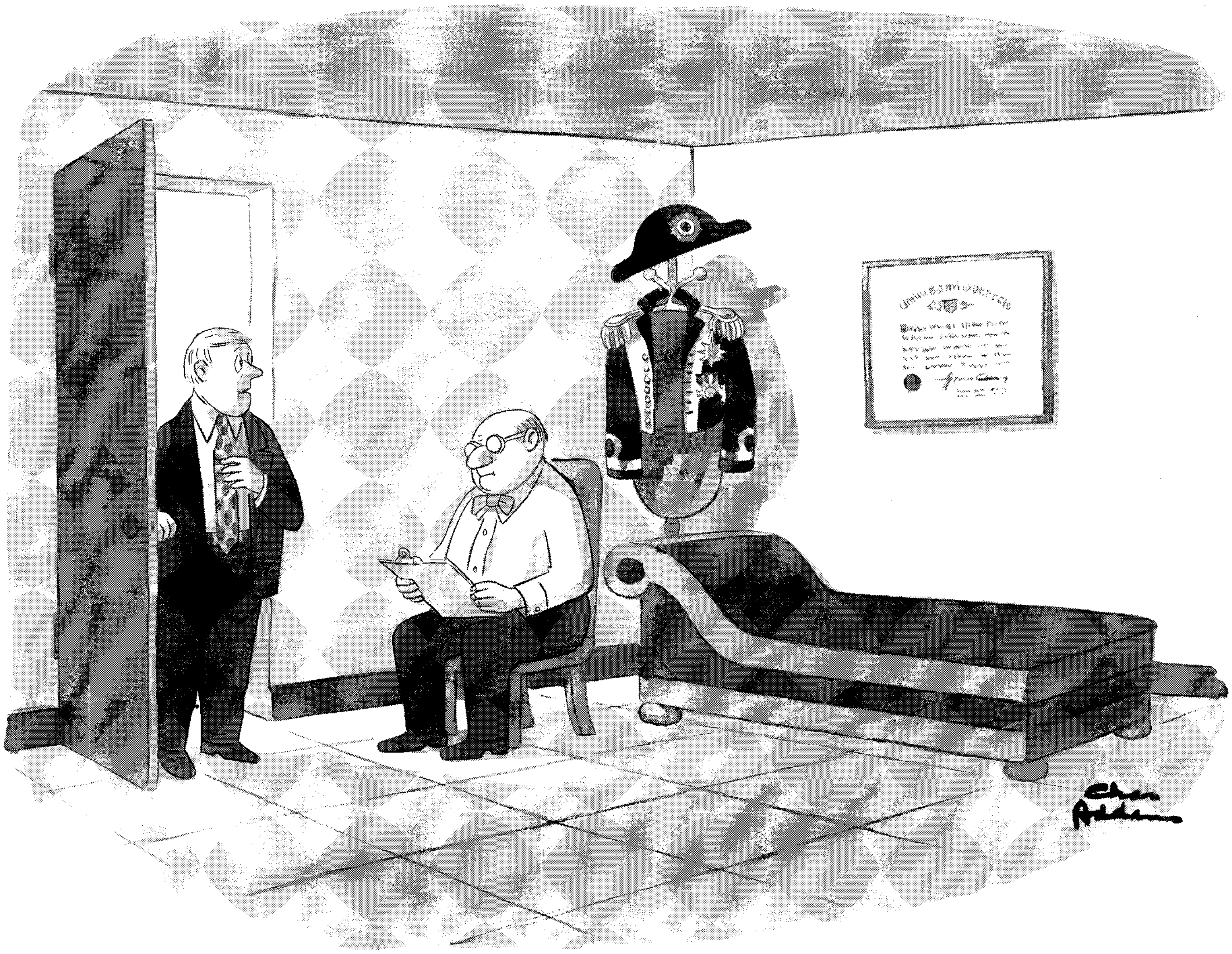
"He's so hairy. Also he makes jokes that aren't funny. How close was that last lot of bombs?"

"I should say about three miles. They missed what they wanted. The ships."

He took her home when the all-clear had gone, and set up a camp bed for her in the office. Again, disapproval from the other directors.

A battleship was lost off Norway. That was a bad day.

At home, Stephanie insisted on doing the shopping after lessons. Stephen and Steve and she ate a lot of stewed rhubarb out of the garden, sweetened by her with golden syrup on rationing points, because the sugar made from sugar beet had practically no taste. She did what she could with whale meat, but it would have taken Escoffier to drown the fishy taste. She studied Lord Woolton's advertised recipes featuring Potato Pete, potatoes being about the only thing available off ration apart from parsnips, swedes, and turnips, which the three of them united in hating, and carrots. The carrots she censored because their only merit was that they were said to improve R.A.F. eyesight. She wanted to go to sea. The household's favorite dinner was her



invention of raw potatoes patiently grated, mixed with dried-egg powder and water, and fried as fritters in whale oil with a slice of the prized but rationed Spam. There was plenty of rabbit. Stephen, a very tall, thin man, would help himself to a piece of bread and margarine after he thought she had gone to bed. She never failed to hear the rattle of the bread bin. He found himself growing in love with her, and remarried when she was fourteen. Stephanie withdrew. Her stepmother was crass. Stephanie was not so much sad as amazed. Being in the habit of making lists in her five-year diary, she entered, "Difference between distress and dismay."

AFTER the war, big houses were so impossible to run that they were going for a song. Stephen bought back the old house for his growingly enormous new family from the living he earned at the shipyard, where the other directors, who had held on to their shares in the company, had reduced him to the level of an employee. Stephanie went South. She earned a living at a paper-pattern shop, took her Ph.D.—Steve had been a fine teacher—and used the Westminster library every evening. Jobs progressed. She was a blithe conversationalist and funny.

At a garden dinner party in Notting Hill Gate, she was seated next to a famous philosopher with a face that made her eager to understand. The lower part of the face was cold, and it chattered with talk, but the eyes were warm, and the forehead was wrinkled through being lifted by incessant interest. But how the bottom half did harangue. He seemed to find Stephanie engrossing. Eating nothing and allowing her to eat nothing, he set her a mathematical problem about the weighing of twelve balls in a balanced scale to find out the single one that was heavier. Or lighter. The heaviness or lightness not being the point, only the difference. The answer had to be achieved in two weighings, or was it three?

"I'm sure a monkey could do it," said Stephanie. "I don't seem to be able to. You do it."

The philosopher looked delighted. Later, he took her up to dine in Hall at his old Oxford college.

"This is delicious Burgundy," she said, when she thought it all right for a woman to speak.

"Claret."

"What kind?"

"Can't you tell? We take the labels off here, of course, because everyone can tell and anyway it's decanted."

There were many long gaps in talk. A celebrated historian said something about poodles' making very good gun dogs. A French woman professor with a plait round her head and a face like a muffin was pointed out as being the expert who bought the wines for the college. "What a breakthrough for the suffragettes," said Stephanie, in the gay voice that she knew would cause no one to pay attention. The women were allowed to stay for the port. She had been warned in advance that the penance for that privilege was silence. Quiet as a Trappist, she was surprised to hear that these men over their port—confident, upholstered men—exchanged not political opinions or blue jokes but information about home carpentry by mail order. There was a place in Weybridge, apparently, where you could get nuts and bolts and screws by the pound for a third of the usual price. It seemed that each of the dons was engaged in making a bedstead or a library stool as a present for his wife, and one, a chattering historian, even a very tall desk for himself to write at standing up. "Like Hemingway, you know. Spain littered with these desks. Carpenters very good there. Desks probably better than the prose."

No longer surprised that women had never battled particularly for the right to stay for the port, Stephanie thought of many things. Of her father, of sailing, of photographs of her mother, of how much she wished she had had a brother or sister. Going back to the philosopher's rooms, she slipped because a strap on her sandal had broken. With the knowledge that he had of woodwork, he could have been the best to help.

"Well, go on, help," she said.

"How?"

"A hammer and some nails? Glue?"

"They're in our country place." (Our? She hadn't known that he was married. Never a mention.)

"Or carry me?"

He looked round the courtyard in case of onlookers. "Take both the sandals off and throw them both away later. They're beyond redemption."

"They're Yves Saint Laurent, and you don't throw Yves Saint Laurent away. I saved up for them. Thank you for dinner." She took the sandals off, carrying them as obviously as possible, and went to the station in bare feet. This was not her world, not her world at all.

After six months more in London, teaching Greek at the Polytechnic, she went back North to live in the same old West Lodge. Her piano was still there. In the big house, Stephen had taken to reading more and more and working less and less. He seemed poorly but denied it. The house was beginning to sag with books. His second wife, Sandra, must certainly have had her saving graces, but Stephanie found them hard to detect. Sandra read expensive Harrods books on roses and new ways with basements. Her children, now five of them, were brought to her regularly at five o'clock for tea by Mrs. Watson, who was revived beyond words by the sight of Stephanie. And Steve was still there, tutoring the new batch.

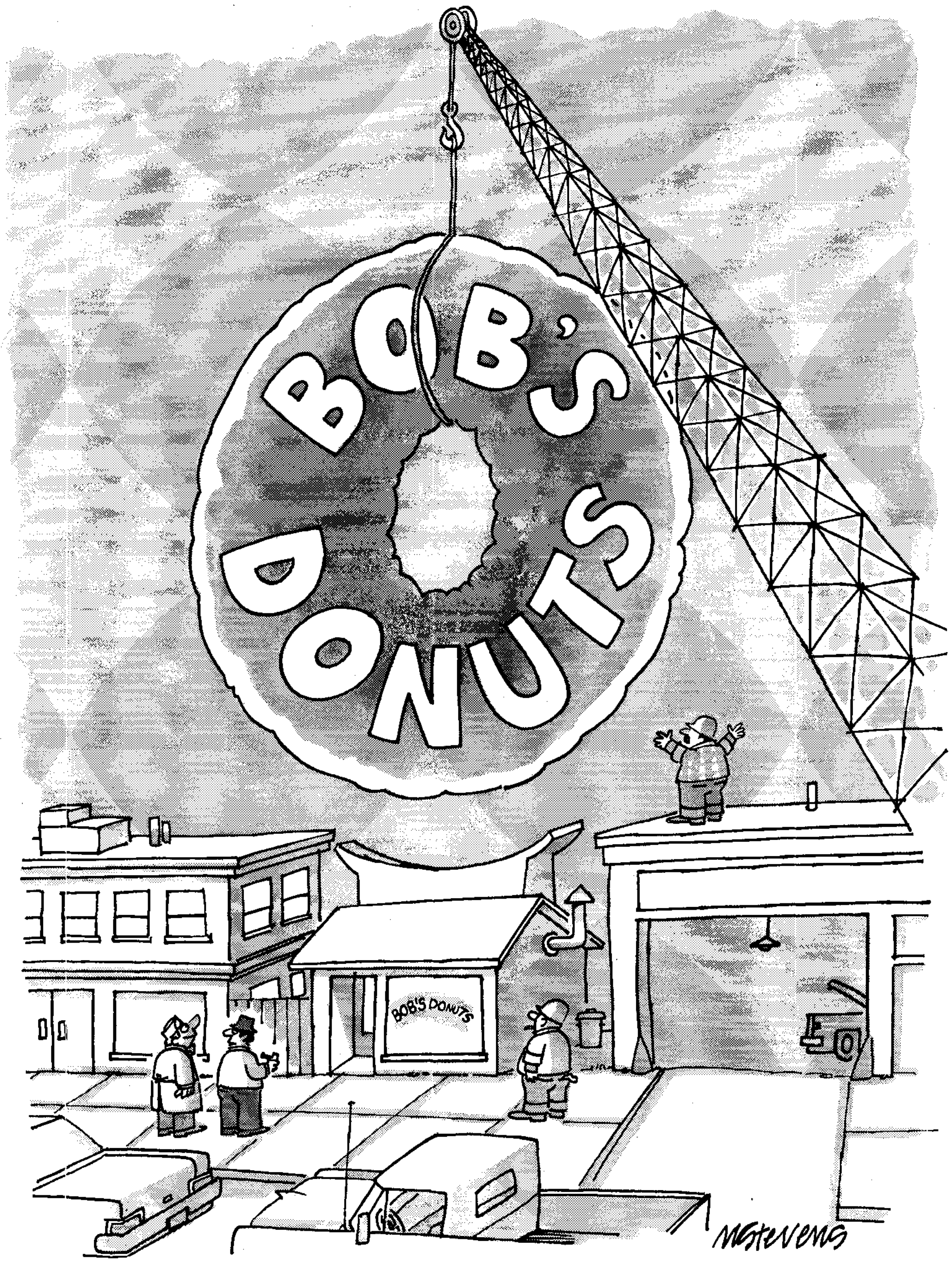
Living uncertainly in the lodge, playing the piano and thinking about jobs, Stephanie one night found a note slipped under her door. "HURRAH! BRAVO! WELCOME!" It read like a telegram from far away, but when she quickly opened the door Steve was outside in the rain holding some papers and a collapsible music stand under his mackintosh. They tried to shake hands, for some reason.

"I suppose we could go in," she said.

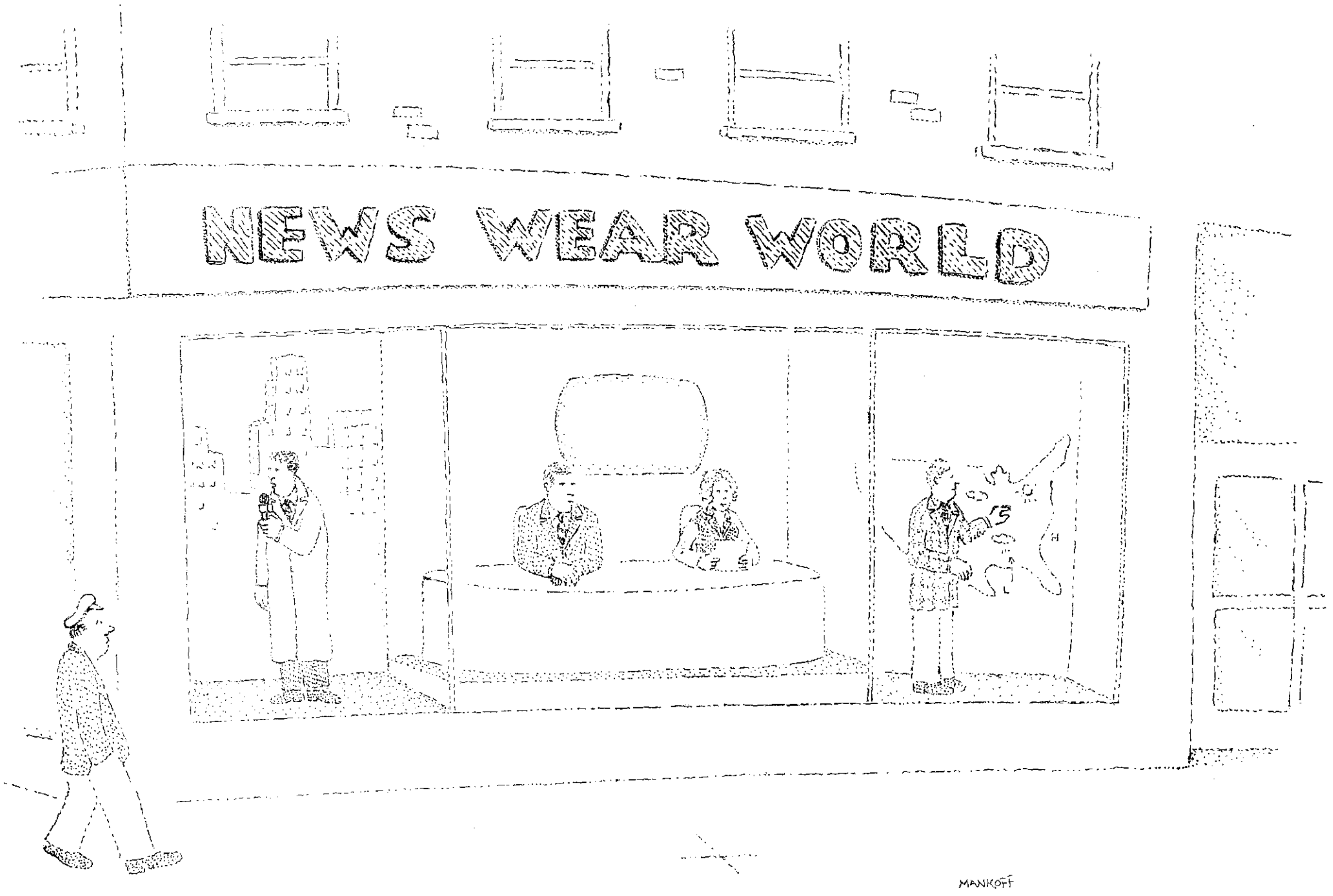
"You're already in." She thought briefly of carrying him over the threshold, remembering the philosopher's signal failure about her sandals. She was wearing them now, mended with glue, by herself.

"Is there something wrong with your leg?" said Steve.

"I have to be careful about the glue in my sandal. The directions said 'Set under a heavy weight for twenty-four hours.' You can't exactly pile 'The



"Well, Bob, this is kind of a big day for you, isn't it?"



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Decline and Fall' onto a sandal, so I thought it would work if I stood on it."

"Don't tell me you stood up for twenty-four hours for the sake of a sandal."

"No, I did it in shifts. Eight hours, three days. What are you carrying?"

"Some music."

"Whose?"

"Mine."

"By who?"

"By me, I meant. I've been composing a bit."

His pile of music paper was twelve inches high at least, and the music stand, which had a lip no higher than an inch, was at an angle of forty-five degrees. He played for her, leaping up now and then to alter something in his manuscript, and each time he did it the papers naturally scattered. When it was five in the morning and the papers had been collected by the two of them for the fortieth time, she said, "Would you mind if I meddled with the screws on the music stand?" He said nothing, troubled about getting the papers straight, and she did what she had been wanting to do for hours, which was the obvious matter of turning the screws with a penny so that at least the stand was level.

"Oh dear, I know I had a useful diminished seventh somewhere," Steve said from the floor, defeated by the muddle of his manuscript pages. His notation was small and beautiful.

"What key?"

"Submediant in the bass, in C minor, I think."

She played it.

"Yes. Or try it in the relative." Which she did. "That's better. Let's write that down somewhere where we won't lose it."

"The best place would be the place where you want it, wouldn't it?"

Another twenty minutes and the notes were in the manuscript. Steve lay down on the sofa. She played the passage for him to make sure it was what he wanted, not noticing that he had gone to sleep. The music was rapid and exuberant and quite new to her ear.

"I'm sorry, I dropped off. I know the music too well, you see," he said when she stopped. "Are you tired?"

"Play Scott Joplin," she said. She danced a bit. Then he made a cassette of himself playing Scott Joplin, and they danced together.

They had breakfast. No time to go to bed. He had to leave his bacon and tomatoes half eaten because he was due up at the big house to teach the children.

"What subject?"

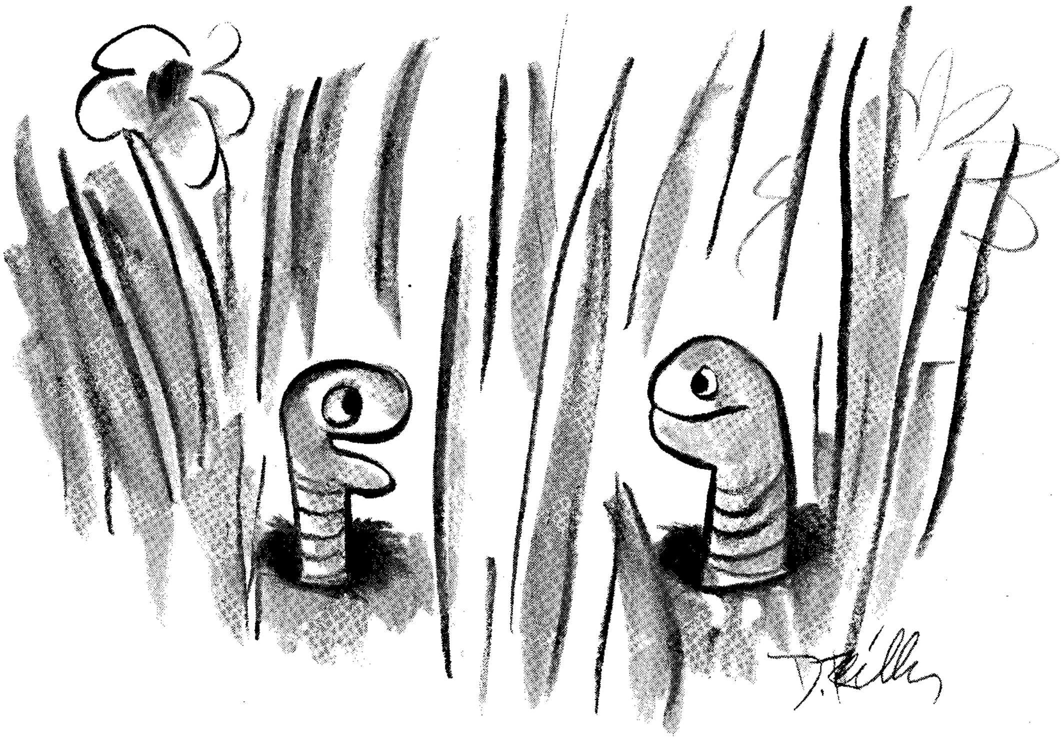
"Latin for the older two. The little ones are doing what I think they think I think is finger painting. It looks a lovely mess to me, much like your being allowed to lick the bowl of raw cake mixture when I was teaching you. But you can make a packet now with finger painting, at the right gallery. One boy of three should have done marvellously out of it. By rights."

"What happened?"

"They swiped what he'd earned, his parents, and put it in trust for his children."

"Trusts, overbearing wills. It never works. Look at Daddy. Is he O.K., do you think?"

"He misses your mother." To avoid betrayal of Stephen's new wife, he got quickly onto his bicycle to whip him-



"Happy Earth Day."

• •

self along the drive. Stephanie was pleased to see that he didn't any longer use bicycle clips. When he had first come into the family, the bicycle clips had seemed immutable. He had often worn them when he was teaching her. It struck her how untrue the psychiatrists' truism is that people don't change. Her father, she had heard, had been a hypocrite and self-absorbed in the days before she was born, but look at his history since. And look at the disappearance of Steve's bicycle clips. To her, bicycle clips had perfectly exemplified caution. But now there was humor and boldness, which led to their spending the next night together. In the interval of that day she had got a job as a classics teacher in a faraway village, Cumberland not being all sheep.

IN the big house, Stephen said to Stephanie, "Having an affair with Steve?" She didn't answer, thinking the answer obvious, and Stephen said, "This is your father Stephen speaking, Stephanie. Steve?" Outside, the nanny was shouting, adding to confusion, "Steph and Stephie, come here at once if not sooner." The child—which child, all of them similarly encumbered by the now emptied but still onerous ancestral will?—came running and said in strong protest, "I couldn't be here sooner than sooner." The overheard incident reminded Stephen of his first wife, and he smiled at Stephanie, who was laughing.

"Look on it as euphony," he said.

"Darling Daddy, the names in this house are so impossible now that it would be better even to be called Euphony than Stephanie."

He tried the word for sound, didn't care for it, and said, "Clearly, you are Stephanie, because your mother was, and you are very like her."

"And you are Stephen. I don't forget that you called the ship H.M.S. Talbot. The ship you built in the Depression. Have you got any photographs of her before she was sunk? I don't know about her history. The records aren't very good. I looked things up in the newspaper library and the Admiralty."

Stephen pulled some dog-eared photographs out of his old navy-blue wallet, which was full of holes. Stephanie noticed its age and kind, and determined to find a new one exactly the same. He sorted the photographs carefully. She could see that there were many of a woman, and many others of a baby, but he kept these on his lap. His hands were arthritic but strong, and he had the sort of eyes often seen in the stock of the North of England, so brown that they are nearly black. He had never had need of spectacles. He handed over the photographs of the Talbot, christened after her, of course, as she well knew. There were pictures of every stage of the ship's building; even a photograph of the victuallers, North-country faces, thin, with bony features and big eyes. Engineers, fitters, a woman she didn't recognize. "That was Mary," he said. "The secretary who stayed on. All stayers, that lot. I can see you've got to the launching. Down she went, down the slipway, everything perfect. There wasn't any champagne, of course. We used cider. We couldn't do anything for her when she was torpedoed. Thirty-two of the men were saved. You won't remember, but you came out in one of the search boats with me." He paused, said, "It seemed the right thing to do, considering the bombing and all the rest of it. You were likely to be killed anyway. That's all past but not over, don't you know. I don't think my heart would go out to anyone who didn't love ships."

She played a Handel saraband for him on the harpsichord he had refused to sell. He listened without moving and approved, saying nothing. "And there's Steve, and he tells me you've learned Greek, and I want to take you to the shipyard, and there's grouse for dinner. You'll come, both of you. That would be my hope."

—Penelope Gilliatt

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the program of the Paperwork Reduction Act of 1980 Conference*]

1000-Page Conference Notebook

The conference notebook provides the definitive single-source reference on the Paperwork Reduction Act of 1980 (PL 96-511). The notebook contains latest legislation, regulations, and extensive "how to" guidance for implementation of the Act.

REFLECTIONS

NO NAME, NO NUMBER

THE cell is narrow. When I stand at its center, facing the steel door, I can't extend my arms. But it is long, and when I lie down I can stretch out my entire body. A stroke of luck, for in the cell I previously occupied—for how long?—I was forced to huddle up when seated and keep my knees bent while lying down.

The cell is quite high. When I jump, I'm unable to touch the ceiling. The walls have recently been painted white. Undoubtedly, they once had names on them, messages, words of encouragement, dates. They are now bereft of any vestige or testimony.

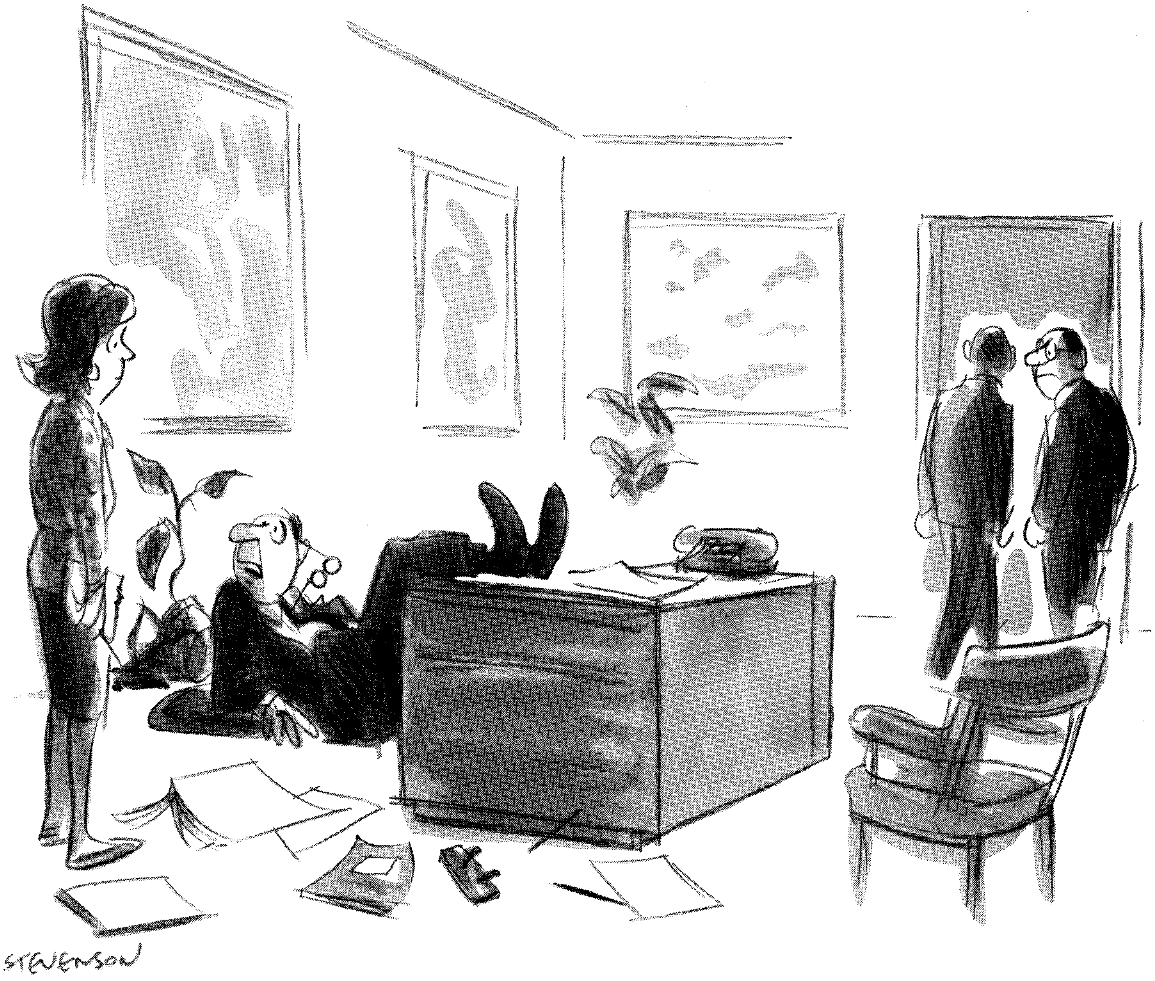
The floor of the cell is permanently wet. Somewhere, there's a leak. The mattress is also wet. I have a blanket, and to prevent that from getting wet I keep it on my shoulders constantly. If I lie down with the blanket on top of me, I get soaked from the mattress. I discover it's best to roll up the mattress, so that one part of it doesn't touch the ground. In time, the top part dries. This means, though, that I can't lie down but must sleep seated. My life goes on during this period—for how long?—whether I'm standing or seated.

The cell's steel door has an opening that allows part of a face—a minimal part—to be visible. The guard has orders to keep the opening shut. Light enters from the outside through a small crack, which acts also as an air vent. This is the only ventilation and light. A faint glow, night and day, eliminating time. Producing a semi-penumbra within an atmosphere of contaminated air—semi-air.

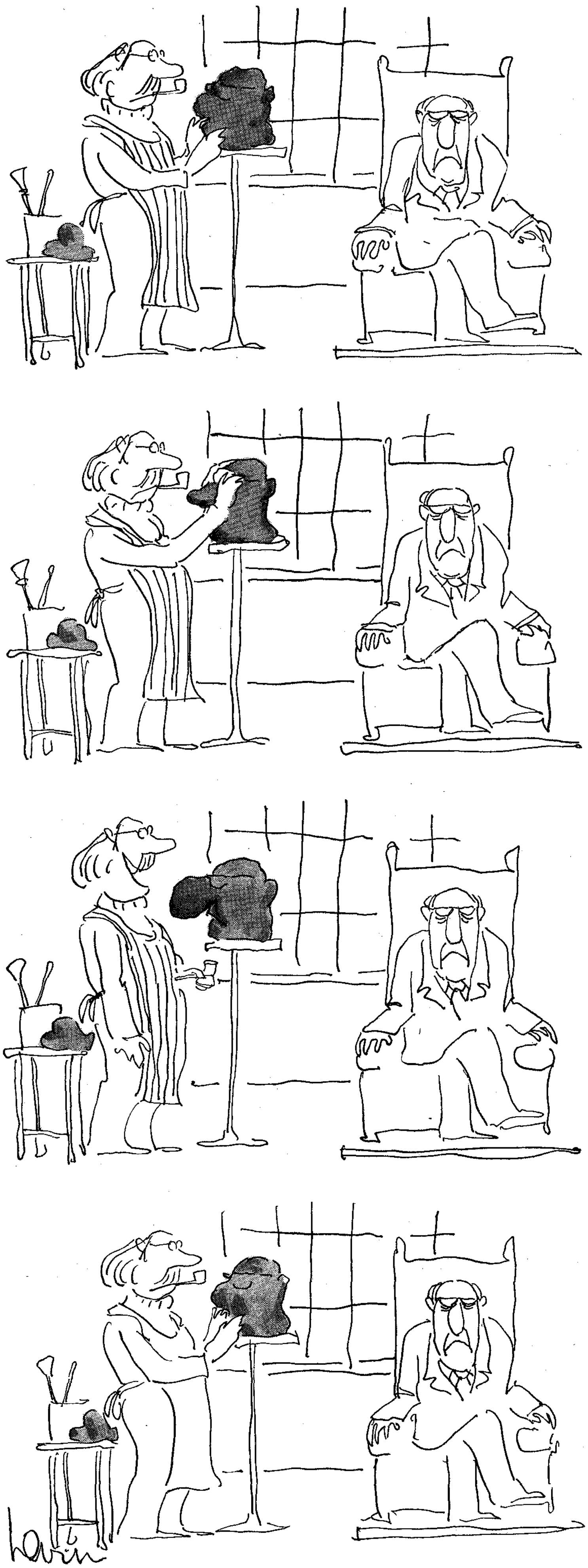
I miss my former cell—where was that?—because it had a hole in the floor that served as a toilet. In my present one, I must call the guard to take me to the bathroom. It's a complicated procedure, and he is not always in the mood. First, to reach my cell he opens a door—the entrance to the block where my cell is situated—and closes it from the inside. At my cell, he announces that he's about to unlock the door, so that I will turn my back to it. Then he blindfolds me and guides me to the bathroom. To bring me back, he has to reverse the whole procedure. It amuses the guards sometimes to tell me that I'm alongside the latrine when I am not. Or to direct me with shoves from behind—so that I stick one foot into the latrine. Eventually, they tire of this game and don't respond to my call. I do it on myself.

I do it on myself. And then I must get special permission to have my clothes washed and must wait in the cell, naked, until they are dry and are brought back to me. Sometimes days pass, because—they claim—it's raining. My isolation is so overwhelming that I prefer to believe what I'm told.

The discipline of the guards is not very good. Often, one will bring food to me without blindfolding me. Then I can see his face. He smiles. Sentry duty wearies them, for they must also serve as torturers and interrogators. They're the only people at work in these clandestine prisons. On the other hand, they're entitled to part of the booty in every arrest. One of the guards has my watch. During an interrogation, another guard offered me a cigarette and lit it with my wife's lighter. Tonight, a guard, not following rules, leaves the peephole ajar. I wait awhile to see what will happen, but it remains open. Standing on tiptoe, I peer out. The light outside is strong. Momentarily blinded, I step back, but then hungrily return. I try to



"That's odd. I thought I made an offer they could live with."



fill myself with the visible space. There's a narrow corridor, and across from my cell I can see at least two other doors. Indeed, I have a full view of two doors. What a sensation of freedom! An entire universe has been added! I have been deprived of a sense of distance and proportion for so long that I feel suddenly unleashed. In order to look out, I must lean my face against *the icy steel door.* As the minutes pass, the cold becomes unbearable. The cold makes my head ache. But I've been a long time —how long?—without a celebration of space. I press my ear against the door, yet hear no sound. I resume looking.

He is doing the same. I suddenly realize that the peephole in the door facing mine is also open and that there's an eye behind it. I'm startled: They've laid a trap for me. Look*ing through the peephole* is forbidden, and they've seen me doing it.

I step back and wait. I wait longer. And then return to the peephole.

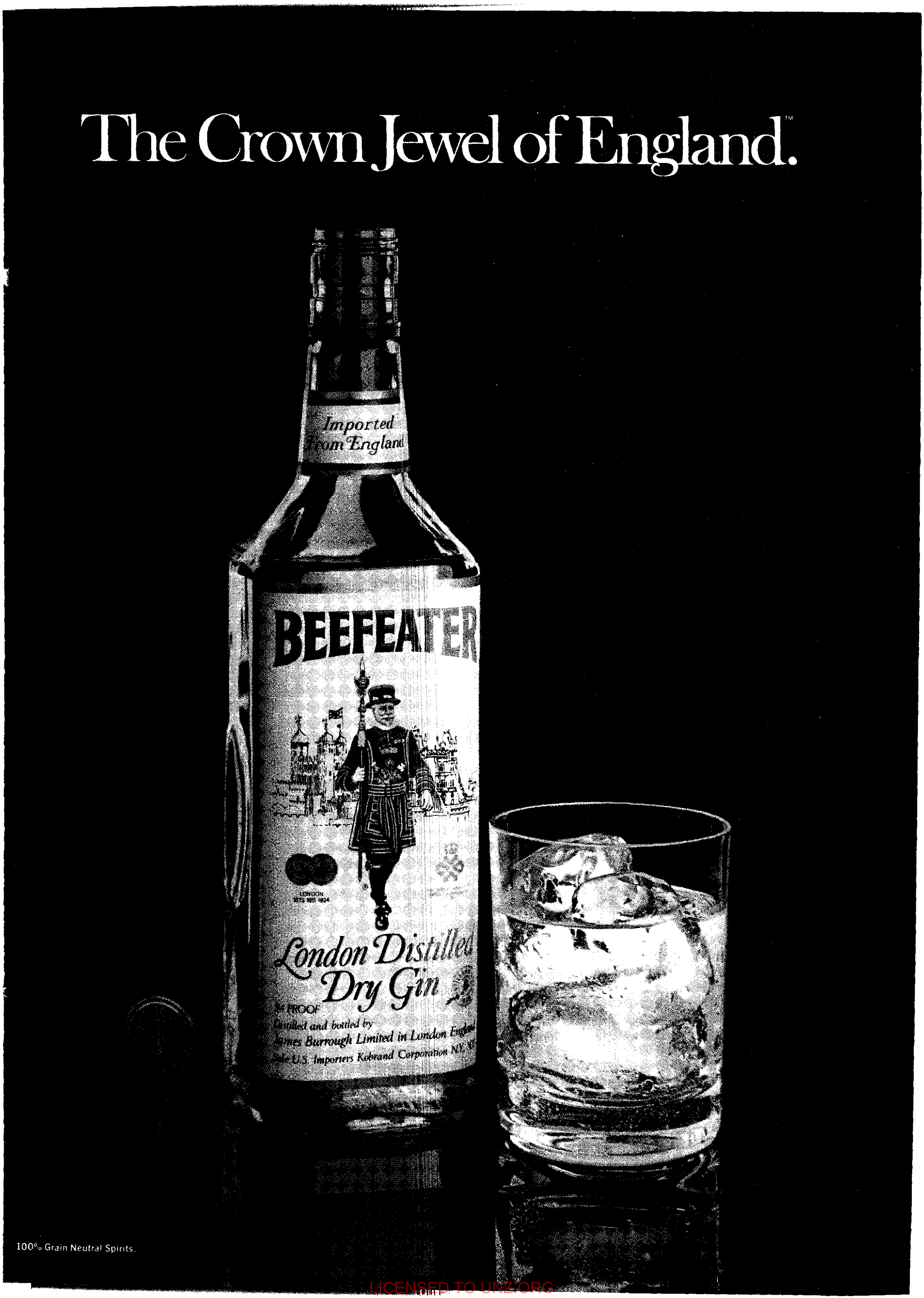
He is doing the same.

And now I must talk about you, about that long night we spent together, during which you were my brother, my father, my son, my friend. You were merely an eye, yet you, too, remember that night, don't you? According to my calculations, it must have been April or May of 1977. Later, I was told that you'd died, that you had a weak heart and couldn't survive a session with "the machine"—"a chat with Susan," as they called it. How can you have died, considering that that night we conquered death?

You must remember. I need you to remember, for otherwise I'm obliged to remember for us both, and the beauty we experienced requires your testimony as well. You blinked. I clearly recall your blinking. And that flutter of movement proved conclusively that I was not the last human survivor amid this universe of torturing custodians.

You were—you are?—a person of high human qualities, endowed, certainly, with a profound knowledge of life, for you invented all sorts of games that night, creating movement in our confined world. You'd suddenly move away, then return. At first, I was frightened. But then I realized you were re-creating the great human adventure of hide-and-seek, and I played the game with you. Sometimes, we'd return to the peephole at the same time, and our sense of triumph was so powerful we felt immortal. We were immortal.

You were—you are?—extremely intelligent. I was desperate. And frightened. I remained glued to the peephole. I put my cheek to the opening, whereupon the inside of my cell sprang into view and my spirits immediately dropped. The gap between life and solitude was so evident; knowing that you were nearby, I couldn't bear gazing at any part of my cell. You forgave me for this, retaining your vitality and mobility. I realized that you were consoling me, and I started to cry. In silence, of course. You needn't worry. I knew that I couldn't risk uttering a sound. You saw me crying, though, didn't you? You did see that. It did me good, crying in front of you. You know how dismal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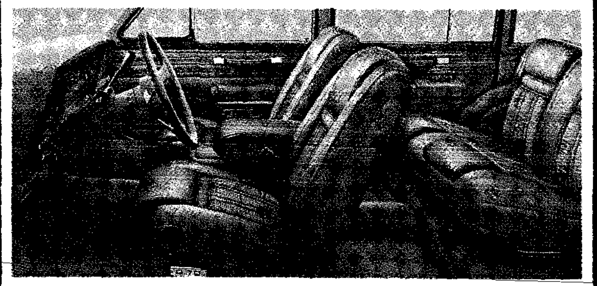


it is to be in a cell and to say to yourself, It's time to cry a bit. Whereupon you cry, hoarsely, wretchedly, heedlessly. With you, I was able to cry serenely, peacefully, as if allowed to cry. As if everything might be poured into that sobbing, converting it into a prayer rather than tears. You can't imagine how I had detested that fitful sobbing of mine inside the cell. That night, you taught me how we could be comrades-in-tears.

I don't know why, but I'm sure that you were—that you are?—a young man of medium height. Let's say thirty-five years old, with a great sense of humor. A few days later, a guard came to my cell to soften me up. He gave me a cigarette: it was his turn to play the good guy. He advised me to spill everything, told me that he'd had plenty of experience and that a person my age winds up dying in Susan's arms, because his heart can't withstand the electric shocks. And he informed me that you'd been "cooled out." Here's how he put it: "Look, Jacobo, the only obligation you have is to survive. Politics change. You'll be getting out—you Jews help one another. You'll make a fortune again. You have children. In the cell facing yours, there was a crazy guy. We cooled him out. Look, Jacobo . . ."

I didn't believe him. If I was able to withstand it, certainly you were. Did you have a weak heart? Impossible. You were strong-hearted, generous, brave. Such hearts are not destroyed by Susan. Do you remember how the lights once went off? It's possible, of course, that a large amount of current was being consumed by Susan. Undoubtedly, several new prisoners had arrived, and the first thing that was automatically done to them was to put them through the machine, even before they were asked who they were. The prisoner's first sensation on admittance had to be a succession of electric shocks, in order to lower his defenses. I found out later that this technique was changed after some prisoners were cooled out before they could even be interrogated. Not even the doctor on duty could save them. Yet both of us survived. Do you remember when I got a cramp in my leg while they were torturing me and suddenly my outcries ceased? They thought I had "gone," and were alarmed. They had orders to get me to confess, because they wanted to build a big case around me. I wasn't any use to them dead. It's curious how one can experience pain and joy simultaneously. Although I was blindfolded, I sensed their fear, and rejoiced. Then I began moaning again on account of Susan. Afterward, I tried to convey the episode to you, for it was as if a battle had been won against them.

My friend, my brother, how much I learned that night from you! Suddenly, you put your nose in front of the peephole and rubbed it. It was a caress, wasn't it? Yes, a caress. At that moment, you were suggesting tenderness, caressing your nose, gazing at me. You repeated it several times. A caress, then your eye. Another caress, and your eye. You may have thought that I didn't understand. But we understood each other from the start. I understood clearly that you were telling me tenderness would reappear.

My father was Nathan Timerman. Nathan ben Jacob (Nathan, son of Jacob). And I am Jacob ben Nathan. Jacob, named after my father's father. The Timermans, by way of those strange, biforked paths of Judaism, escaped the Spanish occupation of the Netherlands, and the Inquisition, and wound up in a small town in Vinnitsa Oblast, in the Ukraine, called Bar. Family accounts, rather imprecise and often colored by vanity, claim that the Timermans were prominent in the Jewish community and fought for Jewish rights.

It was most likely an enlightened, combative community, inasmuch as by 1556 the Jews of Bar had reached an agreement with the townsmen which allowed them to own buildings and granted them the same rights and obligations as the other residents, including the right to travel to other towns in the district for family or business reasons. When the Cossack chief Chmielnicki passed through Bar, in 1648, he, of course, massacred all the Jews he could capture. The community recovered, however, and assumed that something as brutal as the existence of Cossack murderers could only be God's final test before the coming of the Messiah. So staunch was its conviction that in 1717 the Jews of Bar constructed their Great Synagogue, receiving special permission beforehand. As a child, I attended that synagogue with my father, his six brothers, and all my cousins, and I bear within me still a vague longing for those tall, bearded, unsmiling men.

In 1941, when the Nazis entered Bar, they set that synagogue on fire, burning many Jews to death. All the remaining Jews of Bar, with others from the environs—and including the Timermans, who had survived the sufferings that, according to their

BORN TO RAISE TOMATOES

rabbis, had been imposed by God to herald the Messiah's arrival—were killed by the Nazis in October of 1942: some twelve thousand within a month. My father, happily, had left Bar for Argentina in 1928.

In 1977, in Argentina, the same ideological conviction that impelled Chmielnicki and the Nazis reverberated in the questions posed by my interrogators inside the Army's clandestine prisons. But I have survived, to give testimony. And I'm doing so, at age fifty-seven, in the land of Israel, where I'm beginning this account a few days after the birth of the first Israeli Timerman—my grandson—whose name is Nahum ben Nathan ben Jacob. That is, Nahum ("He who brings solace"), son of Nathan, who is the son of Jacob, who is the son of that other Nathan, in Bar, who was the son of Jacob, whose grave he left when he departed for Argentina.

AT dawn one morning in April, 1977, some twenty armed men in civilian clothes invade our apartment in midtown Buenos Aires. They say they are obeying orders from the Tenth Infantry Brigade of the First Army Corps. They uproot our telephone lines, take possession of our automobile keys, handcuff me from behind. They cover my head with a blanket, ride down with me to the basement, remove the blanket, and ask me to point out my automobile. They blindfold me, throw me to the floor in the back of the car, cover me with the blanket, stick their feet on top of me, and jam what feels like the butt of a gun against me. No one speaks.

We arrive somewhere. A pair of large doors open up. They squeak. Dogs bark quite close by. I am taken out of the car and flung onto the ground. A long interval elapses. I can hear only footsteps. Suddenly, some bursts of laughter. Someone approaches and puts what seems to be the barrel of a revolver against my head. From up close—perhaps leaning over me—he says, "I'm going to count to ten. Say goodbye, Jacobo dear. It's all up with you." I say nothing. Again he speaks: "Don't you want to say your prayers?" I say nothing. He starts to count. His voice is well modulated—what you might call an educated voice. He counts slowly, enunciating clearly. It is a pleasant voice. I remain silent, saying to myself, "Is it inevitable for me to die like this? Yes, it is inevitable. Is it what I desire? Yes, it is what I desire. Wife, children, I love you. *Adiós, adiós, adiós . . .*"

" . . . ten. Ha-ha-ha!"

I hear laughter. I, too, begin laughing. Loudly. Great guffaws.

The blindfold is removed from my eyes. I'm in a large, dimly lit study: there's a desk, chairs. Colonel Ramón Camps, Chief of Police of the Province of Buenos Aires, is observing me. He orders my arms, handcuffed behind my back, to be freed. This takes awhile, because the keys have been misplaced. Or it may have taken only a few minutes. He orders a glass of water to be brought to me.

"Timerman," he says, "your life depends on how you answer my questions."

"Without preliminary trial, Colonel?"

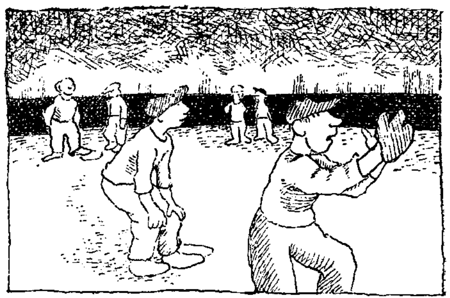
"Your life depends on your answers."

"Who ordered my arrest?"

"You're a prisoner of the First Army Corps in action."

BETWEEN 1966 and 1973, there were three military governments in Argentina, each presided over by a general. The entire institutional scheme was organized under the pompous heading of the Argentine Revolution. It began with great optimism, but after 1969 it found itself on a dead-end street, owing to widespread resistance to the economic, social, and political situation. Juan Perón had been in exile since 1955, but Perónism remained strong at home, and Perón's followers began to ally themselves with all the other political parties in demanding that elections be called. At the same time, his left-leaning followers began organizing Special Formations, consisting of urban guerrillas, who were known as Montoneros. Perón, still in exile, in Madrid, called them Special Formations because he didn't want to lend official support to Perónist guerrillas and find himself accused of subversion.

The Montoneros assassinated those who were trying to suppress them; those who they believed were trying to suppress them; those whom they regarded as doing nothing to oppose those who suppressed them; those who spoke up against violence of both the Right and the Left; second-rank politicians who were friends of first-rank politicians who refused to make deals with the Montoneros; politicians who they imagined might at some point interfere with their future plans because these politicians were liberals and would attract leftist youth; and leftist journalists who were opposed to violence and hence planted confusion in the minds of Montonero guerrilla fighters. The Montoneros engaged in kidnapping as well, considering it logical that men who were able to afford a ransom should return their ill-gotten gains to society.



Meanwhile, Perón's right wing had developed its own subversive activity, through the Triple A (Argentine Anti-Communist Alliance), headed by José López Rega, who for several years had been Perón's private secretary in Madrid. The Triple A was largely made up of policemen and retired noncommissioned officers—usually those who had had disciplinary problems, committed some crime, or been punished for other offenses while they were in the ranks. The Triple A engaged in killing Montoneros, or those they assumed to be Montoneros. They murdered liberal politicians, because their demands for legal trials of arrested Montoneros were regarded as a form of complicity with the Left. They murdered defense lawyers of arrested Montoneros, regarding them as a branch of the guerrilla forces. And they murdered writers and leftist journalists, even though the latter might be anti-guerrilla. The Triple A obtained its funds for salaries and the purchase of its weapons and automobiles, and for its clandestine prisons, from the sale of booty acquired in raids and from the ransom paid for kidnapped individuals—these often being financially powerful members of the Jewish community.

Coexisting with these two forces were rural and urban Trotskyite guerrillas; right-wing Perónist death squads; armed terrorist groups of the large labor unions, used for handling union matters; paramilitary Army groups, dedicated to avenging the murder of their men; parapolice groups of both the Left and the Right, vying for supremacy within the organizations of federal and provincial po-

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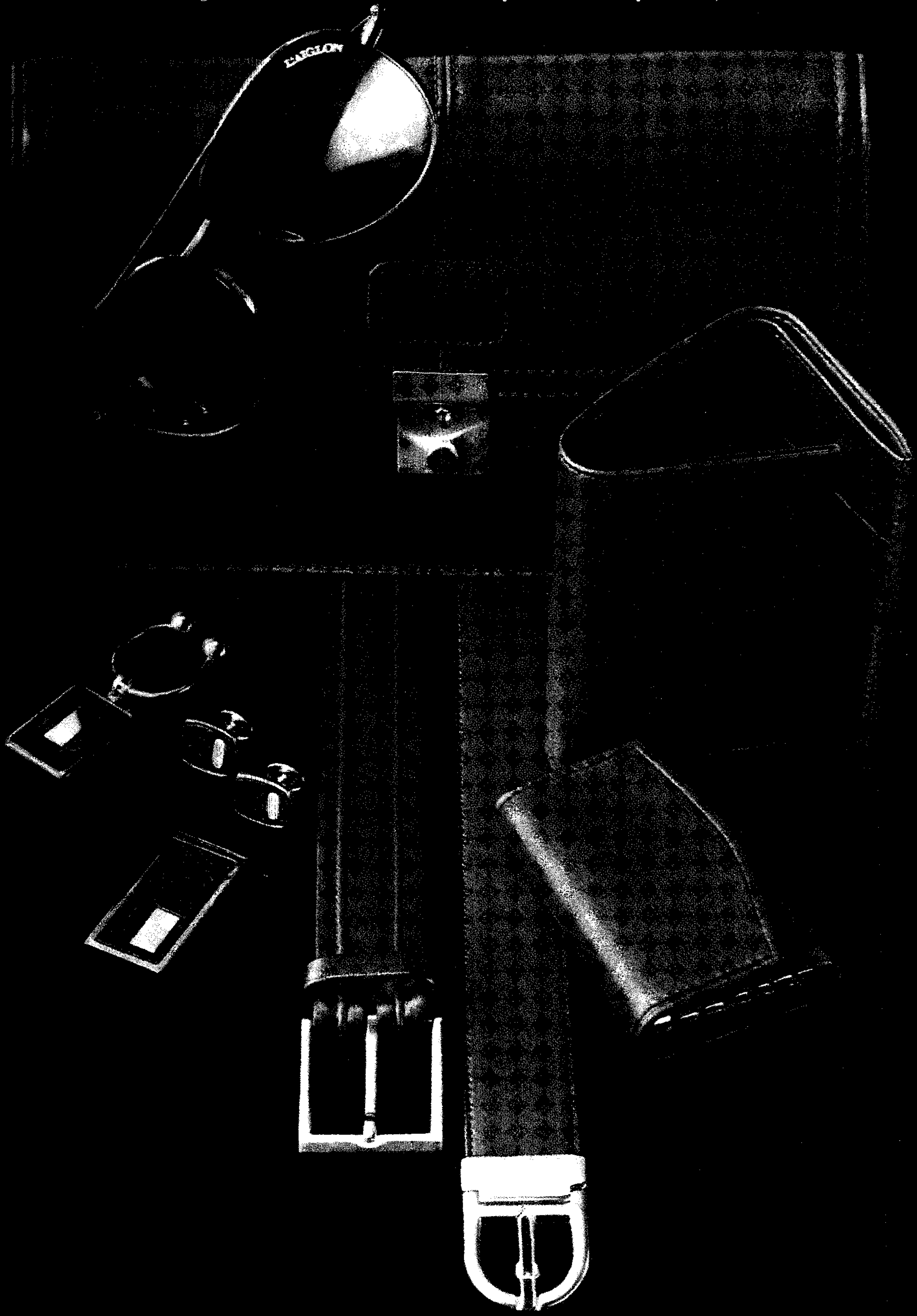

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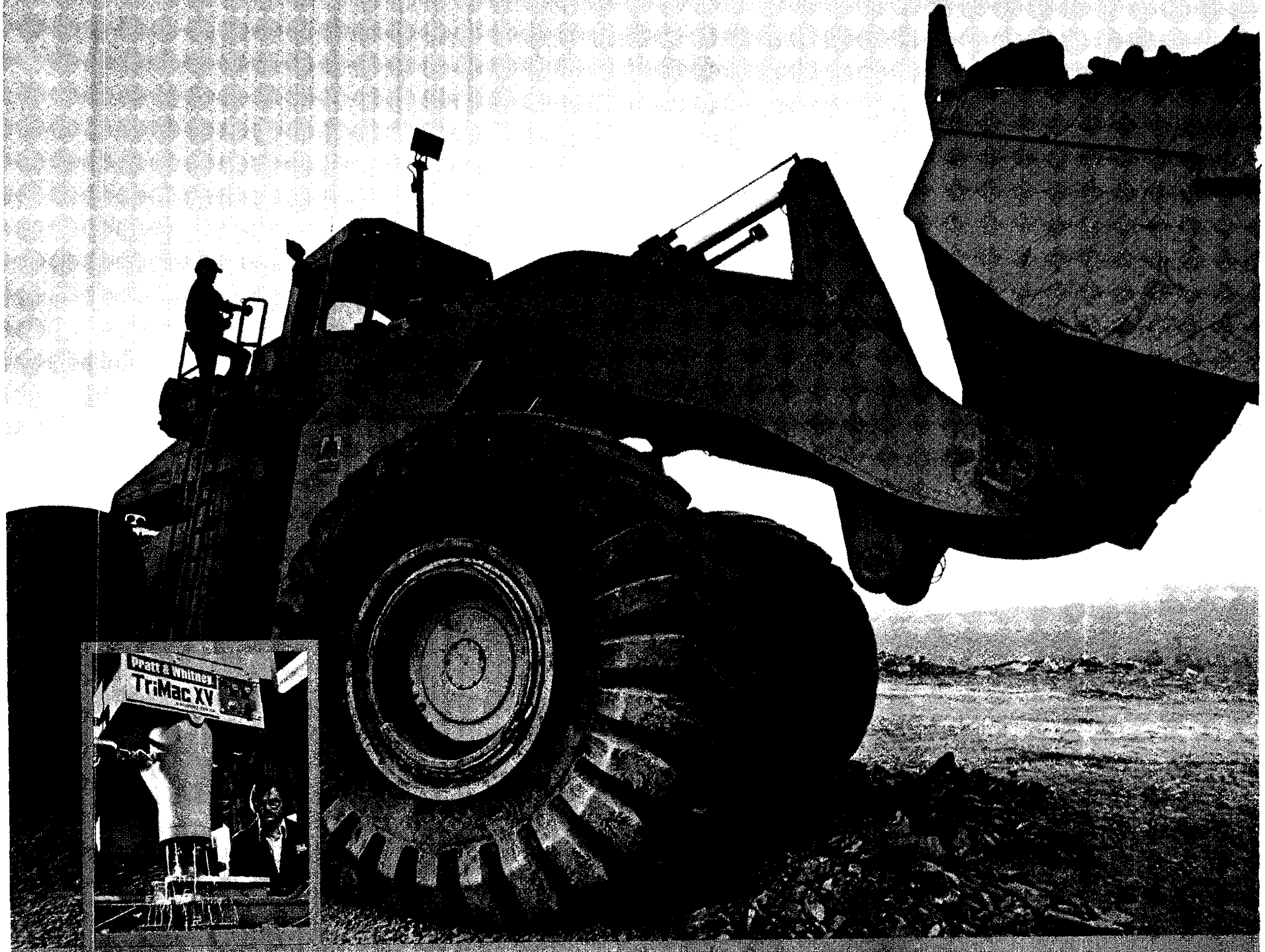

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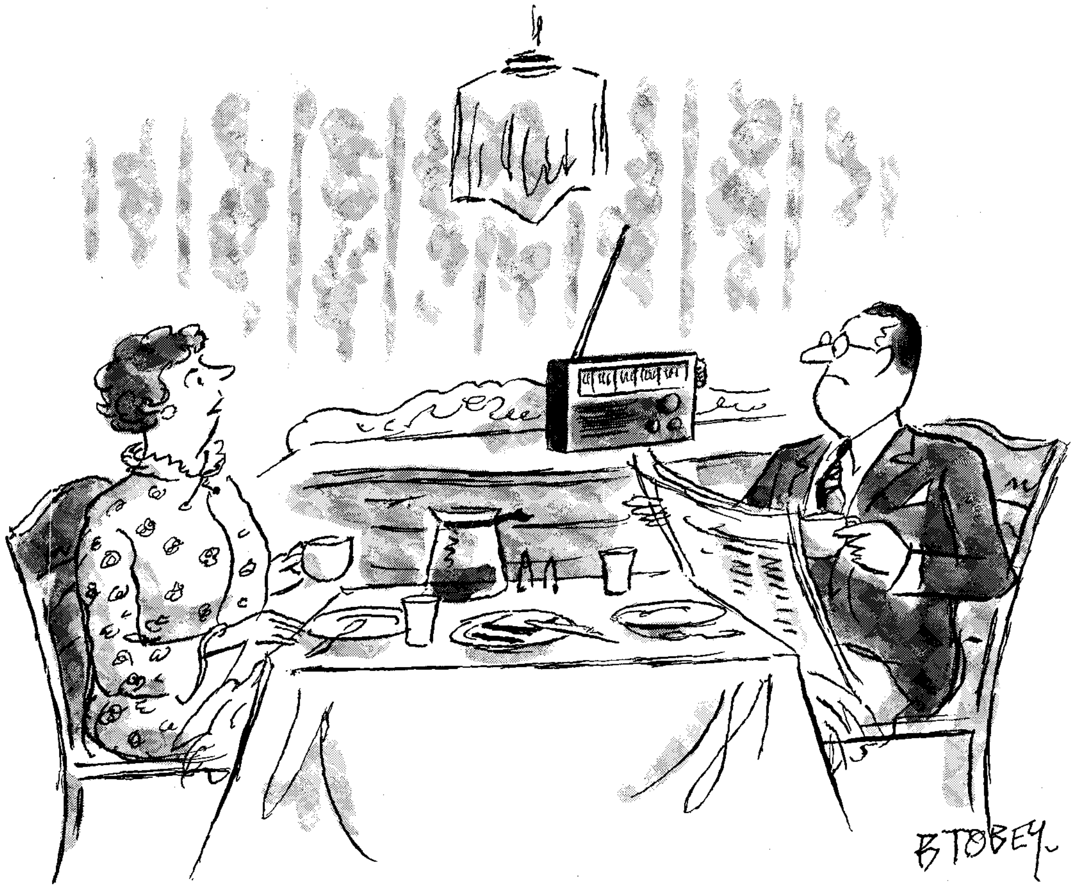
lice forces; and terrorist groups of Catholic rightists organized by cabals who opposed Pope John XXIII's ideological thesis of rapprochement between the Church and the poor. These, of course, were only the principal groups. Hundreds of other organizations involved in the eroticism of violence existed—small units that found ideological justification for armed struggle in a poem by Neruda or an essay by Marcuse. Lefebvre might be as useful as Heidegger; a few lines by Mao Zedong might trigger the assassination of a businessman in a Buenos Aires suburb, and a hazy interpretation of Mircea Eliade might be a perfect justification for kidnapping an industrialist, whose ransom would make possible a further perusal of Indian philosophy and mysticism, to corroborate the importance of national liberation.

In the early seventies, the military dictatorship entered a crisis, brought on by its inability to devise a suitable political formula for dealing with the climate of violence which enveloped the whole nation. In 1972, the armed forces allowed Perón, who was seventy-seven, to return to Argentina, and in March of 1973 elections were called. All the political parties, newspapers, and institutions supported this solution. Perón wasn't permitted to run for the Presidency—the Army had vetoed him—but his designated candidate, Héctor Cámpora, triumphed by a wide margin. Cámpora, however, was basically supported—and dominated—by the leftist, Montonero faction of Perónism. A couple of months later, the situation again became untenable, and Perón denounced Cámpora. Another Perónist, Raúl A. Lastiri, was named Provisional President, to succeed Cámpora, and he called for new elections in September. This time, no one could veto Perón. Besides, the nation longed for Perón, because it assumed that he had sufficient authority to resolve the situation and end the violence. Perón's margin of victory was even greater than that obtained by Cámpora. Despite being burdened in the election slate by the dead weight of his wife, Isabel, who was his Vice-Presidential candidate, he won by more than sixty per cent of the vote. He was now the third Perónist President in 1973. He could not quell the violence, however, and it was hard to tell whether he actually wished to do so. Less than a year later, after a heart attack, he was dead, and the situation started to deteriorate further on every level, especially in terms of the economy and of violence. Isabel Perón succeeded him and managed to remain until March, 1976, when the Military Junta took power. Her twenty-one-month survival in office was not the result of her political acumen. According to some observers, the military required that amount of time to lay their plans. In reality, the plans were already laid. The military needed something that proved to be of much greater importance. They needed to have the situation deteriorate sufficiently so that the populace—press, political parties, Church, civil institutions—would regard military repression as inevitable. They needed allies who could be converted into accomplices. They needed the presence of enough fear—about one's personal security, the economic crisis, the unknown—and passivity to enable them to develop what they regarded as the only solution to leftist terrorism: extermination.

At *La Opinión*, the newspaper I published and edited in Buenos Aires, we held a meeting one day to analyze the situation, and decided that hope still existed—we merely had to begin the battle and explain everything. That day, we wound up toasting each other for having committed ourselves—a true privilege for any civilized man—to combatting Fascism. I recall saying something to the following effect: "Our generation witnessed the struggle against Fascism during the Second World War only through the street demonstrations that took place in Buenos Aires. We ran no risk. Nor did we run any of the risks faced by those who confronted Stalinism and now languish in the Gulags. We're lucky at least to be here, with a newspaper at hand, at a time when the country is being besieged by Fascism of the Left and of the Right."

Beautiful words. Now I understand (perhaps I understood it then, too) that we were trying to create a microclimate in order to avoid the recourse suggested by so many friends, especially to me: leave the country. Up to the last day—the day of my kidnapping, which was subsequently converted into an arrest—we persisted in this battle; I refused to leave the country. In reply to an Israeli friend who begged me to leave, I sent a brief note, which he showed me on my arrival in Tel Aviv in 1979. It wound up by saying,

"Reservations, please. And while I wait, I'd like to hear Act II of 'Tosca,' sung by Tito Gobbi and Maria Callas."



"Must we start every day with the morning gold fixing in London?"

• •

"I am one who belongs to Masada." How I would have liked to remember that remark during torture sessions.

Is it all any easier to understand now? What of that wide range of terrorist groups who have killed one another, killed not only enemies of other political stripes but adversaries within their own party—Perónists assassinating Perónists, the military assassinating the military, union members assassinating union members? What of those vast parapolice or paramilitary terrorist organizations that required arms, munitions, training camps, transport, "ideological" training, identity documents, clandestine prisons, dwellings, and maintenance, and whose funds all emanated from the same sources—kidnapping and blackmail, booty and plundering? This mechanism of terror and violence still remains unclear. And it must be portrayed in all its dimensions, for it has reached such magnitude that it cannot be understood simply in political, cultural, or electoral terms. Nor does the old struggle of democracy against extremism of the Right and the Left aptly define the Argentine situation. It may be simpler and more terrible than anything hitherto known by our generation in Latin America. It is a struggle between civilization and barbarism within a country of twenty-seven million inhabitants. And this barbarism—whether it be private or governmental, civil or military—must obviously be eradicated before it is possible to enter civilization.

It is essential, I suppose, to attempt some explanation of what Argentina is. Yet I find it almost impossible to do so in normal terms, applying current political principles. The problem is not merely that I find it difficult to explain Argentina to outsiders in comprehensible terms but that I myself am perhaps unable to understand it. Or it may be that I've lived through a period of such political and social disintegration that it is hard for me to conceive that some coherent explanation could emerge from such disparate and anarchistic opposing elements. In this context, a statement by the Argentine writer Jorge Luis Borges is useful, I think. Some thirty years ago, Borges remarked that the Argentine is not a citizen but an individual—that he lacks any idea of the nation he resides in, and views it as a territory that, owing to its wealth, can be exploited rapidly. To my mind, this is a noteworthy comment on the Argentine problem. Nothing simple: Argentina as an entity does not yet exist; it must be created. But if I envision how each of the diverse Argentinas existing at present within that territory—each regarding itself as the authentic one—would interpret Borges' definition, the result may provide a more descriptive and precise response, something akin to a French pointillistic canvas.

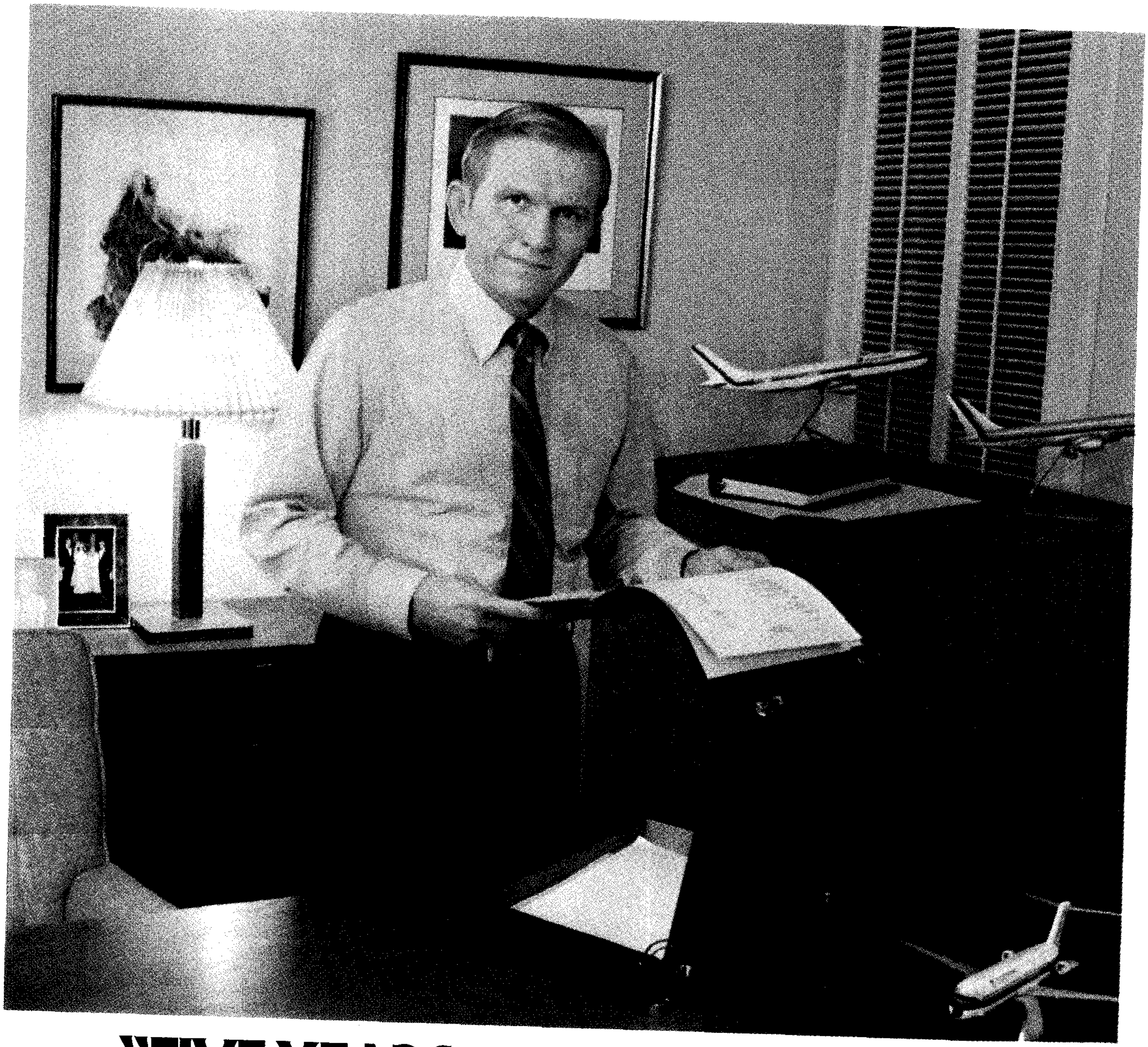
Rightists would accept Borges' remark as an absolute truth, claiming that the flood of immigrants into Argentina destroyed the roots implanted by the Spanish monarchy—those Hispanic roots of the noble Bourbons and of Franco. Immigrants came merely to get rich. It was they who prevented consolidation of a notion of citizenry.

Liberals would accept Borges' remark as an absolute truth, claiming that it was the inability of the Argentine ruling class to understand the immigrant phenomenon—with all its contributions to creativity, culture, the republican and democratic spirit, all its impulse toward civic activity, the struggle for human rights and man's equality—and, more specifically, the battle of the ruling aristocratic groups against unlimited immigrant access to every level of Argentine life, particularly political life, that have prevented national consolidation, and hence the creation of an Argentine citizenry.

Leftists would accept Borges' remark as an absolute truth, claiming that only within a socialist nation can a man genuinely feel that he's a citizen, and therefore no bourgeois nation can expect its inhabitants to share any possible common interests.

Fascists would accept Borges' remark as an absolute truth, claiming that citizens exist only when a central power organizes them as such, and that it is precisely that central power, which need give explanations to no one, that is lacking in Argentina.

During my journalistic career, particularly as publisher and editor of *La*



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Opinión, I received countless threats. One morning, two letters arrived in the mail: one was from a rightist terrorist organization (protected and utilized by paramilitary groups) and condemned me to death, because of the organization's belief that my militancy on behalf of the right to trial for anyone arrested and my battle for human rights were hindrances in overthrowing Communism; the other letter was from the Trotskyite terrorist group known as the People's Revolutionary Army, or ERP, and indicated that if I continued to accuse leftist revolutionaries of being Fascists and to refer to them as the lunatic Left I would be tried and most likely sentenced to death. In the past, I had never answered such threats, but the incident struck me as so brutal and comical, so tragic and banal, that I wrote a few lines on page 1 of *La Opinión* in reply. I didn't say much: merely that we would continue to maintain our standards (a statement reiterated by so many newspapers and journalists all over the world that it has become tedious), and that I felt genuinely curious to know who would wind up with my corpse—the terrorists of the Right or those of the Left. After all, it was a question of only one corpse, and the joke was irrelevant. One more dead journalist in a country where a hundred journalists had died or "disappeared" within the space of a few years was of no great significance. But the incident is useful in delving further into the Argentine drama: Can the Argentine community alone, without outside intervention, prevent either of the two Fascisms from winding up with Argentina's corpse?

In this climate, which dragged on for years, I conducted two interviews that illustrate Argentina's impotence in finding adequate political responses to that most elemental of needs, survival. One was with a Perónist senator, highly influential in his party; he was a lawyer, a moderate (he had been a student leader in his youth), a man cultivated and serene. In the United States, he would have been found in the liberal wing of the Democratic Party. Our conversation revolved around violence—the year was 1975—and I explained to him, with ample statistics and out of nearly thirty years of experience in political journalism, that the country was heading inevitably toward occupation by military power. I maintained that the only recourse left for preserving the existing political institutions was to make use of legal channels to put an end to all brands of violence, and that the Army was the only group in a position to do this. I proposed that he, along with the Perónist majority in the Senate and the House of Deputies, should pass extraordinary legislation empowering the Army to initiate measures against terrorist activity of all sorts, but that the new powers should be limited by congressional statute within the constitutional framework and should remain under constant civil jurisdiction. His reply went as follows: "Once we allow the military to step through the door, they'll take possession of the entire house. This would be tantamount to a coup, leaving us on the outside. Furthermore, right-wing Perónists who support rightist terrorist groups that assassinate leftist Perónists will not vote for the laws, and leftist Perónists who support leftist terrorists who assassinate rightist Perónists will not vote for the laws. Moreover, the Army will suppress only one sector of violence, and not the other. It will pit one against the other, thus assuring its own survival." His conclusion? "Let's leave things the way they are. Something will happen. God is Argentine."

The second interview was with a high-ranking official on the Army General Staff. His reply was essentially the same. When I asked what the Army's reasons were for not using all its resources to combat violence—why it was concerned solely with retaliation for its own casualties—his reply was simple: "Do you expect us to go out and fight so that *they* [the Perónists] can continue to govern?"

WHEN I founded *La Opinión*, I had been a political journalist for newspapers, magazines, radio, and television for twenty-four years. The first issue of the newspaper appeared on May 4, 1971. I was arrested in April of 1977. During that interval in Argentina, six Presidents governed—so to speak. Sanctions against *La Opinión* took place under all six regimes, in the form of economic measures, bomb assaults at my home and office, the murder—or, in any case, the "disappearance"—of one of my journalists, and, finally, my arrest and the Army's confiscation of the newspaper. The most subtle form of sanction was economic, for Argentina is a country whose economy is heavily government-controlled, and advertising from government agencies constitutes a decisive portion of the revenue that a newspaper requires to insure its

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financial solvency. Successive administrations suspended government advertising in *La Opinión* whenever an article provoked their anger. One government invented a Machiavellian stratagem. It induced the association of newspaper distributors, which it controlled, to request a much larger number of copies of *La Opinión* than the market could absorb. If we refused to supply the copies, the distributors were released from their distribution agreement with us; if we complied, delivering this inordinate quantity of unneeded papers resulted in excessive production costs. Whenever such economic sanctions took place, *La Opinión* turned to its readers, increasing its price until it became the most expensive newspaper in the country, but it remained, unlike the others, independent of public or private advertising.

La Opinión, curiously, was a moderate newspaper. It was often compared with *Le Monde*, but it was really just a typically liberal newspaper. Every day, it committed what in Argentina was construed as a mortal sin: it used precise language to describe actual situations, so that its articles were comprehensible and direct. Might one claim that *La Opinión* was attacked for semantic reasons? Not so, though semantics is the means employed in Argentina to avoid seeing or presenting problems in their total dimensions. Newspapers there write virtually in code, resorting to euphemisms and circumlocutions, and so do politicians and intellectuals, among other leaders. One might imagine Argentina to be a rich heir dissipating his inherited fortune—in this instance, the wealth derived from the generations that ruled between 1860 and 1930—but trying as hard as possible to conceal the fact that the fortune is dwindling and that nobody is making any effort to restore it. In this sense, *La Opinión* was genuinely provocative. On more than one occasion, it published news stories that had appeared in other papers but had been completely incomprehensible to those outside an informed inner circle, and explained these articles so that the average reader could understand them. One of these explanations—of a news item that had appeared five days earlier in a provincial paper, with no measures having been taken against that paper—led to a ten-day suspension of *La Opinión* by President Isabel Perón. Similarly, President Jorge Rafael Videla suspended *La Opinión* for three

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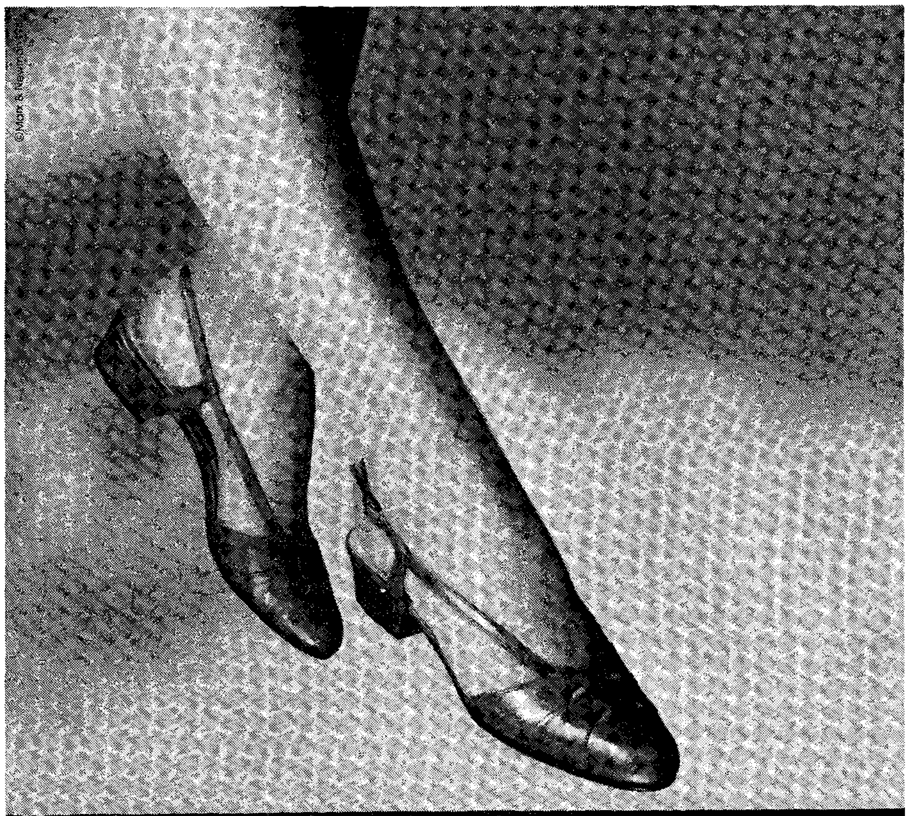

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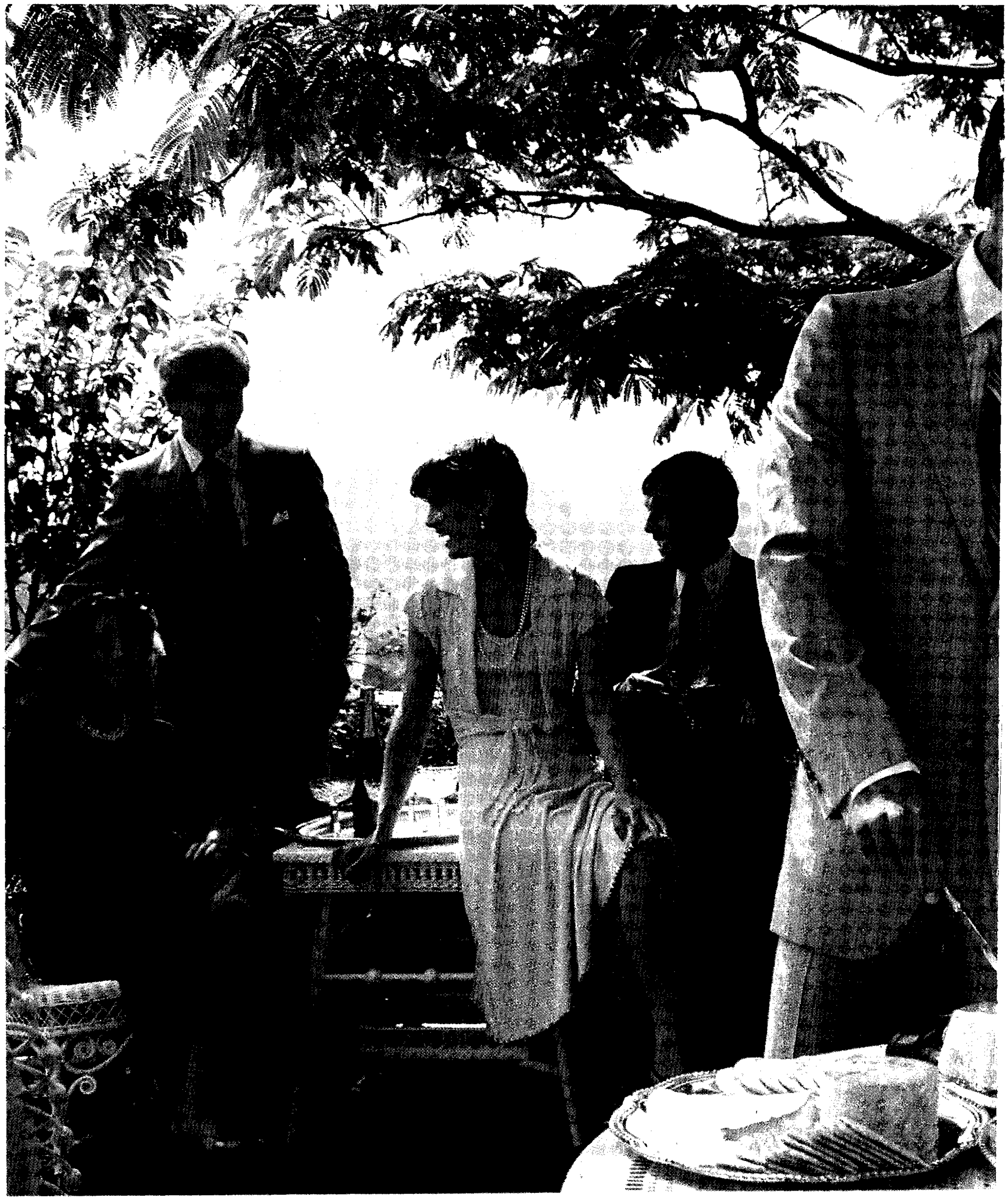

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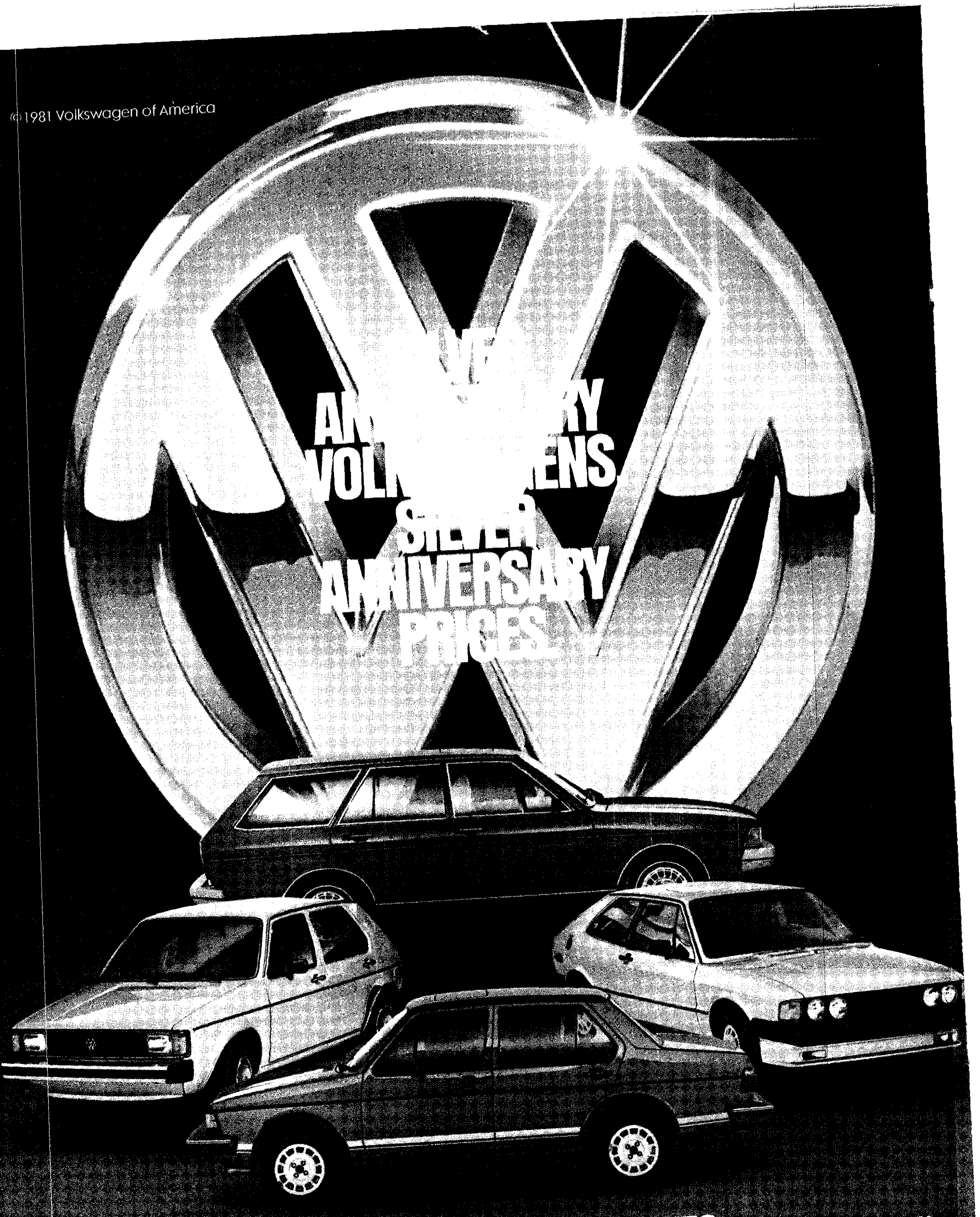

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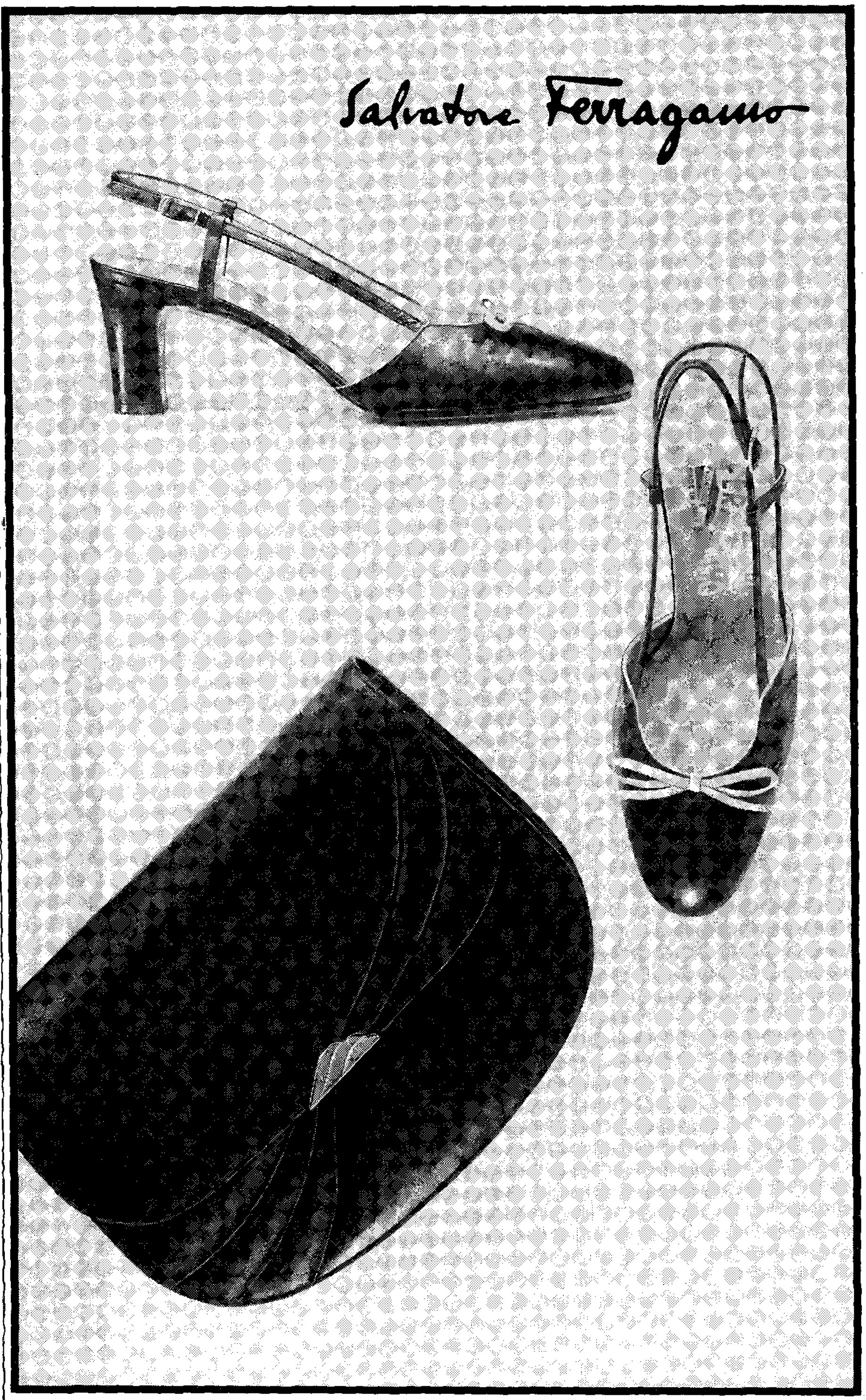
days for having published an explanation of an article that had appeared in a recent issue of a Jesuit magazine, although that particular issue had not even been confiscated.

The semantics of the three governing factions that still rule Argentina—the Perónists, the trade unions, and the armed forces—represents one of the oddest processes in political practice. In essence, the process is not unprecedented, considering the accumulated experience of Fascism and Communism with propaganda, slogans, and the fabrication of a reality contradicting actual events every step of the way. Fascism and Communism, however, are political phenomena of great magnitude and encompass nations of vast geopolitical and international interests. Their semantic processes tend to create not only a special reality within their own territories but also an agile and flexible instrument for penetrating other countries. But why should such a phenomenon occur in a country that is relatively small and practically devoid of demographic or economic growth—a country whose twenty-seven million inhabitants could live peacefully off its existing wealth and enjoy even greater ease than the Swiss?

During a meeting of the International Monetary Fund, a Brazilian economist, who I'm sure prefers to remain anonymous, defined the different economic groupings in the world as (1) the developed countries; (2) the undeveloped countries; (3) Japan, which has become an industrial power with a permanent demographic boom; and (4) Argentina. He included Argentina in a special category, he said, because the Japanese work and save for years in order to be able to live someday like the Argentines, who neither work nor save.

Juan Domingo Perón used to say, "Violence from above engenders violence from below." It is a statement that could be found in any Harvard, M.I.T., or Hudson Institute study of the aggressive feelings of populations with meagre resources—a liberal statement, a sociological equation, which in an organized country might lead merely to a polemic on the ways in which such aggressiveness can be eliminated through housing, education, and public-health programs. In Argentina, however, Perónist youth understood at once what Perón was saying: he approved of violence and terrorism, and would lend his support to any murder, kidnapping, or assault



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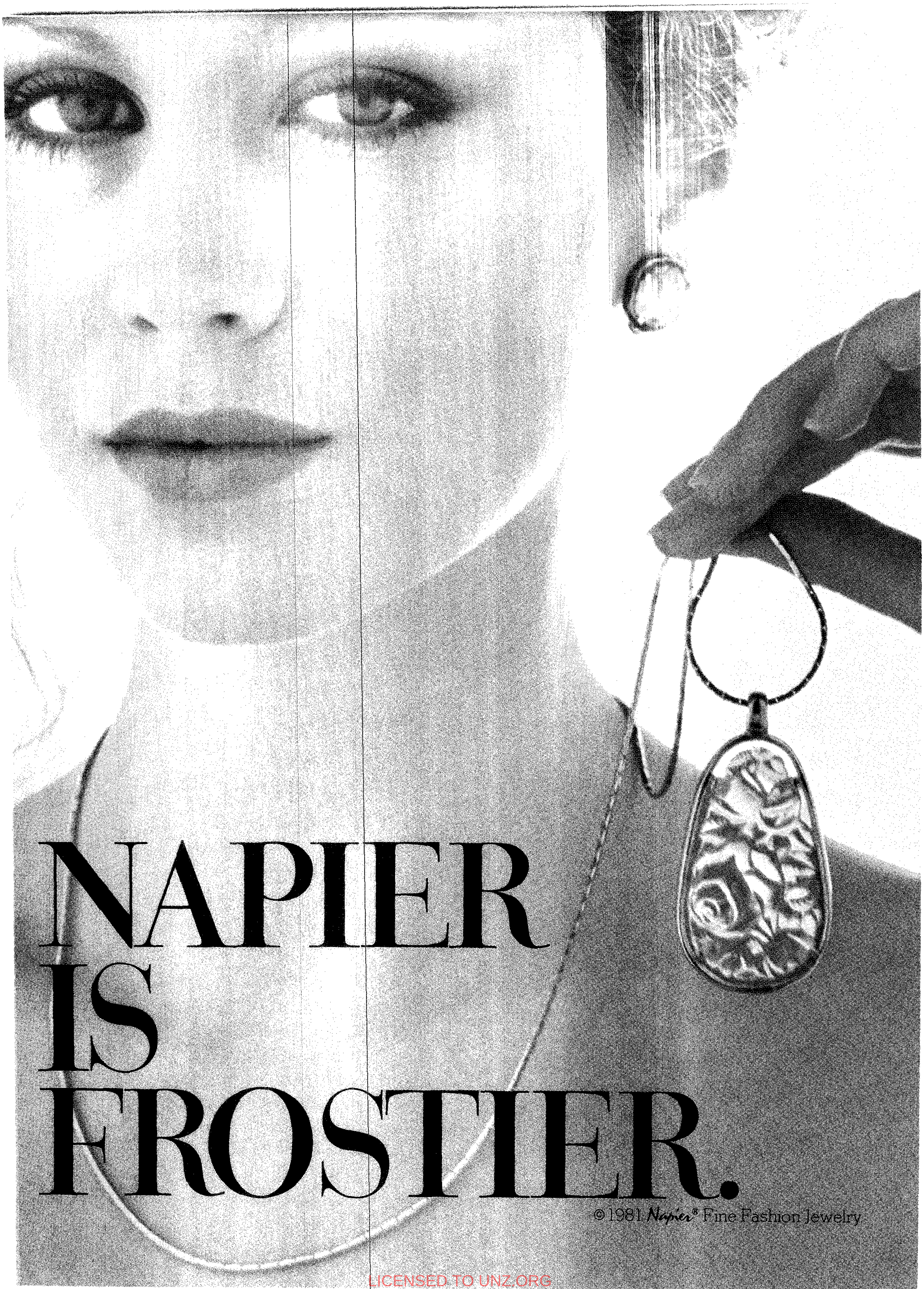
Another of Perón's statements reflecting his infinite semantic creativity was "Reality is the only truth." This might be construed as an incitement to give careful and meticulous scrutiny to data culled from reality, in order to discover peaceful, moderate paths toward a political solution of problems. In practice, however, it formed the basis for Perónist intolerance of any solution outside the ken of its own totalitarian rigidity, and provided the justification for utterly irrational acts in the economic, cultural, and political spheres; in fact, the only admissible reality was Perónism, since the Perónists were in the majority, and the only truth was the Perónist way of life.

The form of combat devised by the other political parties was also a semantic process: to negotiate without contradicting, to await the inevitable crisis and the consequent deterioration of officialdom rather than exert forceful opposition. The anti-Perónist newspapers employed euphemisms to present their criticism—euphemisms that were comprehensible to the parties involved in the game but not to the readers. In refusing to use such euphemisms, *La Opinión* flirted with suicide every day.

The 1976 revolt against the Isabel Perón Presidency found its principal supporter in *La Opinión*, which insisted on the need to fill the vacuum in which the country dwelt. The leaders of the Military Junta that took power were prepared, according to long conversations between them and editors of *La Opinión*, for a revolution that would terminate the violence of both Left and Right, would take measures against corruption, would curb terrorism only through legal channels, and would overcome the danger of hyperinflation, which at one point was approaching an annual rate of nine hundred per cent. The whole nation longed for peace. In 1975, during Isabel Perón's last year in power, *La Opinión* voiced these principles in every issue; and in March of 1976, when the Army seized the government and installed General Videla in the Presidency, the entire country, including the Perónists, breathed a sigh of relief.

But once again the semantic process ran parallel to a reality that contradicted it every day. General Videla's government strove to perform peaceful acts; it spoke of peace and understanding, maintaining that the revolution was not aimed against anyone in particular or against any special faction. But in the meanwhile military leaders hastily organized their personal domains, each one becoming a warlord in the zone under his control, whereupon the previous chaotic, anarchistic, irrational terrorism of the Left and of the Fascist death squads gave way to systematized terrorism. Each officer in charge of a military region had his own prisoners, his own prisons, and his own form of justice, and the central government was unable to secure the freedom of a prisoner even when it was importuned by international pressure. Between 1976 and 1978, prisoners whose freedom was sought by the central government, the Catholic Church, or some international organization immediately "disappeared." Whenever the government was forced to admit some repressive excess, the wording of its self-criticism tended to suggest merely that a certain ward of prisoners had had to spend one night without food. Whenever a military officer referred to those who had "gone away forever," it sounded rather like a melancholy reference to people who had emigrated to distant lands to rebuild their lives. The semantic process could acquire sudden clownish overtones. On one occasion, when Thomas Reston, a spokesman in Washington for the American State Department, expressed his government's concern over attacks on the headquarters of certain organizations that were defending human rights in Argentina, the reply given by one of the ministers indicated that the Argentine government was likewise concerned and, at the same time, wished to protest the existence of the Ku Klux Klan in the United States. Newspaper, radio, and television commentators took up the cry. How was one to explain that the Ku Klux Klan did not form part of the United States government and occupied no seat in President Carter's Cabinet?

The reason that *La Opinión* succeeded in surviving between March, 1976, and April, 1977—the first year of the Military Junta—was that Army moderates had decided that this journal, critical but not antagonistic, opposed to terrorism but supportive of human rights, ought to survive. The continued existence of *La Opinión* brought the Military Junta credit abroad; the paper backed the philoso-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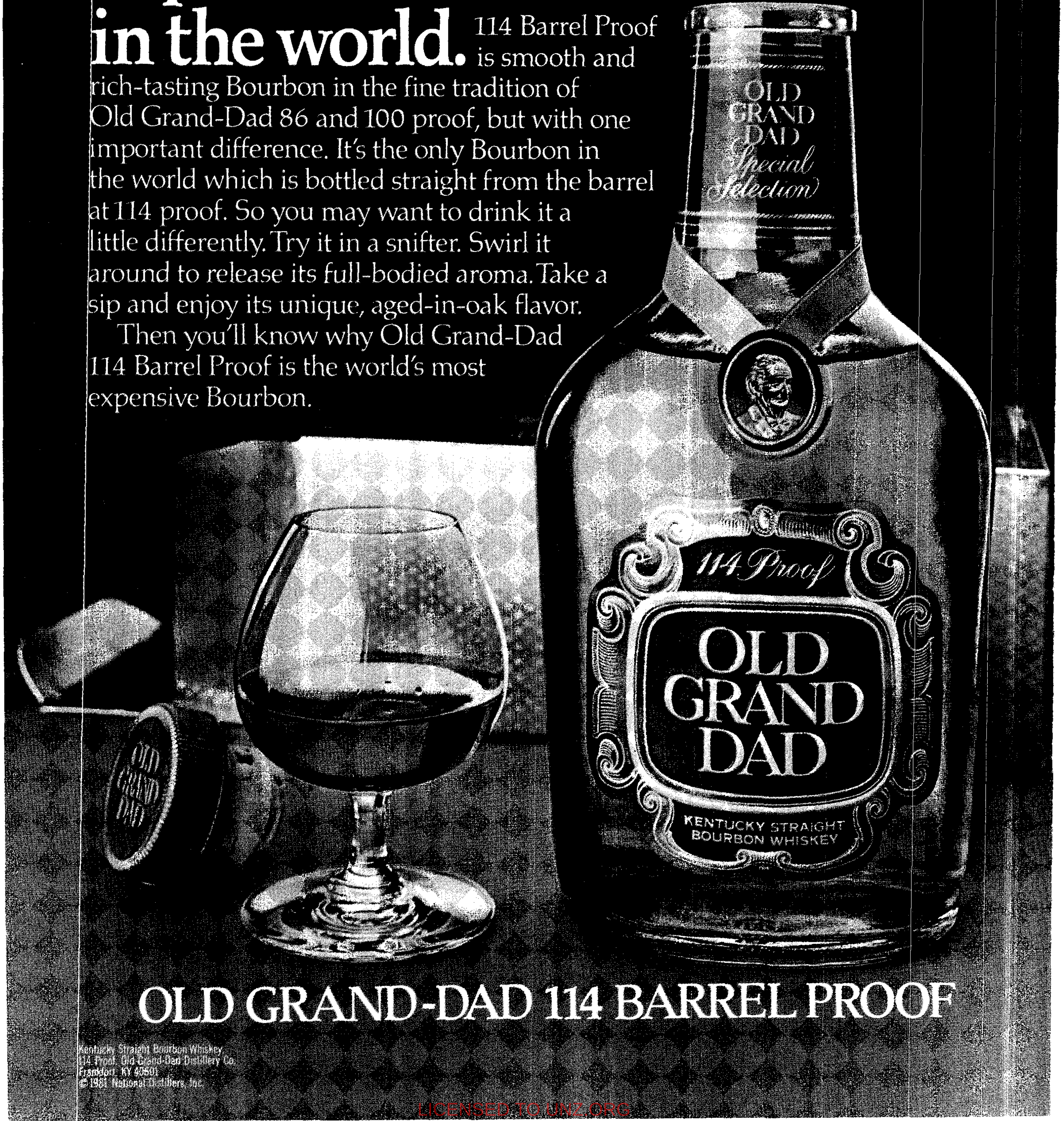
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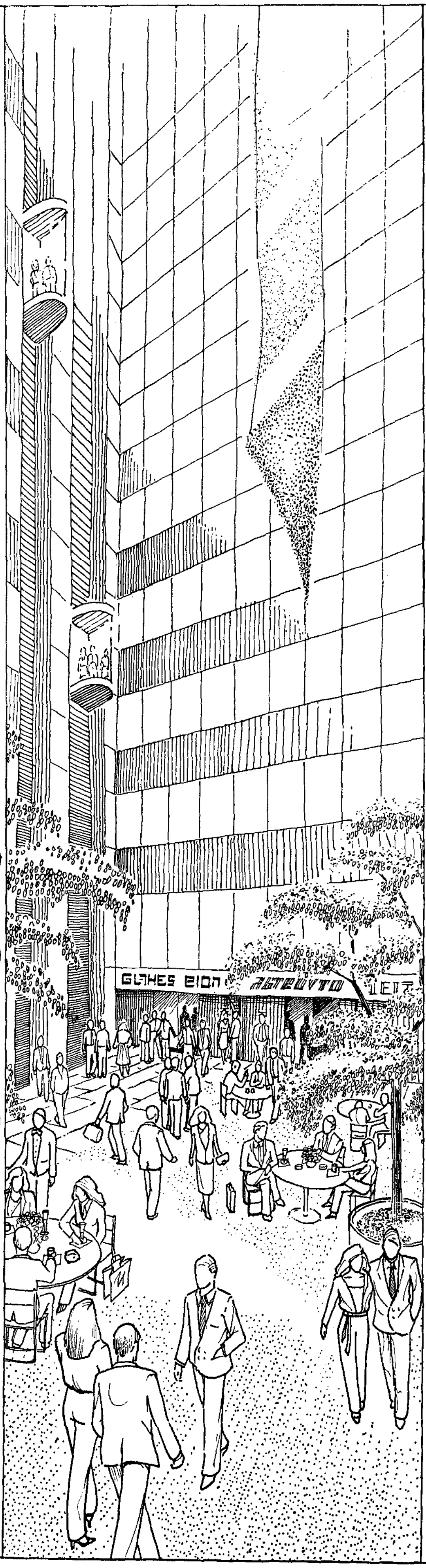
phy of future national reconstruction, it upheld the thesis of national unity, and it was committed to curbing extremist excesses. Even in those early days, the moderates were a minority in the armed forces, and only their political acumen enabled them to retain a foothold in the ongoing process. Yet the political parties, virtually every civil institution, the Catholic Church, and Western governments maintaining satisfactory relations with Argentina all calculated that the best strategy was patience: to wait for time to pass and the extremists to weaken, and in the meanwhile to impose no excessive demands on the moderates.

On paper, this approach was not implausible. Elections seemed inevitable. But in my position as editor-in-chief of *La Opinión* I had to confront the distinction between extremists and moderates every day, for every day relatives of those who had disappeared would show up at my office on the assumption that *La Opinión* could assist in finding them. Over and over, I had to explain that an article in *La Opinión* could mean a death sentence; nonetheless, their loneliness and the dearth of news made them believe that printing an article about a disappearance would do some good. At least, it would fortify them in their solitude. On balance, I'm unable to weigh the results. I know that I saved the lives of some, and I believe that others were killed merely because *La Opinión* demanded to know their whereabouts. But in the long run, it seems to me, the battle had to be fought, so that at least there would *be* a battle, however small. Some people hold that the only possible response to totalitarian repression, whether Fascist or Communist, is to go underground or into exile. Both solutions were contrary to my philosophy. I thought it necessary at the time to go one step further: to attack the leaders of extremist military groups directly.

How, then, was one to judge the moderates? They were, are, and will always be opposed to excesses. Yet they opposed none of these. Was this due to lack of strength? They said they were simply allowing the unavoidable to occur. Elsewhere, that attitude had given Hitler a free hand in Germany and had empowered the Communists in Cuba to take over the youthful, romantic revolution of the Sierra Maestra against Fulgencio Batista's dictatorship.

In my opinion, the moderates had to be supported by public pressure rather



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than by patience. The Western governments did not take this view, nor did the Church, the Argentine political parties, or other Argentine newspapers, and one might say that my present freedom is a result of the patience exercised by the moderates. Still, my own belief is that the concessions the moderates made toward the extremists on my behalf have been harmful to Argentina on an international scale. I would have preferred to see the moderates wage a more militant battle against the extremists. They had—and, in fact, still have—greater strength than they imagine. They would have been joined in that battle by an Army minority and also by a popular majority, political parties, and civil institutions. I believe that the moderates would have won the battle, and Argentina would have been saved some years of tragedy. On the other hand, it's hard to talk about tactics when countless innocent people have lost their lives.

I was kidnapped by the extremist sector of the Army. From the outset, President Videla and his chief military supporter, General Roberto Viola, tried to convert my disappearance into an arrest, in order to save my life. They did not succeed. Paradoxically, my life was spared because this extremist sector was also the heart of Nazi operations in Argentina. From the very first interrogation, its members figured they had found what they'd been seeking for so long: one of the elders of Zion, the axis of the Jewish anti-Argentine conspiracy.

"Are you Jewish?"

"Yes."

"Are you a Zionist?"

"Yes."

"Is *La Opinión* Zionist?"

"*La Opinión* supports Zionism, since Zionism is the liberation movement of the Jewish people. It considers Zionism to be a movement of high positive values, the study of which can shed light on many problems related to building national Argentine unity."

"Then it *is* a Zionist newspaper?"

"If you wish to put it in those terms, yes."

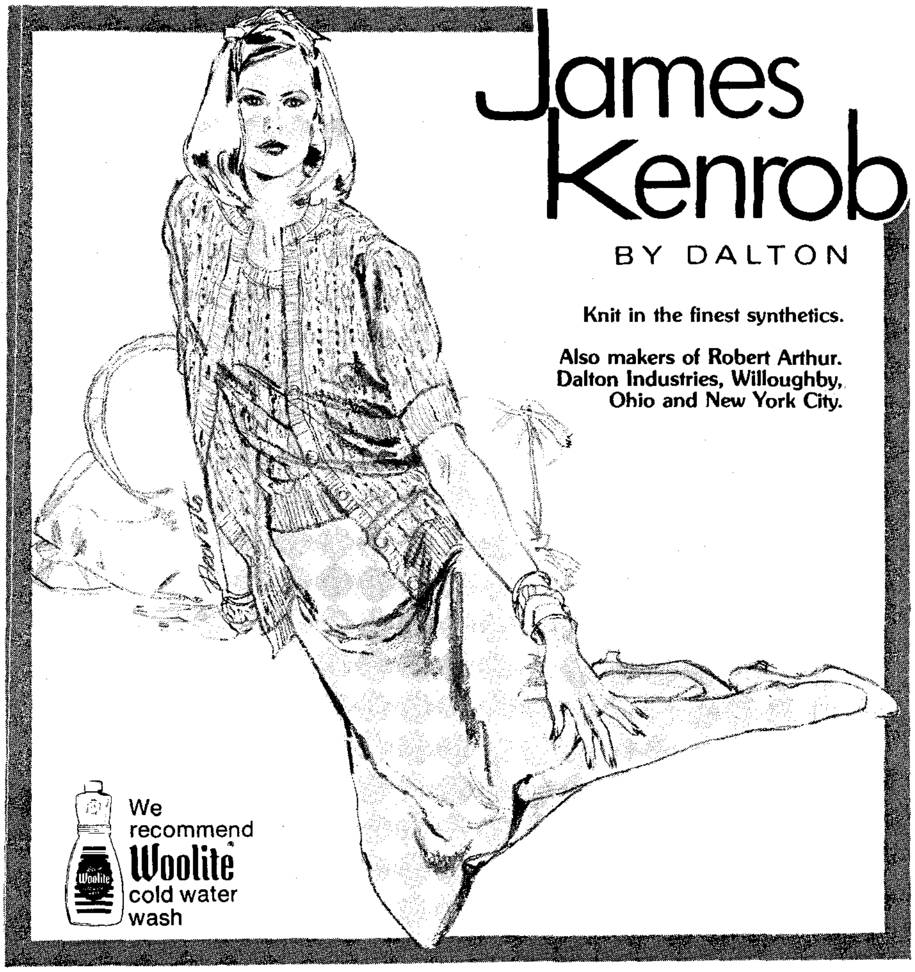
"Do you travel to Israel often?"

"Yes."

"Do you know the Israeli Ambassador?"

"Yes."

All this was a sort of revelation to the interrogators. Why kill this goose laying these golden eggs? Better to exploit the goose in the crusade



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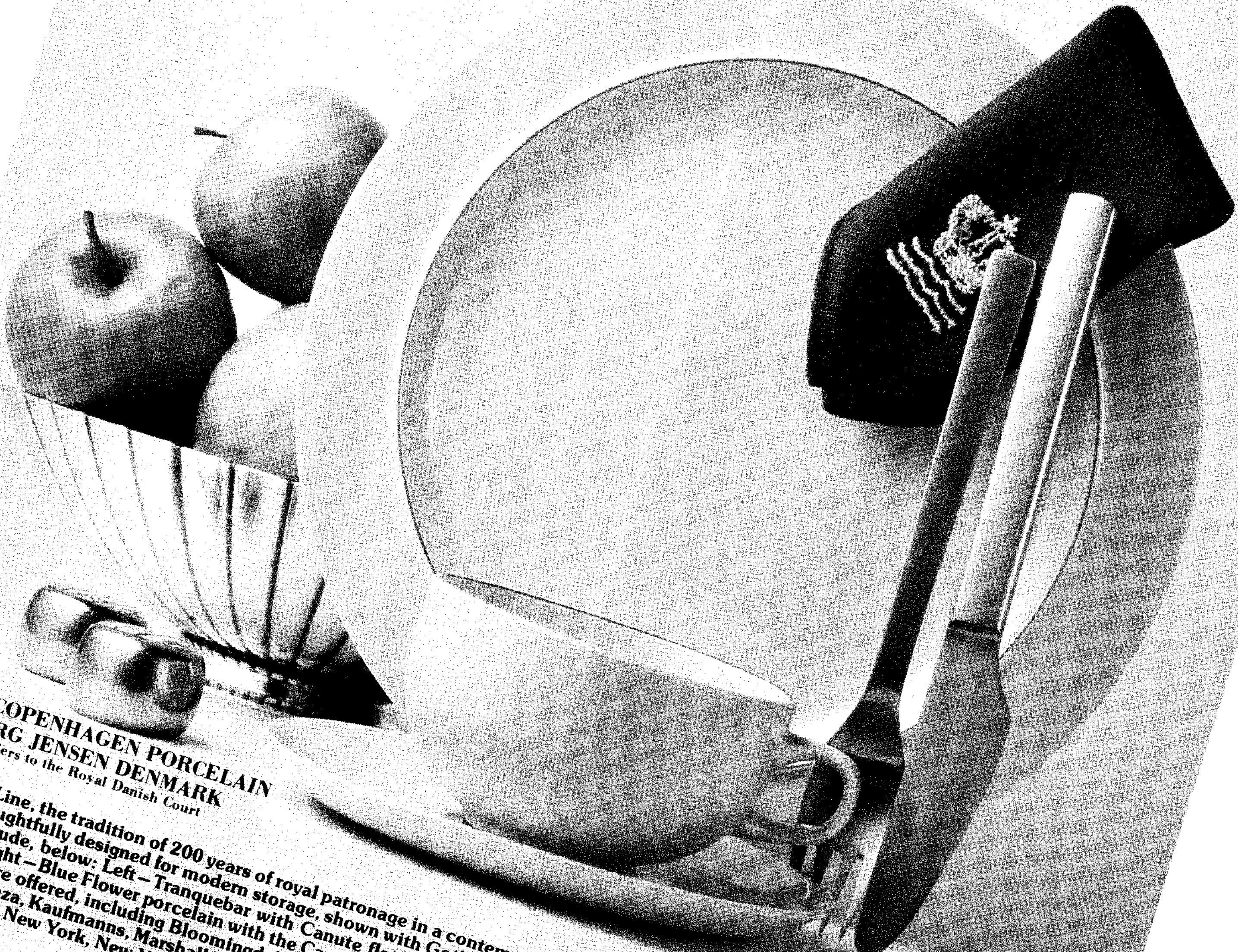

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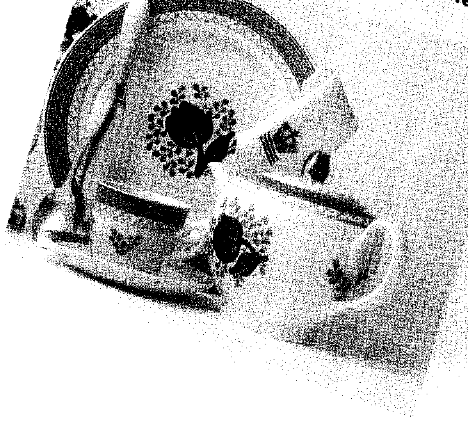

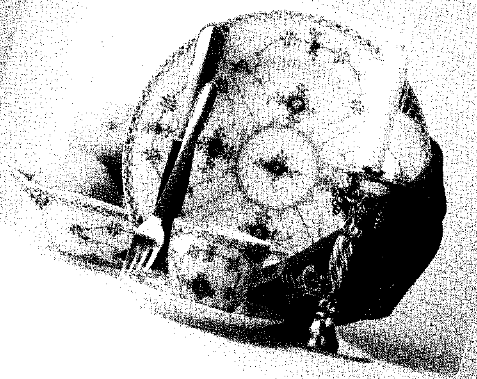

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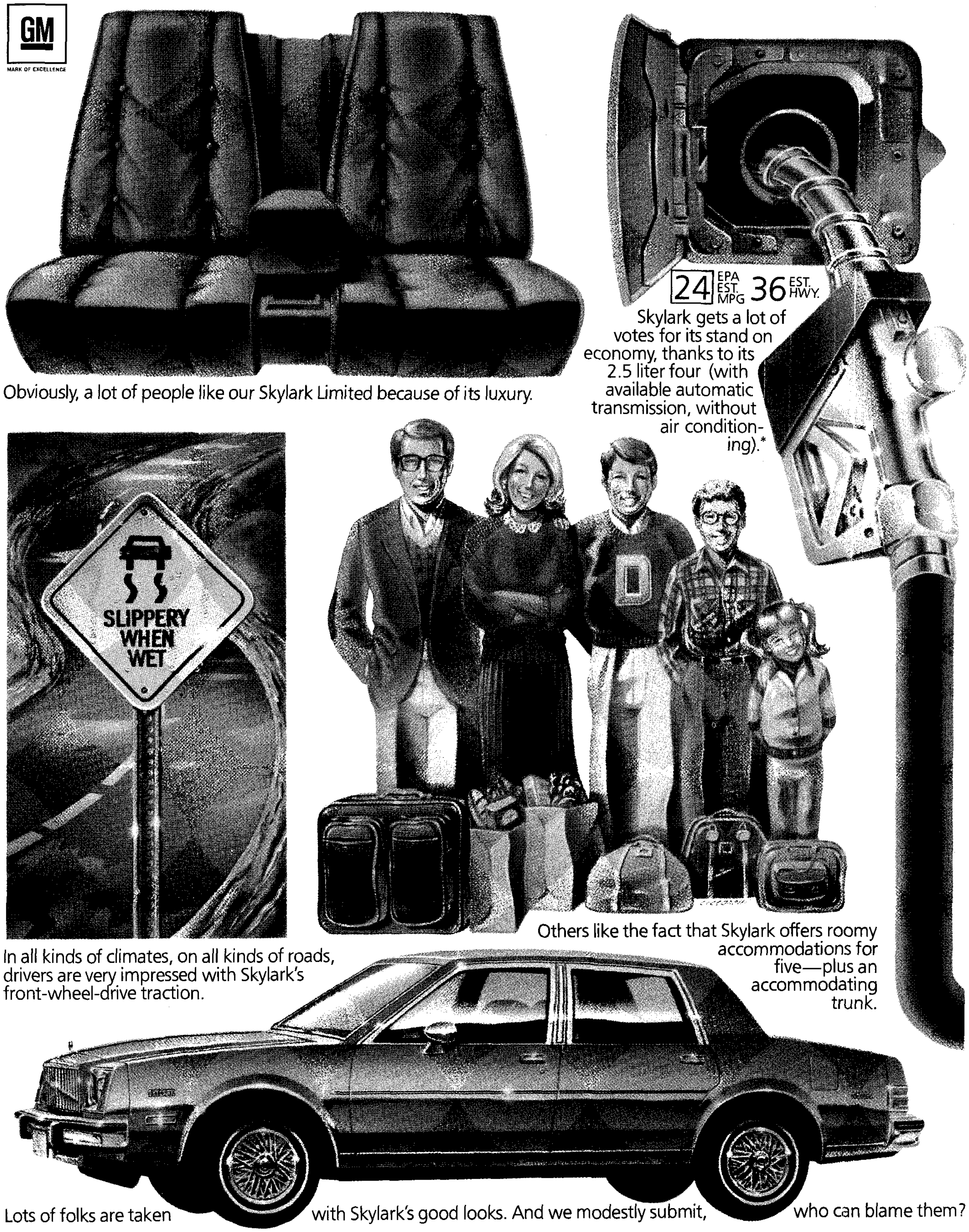

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against the international Jewish conspiracy.

That's what saved my life. From that moment on, my arrest was officially recognized. I did not "disappear." My life was saved because the Nazis were overly Nazi—because they believed, as they informed me, that "World War III" had begun and that they enjoyed total impunity. One of the interrogators, known as Captain Beto, told me, "Only God gives and takes life. But God is busy elsewhere, and we're the ones who must undertake this task in Argentina."

IN my home, as far back as my memory takes me, the news of the day was the main topic of conversation—news in all its forms and stages. As a child, I listened to grownups talking about the pogroms of the Russian Civil War. At home, newspapers bringing the first news about Hitler were devoured, and later on, with others of my generation, I followed the long path leading from the Spanish Civil War to the present day: newspapers, novels, films, poetry; war diaries, political works, the memoirs of those who had escaped the prison camps of Franco, Pétain, Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin; books about repression in Cuba, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Vietnam, China, all parts of Africa—countless battles, countless tortures, countless blows, countless killers. One might logically assume that I knew it all—knew what a political prisoner was, how he suffered in jail, the things a tortured man felt. But I knew nothing.

I'M seated on a chair in a yard. Hands tied behind my back. Eyes blindfolded. It's cold and drizzling, and I'm soaked. I keep moving my head and legs in an effort to get warm. I've peed, the pee has turned icy, and the skin on my legs where the urine ran down hurts. I hear some steps, and a voice asks me if I'm cold. I'm untied from the chair and led into a warm room. I was brought to this clandestine prison today from federal-police headquarters in Buenos Aires. I later learn that a prisoner who saw me leave asked for permission to inform my family that he'd seen me, arms tied behind my back, go peacefully, without offering resistance. He was told that it wasn't advisable to get involved, inasmuch as I'd been removed without a written order or record of transfer, and that meant that I was going to be executed.

It is hot. They seat me on a chair

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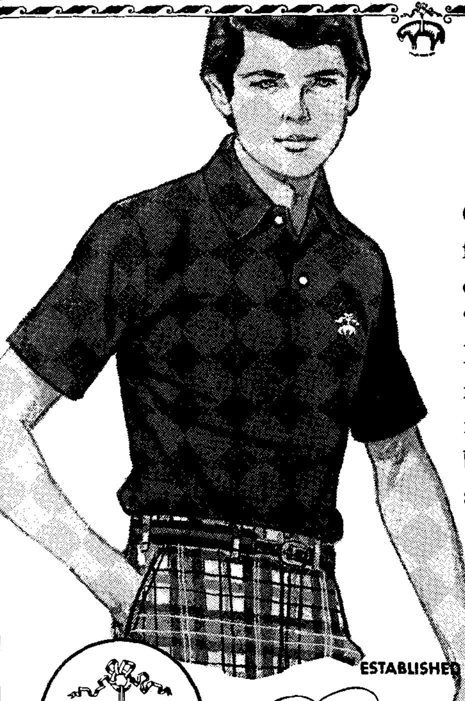

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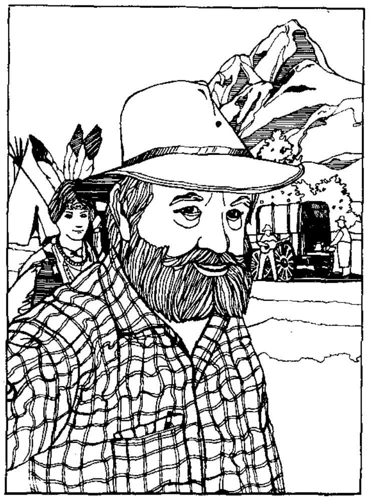

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and take the blindfold off. It's handed to me. We're in a spacious kitchen. Before me are some smiling men, big and fat, dressed in civilian clothing. Weapons are everywhere. The men are drinking coffee, and one of them offers me some in a tin cup. He keeps smiling, tells me to sip it slowly, asks if I want a blanket, invites me to come close to the stove, to eat something. Everything about him transmits generosity, a desire to protect me. He asks if I'd like to lie down awhile on the bed. I say no. He tells me there are some female prisoners on the grounds, and asks if I'd care to go to bed with one of them. I say no. This gets him angry, because he wants to help me and by not allowing him to I have upset his plan, his aim. In some way, he needs to demonstrate to me and to himself his ability to grant things, to alter my world, my situation—to demonstrate to me that I need things that are inaccessible to me and that only he can provide. (I've seen this dynamic recur countless times. One feels tempted to combat this tendency on the part of the torturers, to confront it, because it offers a rare chance to feel alive; yet such battles lead to nought. It's best to acknowledge and accept the torturers' omnipotence in such unimportant matters.) From weariness, perhaps, or resignation, or that sensation which so often assails the tortured—a presentiment of imminent death—I do not answer one of his questions. He insults me but doesn't strike me. He puts the blindfold back on my eyes, takes my hand, and leads me out of the kitchen. He seats me on the chair and ties my hands behind me.

It continues to drizzle.

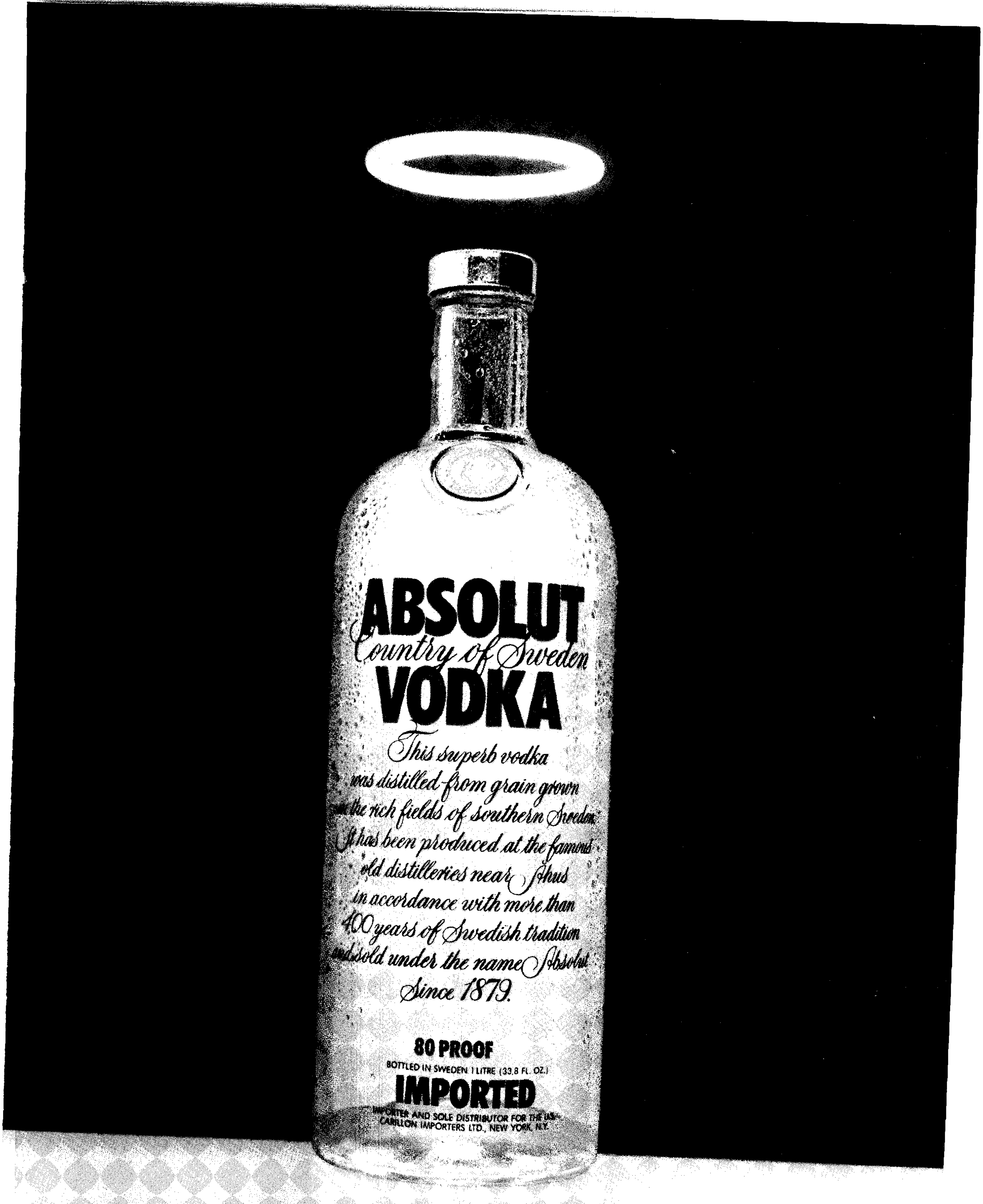
The man sighs and goes off, casting toward me, I suppose, a final glance of incomprehension.

IN the long months of confinement, I often thought about how to convey the pain that a tortured person undergoes. And always I concluded that it was impossible. It is a pain without points of reference, without revelatory symbols or clues to serve as indicators. A man is shunted so quickly from one world to another that he's unable to tap a residue of energy that will permit him to confront this unbridled violence. That is the first phase of torture: to take a man by surprise, without allowing him any reflex defense, even psychological. A man's hands are shackled behind him, his eyes blindfolded. No one says a word. Blows are showered upon him. He's placed on the ground and someone counts to ten, but he's not killed. He is then led to what may be a canvas bed or a table, stripped, doused with water, and tied to the ends of the bed or table with his hands and legs outstretched. And the application of electric shocks begins. The amount of electricity transmitted by the electrodes—or whatever they're called—is regulated, so that it merely hurts, or burns, or destroys. It's impossible to shout—you howl. At the onset of that long human howl, someone with soft hands checks the state of your heart, someone sticks his hand into your mouth and pulls out your tongue in order to prevent you from choking. Someone places a piece of rubber in your mouth to prevent you from biting your tongue or destroying your lips. A brief pause. And then it starts all over again. With insults this time. A brief pause. And then questions. A brief pause. And then words of hope. A brief pause. And then insults.

What does a man feel? The only thing that comes to mind: They're ripping apart my flesh. They didn't rip apart my flesh. They didn't even leave marks. But I felt as if they were tearing my flesh. And what else? Nothing that I can think of. No other sensation? Not at that moment. But did they beat you? Yes, but it didn't hurt.

When electric shocks are applied, *all* that a man feels is that they're ripping apart his flesh. And he howls. Afterward, he doesn't feel the blows. Nor does he feel them the next day, when there's no electricity but only blows. A man spends days confined in a cell without windows, without light, either seated or lying down. He also spends days tied to the foot of a ladder in such a way that he can't stand up; he can only kneel, sit, or stretch out. A man spends a month not being allowed to wash himself, being transported on the floor of an automobile to various places for interrogation, being fed badly, smelling bad. A man is left enclosed in a small cell for forty-eight hours, his eyes blindfolded, his hands tied behind him, hearing no voice, seeing no sign of life, having to perform his bodily functions upon himself.

And there is not much more. Objectively, nothing more. Or perhaps there is much more and I'm trying to forget it. Every day since my release, I've been waiting for some vital shock to take place, some deep, extended nightmare to explode suddenly in the middle of the night, allowing me to relive it all—something that will take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me back to the original scene, purify me, and then restore me to this place where I am now writing. But nothing has happened, and I find this calm terrifying. A journalist asked me how freedom feels. I still do not feel it. I'm repressing the sensation of freedom, because I fear that otherwise I may find myself relinquishing the profound marks imprinted on me.

Although I cannot convey the magnitude of that pain, I can perhaps offer some advice to those who will suffer torture in the future. Human beings will continue to be tortured, in different countries, under different regimes. Looking back on my attitude during torture sessions and during the periods of solitary confinement, I realize that instinctively I developed an attitude of absolute passivity. Some people fought against being carried to the torture tables; others begged not to be tortured; others insulted their torturers. I represented sheer passivity. Because my eyes were blindfolded, I was led by the hand. And I went. The silence was part of the terror. Yet I did not utter a word. I was told to undress. And I did so, passively. I was told, when I sat on a bed, to lie down. And, passively, I did so. That passivity, I believe, preserved a great deal of energy and left me with all my strength to withstand the torture. I felt I was becoming a vegetable, casting aside all logical emotions and sensations—fear, hatred, desire for vengeance. To feel any emotion or sensation meant wasting energy.

In my opinion, this is sound advice. Once it has been determined that a human being is to be tortured, nothing can prevent that torture from taking place. And it's best to allow yourself to be led meekly toward pain and through pain, rather than to struggle resolutely, as if you were a normal human being. The vegetable attitude can save a life.

More than once during those days of solitary confinement, I was brusquely awakened by someone shouting, "Think! Don't sleep, think!" But I refused to think. I behaved as if my mind were occupied with infinite diverse tasks. Concrete, specific tasks, chores. To think meant becoming conscious of what was happening to me, imagining what might be happening to my wife and children; to think meant trying to imagine a way to relieve this situation, to wedge an opening in my relationship with the jailers. In that solitary universe of the tortured, any attempt to relate to reality

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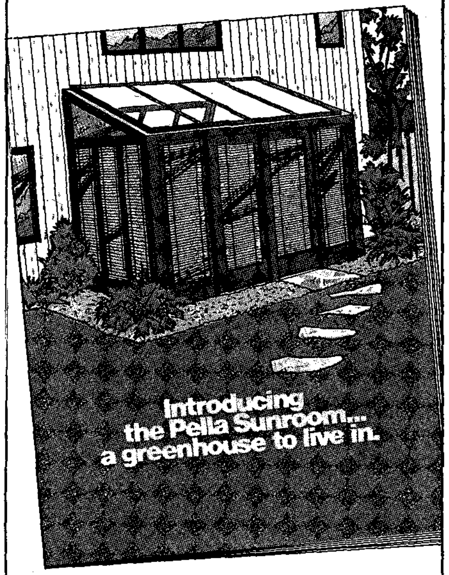
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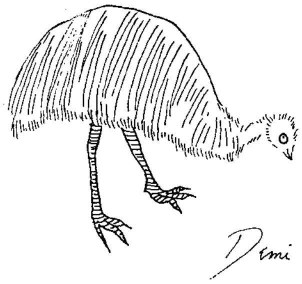
was an immense, painful effort leading to nothing.

When I was not blindfolded, I'd spend a few minutes—I believe it was minutes—moving a hand or a leg and observing the movement fixedly, in order to experience some sense of mobility. Once, a fly entered the cell, and it was a real holiday watching it flit around—for hours, until it disappeared through the small crack by which the jailers communicated with me. Then, after these "important" episodes in my life were over, my mental labor began. I decided to write a book about my wife's eyes. It would be titled "Rische's Eyes in the Cell Without a Number." Curiously, I wasn't thinking about my wife as such, for that would have been acutely painful; I was simply organizing myself, like a poet at his desk before undertaking some inspired professional endeavor. I held a long discussion with myself about what style to employ. Modelling it after Pablo Neruda would result in an inadequate romanticism, perhaps; whereupon I recalled Federico García Lorca's style in "Poet in New York," and came up with a few lines. But then I began wondering if perhaps Stefan George's symbolism might not be more appropriate, for in a certain way it was linked with Franz Kafka's world. But if my quest for a style were to end here, that meant that my mental writing had to begin. And the important thing was for that quest to last as long as possible. I recalled the work of Chaim Nachman Bialik—particularly one of his poems about a pogrom—but his work struck me as being too peculiar to Eastern European experience; as for Vladimir Mayakovsky, he seemed overly Russian in his love poems to Lila Brik and too verbose in his poetry about the Russian Revolution. I likewise dismissed Paul Éluard; Claudel was unadaptable, and Aragon didn't especially impress me. There remained, of course, the poets of my youth: Walt Whitman, Carl Sandburg, and the Spaniards Miguel Hernández and Luis Cernuda. Finally, I settled on Stephen Spender, and began to write, in my mind.



One might think that the selection of a style would bring back memories of the times when I first read these writers. Memory is the chief enemy of the solitary tortured man—nothing is more dangerous. But I managed to develop certain passivity-inducing devices for withstanding torture and certain anti-memory devices for those hours in the solitary cell. I refused to remember anything that connected with actual experience—I was a professional stoic dedicated to his task. The book I was working on absorbed me for days, but now I can't remember a single line. For a time, I recalled passages; now they are deeply buried. And the thought that they may resurface is as frightening as the notion of reliving those solitary hours. Someday, I suppose, I'll be forced to reëncounter myself by way of all that. Perhaps I'm experiencing the same problem as Argentina—an unwillingness to be aware of one's own drama.

Another activity was to organize a bookstore. I thought about how one day I'd be free, figuring that several long years might elapse before that moment—maybe ten or fifteen. Thinking in terms of a prolonged span of time is extremely useful when there is no fixed sentence, for it annihilates hope, and hope is synonymous with anxiety and anguish. I imagined my eventual arrival in Israel and the need to engage in some work. I decided that a bookstore would be the most suitable way for two voracious readers like me and my wife to earn a living. I speculated on all the details: the size of the main room, the name of the store, the typography of the sign on the window, the sorts of books we'd sell, whether it would be a good idea to install a literary salon on an upper floor, or perhaps an experimental-film society. A detailed task of this sort could easily keep me occupied for days. Following the same method, I organized a newspaper in Madrid and another in New York, planned my life on a kibbutz, and wrote a film for Ingmar Bergman to direct on the solitude of a tortured man. In my solitary-confinement cell and during interrogations and long torture sessions, and after sessions, when only time remained—all of time, time on all sides and in every cranny of the cell, time suspended on the walls, time on the ground, in my hands—I tried through every available means to maintain some professional activity, disconnected from the events going on

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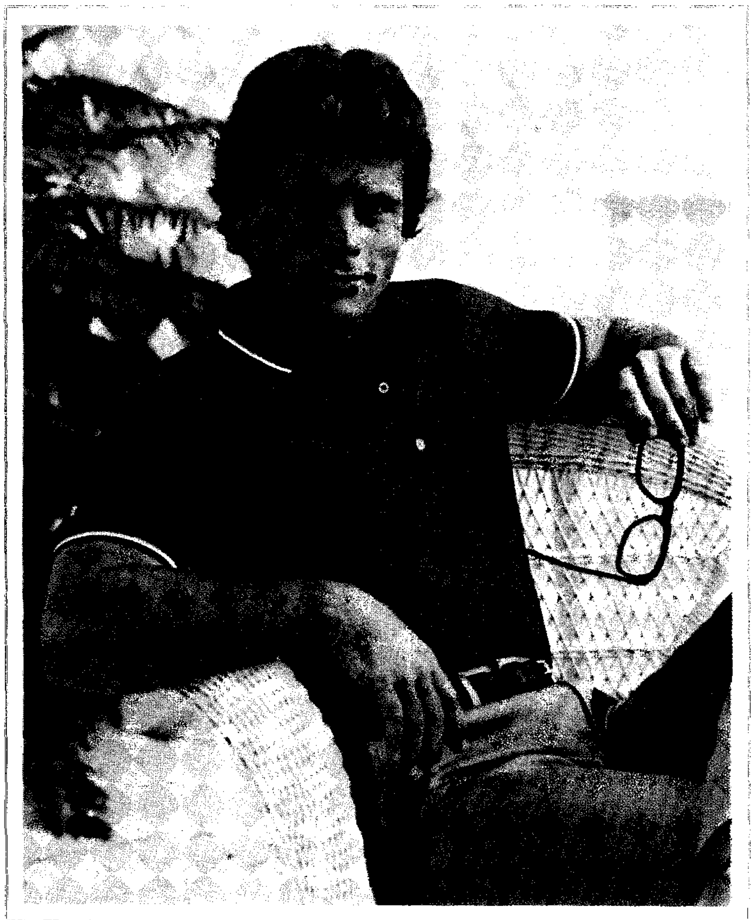

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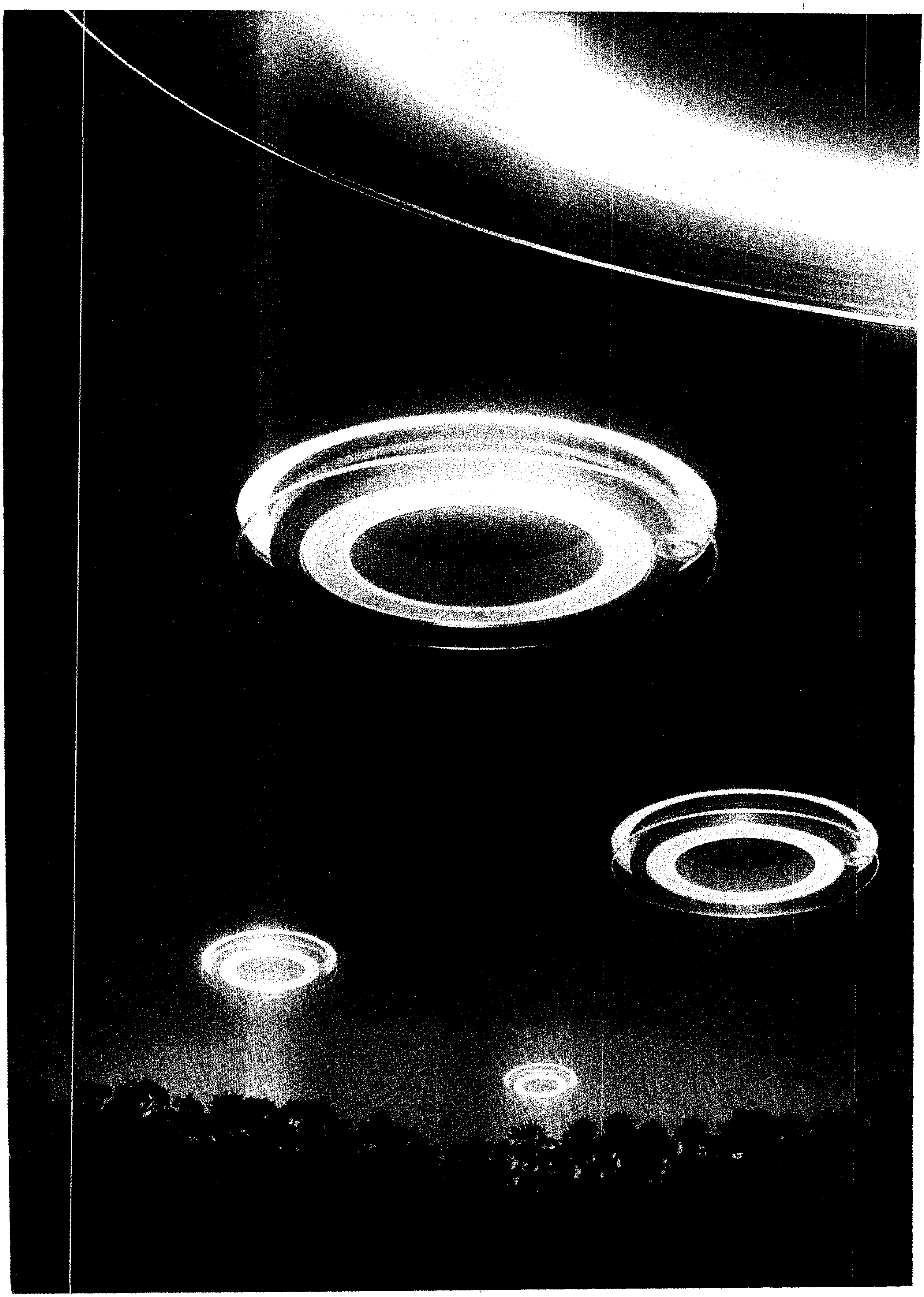

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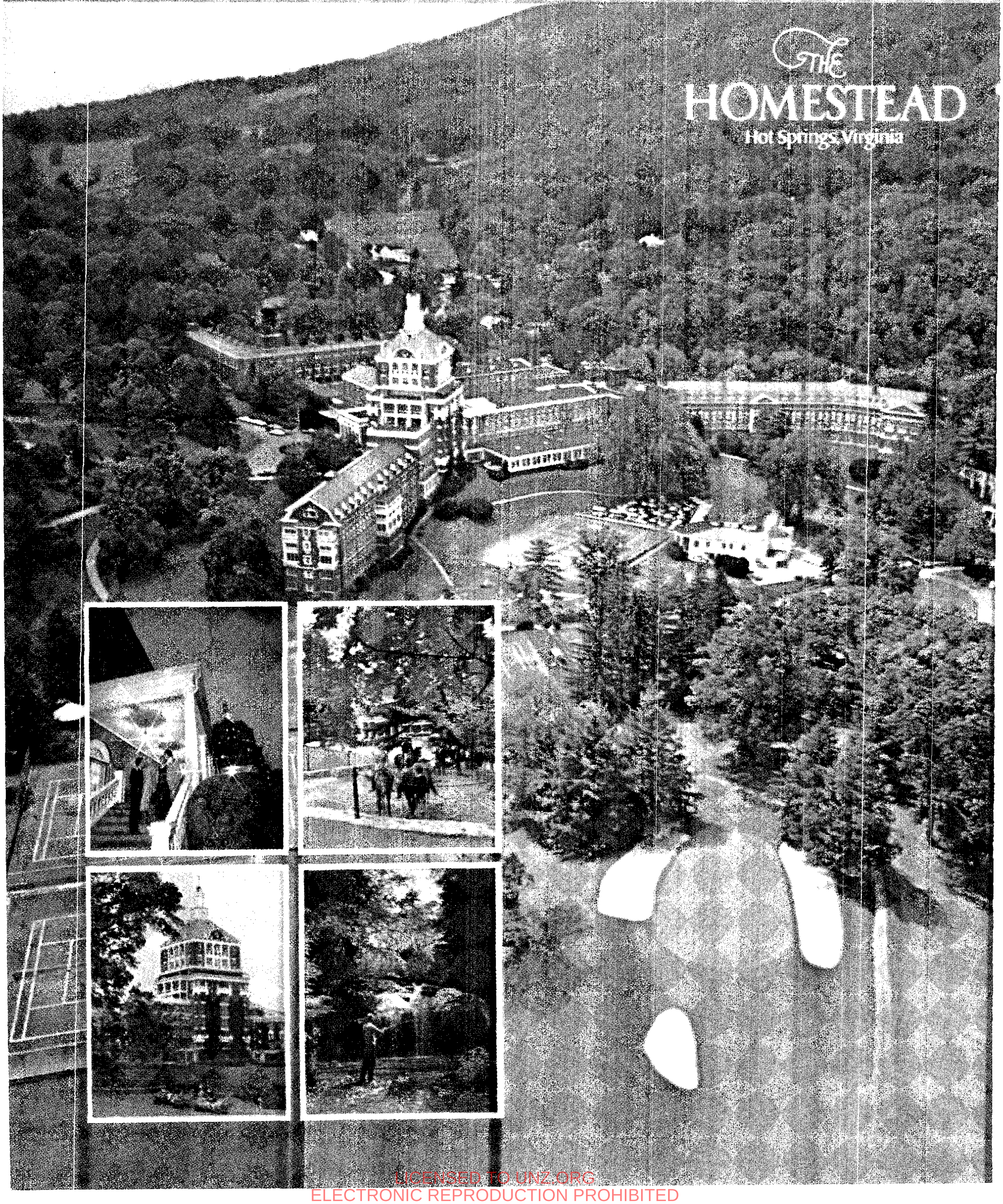
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around me, or the events that I imagined to be going on around me. Deliberately, I evaded conjecture about my own destiny, that of my family, of the nation. I devoted myself simply to being consciously a solitary man entrusted with a specific task.

At times, something—some lingering physical pain following an interrogation, hunger, the need for a human voice, for contact, for a memory—would cause the mechanism of withdrawal to fail, and I would have to devote several hours to reconstructing it. I always did manage to withdraw again, and thus was able to avoid lapsing into that other mechanism of tortured solitary prisoners—establishing a bond with one's jailers or torturers. Each party seems to feel some need of the other. For the torturer, it is a sense of omnipotence, without which he'd find it hard, perhaps, to exercise his profession (the torturer needs to be needed by the tortured), whereas the man who is being tortured finds in his torturer a human voice, the possibility of a dialogue, some partial recognition of his human condition—he asks for pity, asks to go to the bathroom, asks for another plate of soup, for the result of a football game. I was able to avoid all that.

Later, when I was moved from that clandestine jail into a cell in a legal prison, it became possible for me to have family visits, and my new guards would have allowed packages of food to be brought to me in exchange for a gift. I didn't take advantage of this system, and my wife was told by a policeman that I was punishing myself, playing the martyr. I don't know why I opted for such proud asceticism. Today, I am unable to judge how sensible an idea it was, but then it helped to give me an idea of my own reserves, and I rejoiced. The other recourse would have provided consolation but not joy.

Still later, when my situation had improved further, there were other prisoners, we were allowed to talk, each cell was provided with a latrine (a hole in the floor). We could bathe every day. We began cooking our own food, played long card games, read newspapers, and were allowed to receive certain books, clean clothing, blankets and sheets, a radio. We had all been tortured, to a greater or lesser degree. Talking to one another, we discovered that a torture session to soften a man up for interrogation always followed immediately upon his arrest, though in some cases many days elapsed between torture session and interrogation. Some prisoners were never interrogated at all. I think that the tortures were performed in old buildings in small villages near Buenos Aires—generally in some rebuilt kitchen or in a large cell where an electric cable could be installed. Torture centers existed in military barracks, of course, but always in their basements or in abandoned kitchens. The torturers nevertheless tried to create a more sophisticated image of the torture sites, as if thereby endowing their activity with a more elevated status. Their military leaders encouraged fantasies of important sites, exclusive methods, original techniques, novel equipment. The conversion of dirty, dark, gloomy places into a universe of spontaneous innovation and institutional "beauty" was one of the most arousing pleasures for torturers. It was as if they felt themselves to be masters of the force required to alter reality. And it placed them again in the world of omnipotence. The omnipotence they felt assured them of impunity—gave them a sense of immunity to pain, guilt, emotional imbalance.

Inevitably, since my release, the first question I've been asked by anyone has concerned the torture I underwent. Yet for the man who has been tortured and has survived this is perhaps the least important topic. In conversations with other prisoners, I discovered the following curious fact: our preoccupations revolved entirely around how long we'd be in jail, and our family's situation and economic needs. If by chance the topic of torture came up, it was only in a random remark that didn't seem of consummate interest to anyone: "I had five days on the machine." "They put me on the machine with my clothes on." "The machine hurt my head." Sometimes, on hearing the howls that rose from the basement, a prisoner might say, as if in passing, "They're giving someone the machine." Torture forms part of a prisoner's ordinary routine—something that has already been undergone and is now the turn of others, some of whom will survive, others not. It occupies a very limited place in the life of the tortured person, and when

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he is newly freed and is able to speak openly he's astonished at the importance that mankind attaches to the subject.

IN the entrance hall of *La Opinión* stands a weeping woman asking to see me. I don't have the strength for this meeting, because I'm as despairing as she is. My secretary persuades the woman to give her reason for coming to see me. Her two children have disappeared—a girl and a boy, eighteen and fifteen years old. They were taken from the house while she was out. The neighbors said they saw two cars with armed men. She was told at her district police station that the police had no knowledge of the incident, that it was not an official act. She tells my secretary she's convinced that the editor-in-chief of a newspaper is sufficiently powerful to find her children.

It's a lie. She isn't convinced; she knows that I can do nothing. Everyone knows that I can do nothing. But people have no place else to go; they come to *La Opinión* because, they claim, it's the only daily newspaper that shows any concern over those who have disappeared.

I anticipate this woman's story and therefore don't receive her. I receive some, not others. It depends on the degree of despair that I'm feeling the day they arrive. And they arrive in large numbers. How can I tell this woman that if I published the story about her children it would most likely amount to a death sentence? How can I tell her that the government will never tolerate the assumption that a newspaper article can save a life? To permit this would mean losing the power of repression, the utilization of fear and silence.

Yet when my secretary tells me the story how can I live with it? Well, one can live with it. The Germans did, the Italians did, the Russians do, the Paraguayans do, the Chileans do, the Czechs do, the Uruguayans do.

Later, however, a strategy for helping that mother occurs to me. I realize that nothing can be printed in the newspaper and that I cannot phone the garrison where the mother believes that her children are being held, for then they would certainly be killed. What I can do is to send a reporter to the headquarters of one of the three branches of the armed forces—not, obviously, the branch where the mother thinks they are held. Competition among the three armed forces is an old Argentine tradition, as are sus-

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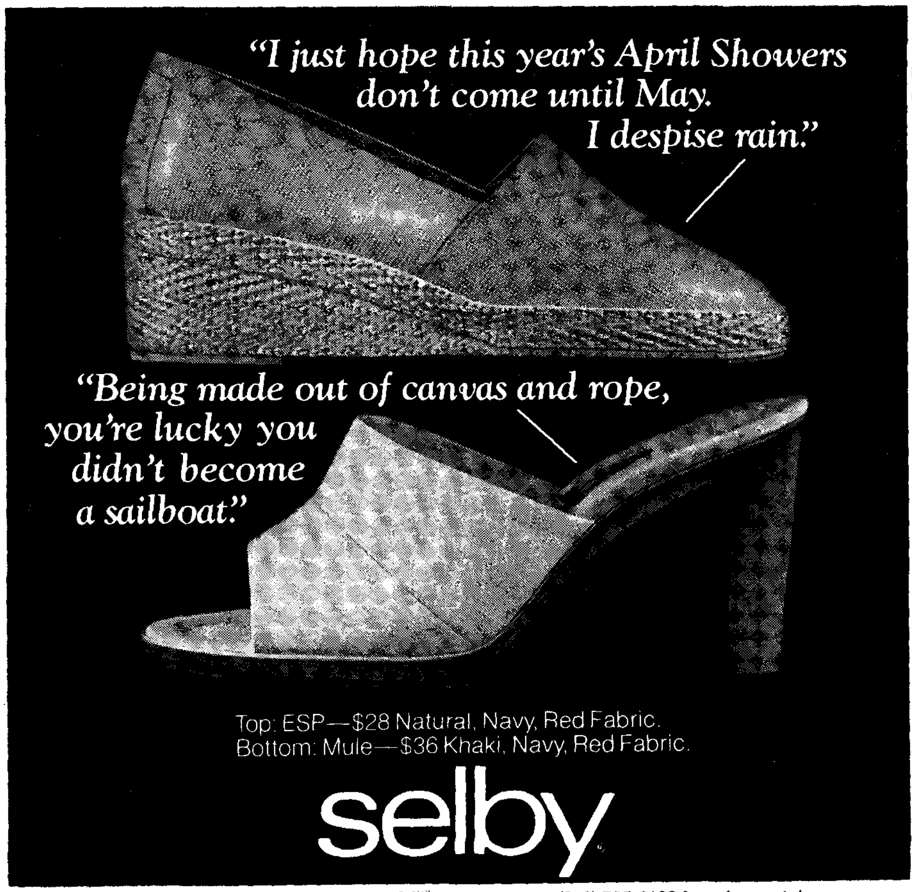
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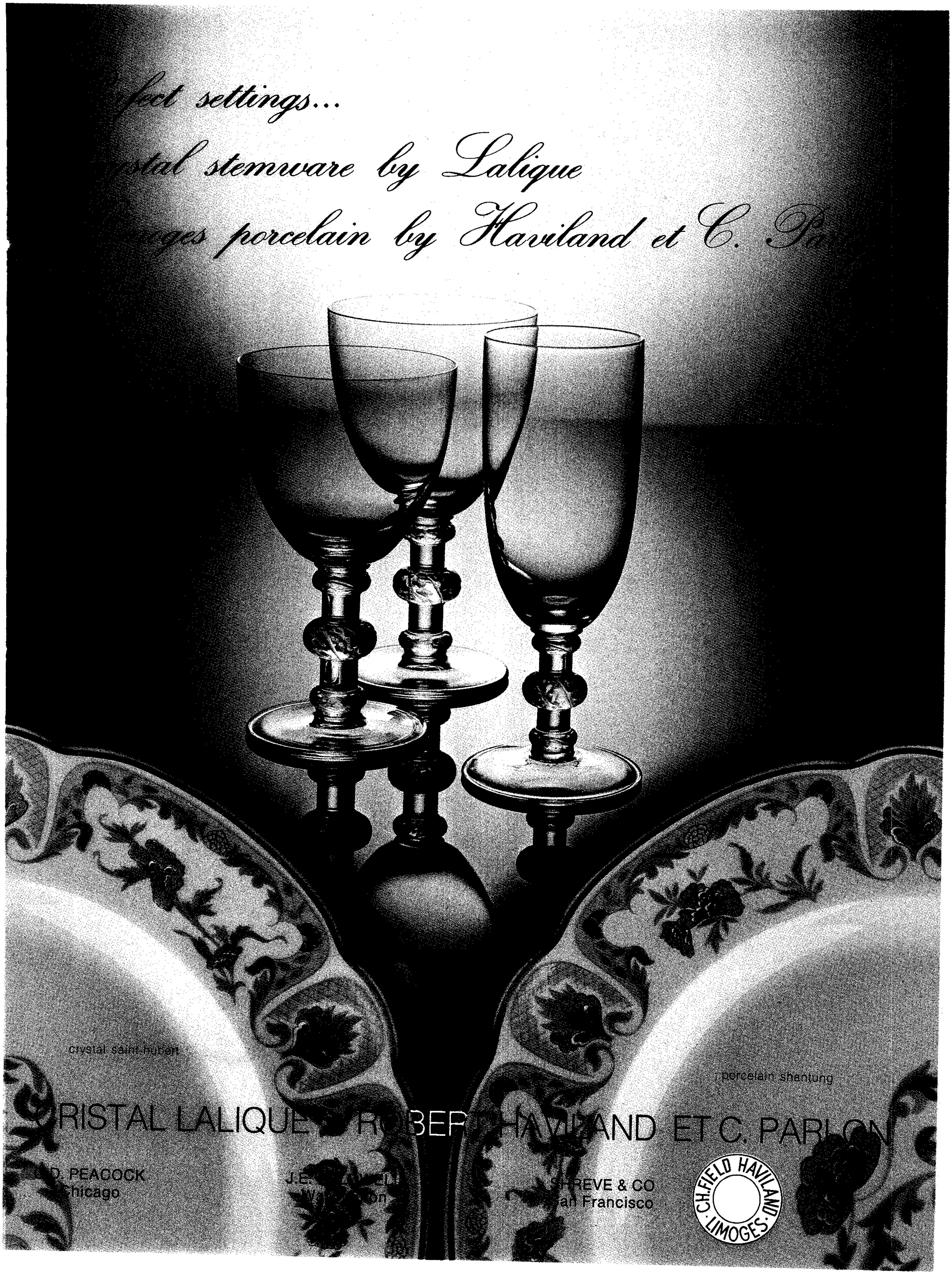
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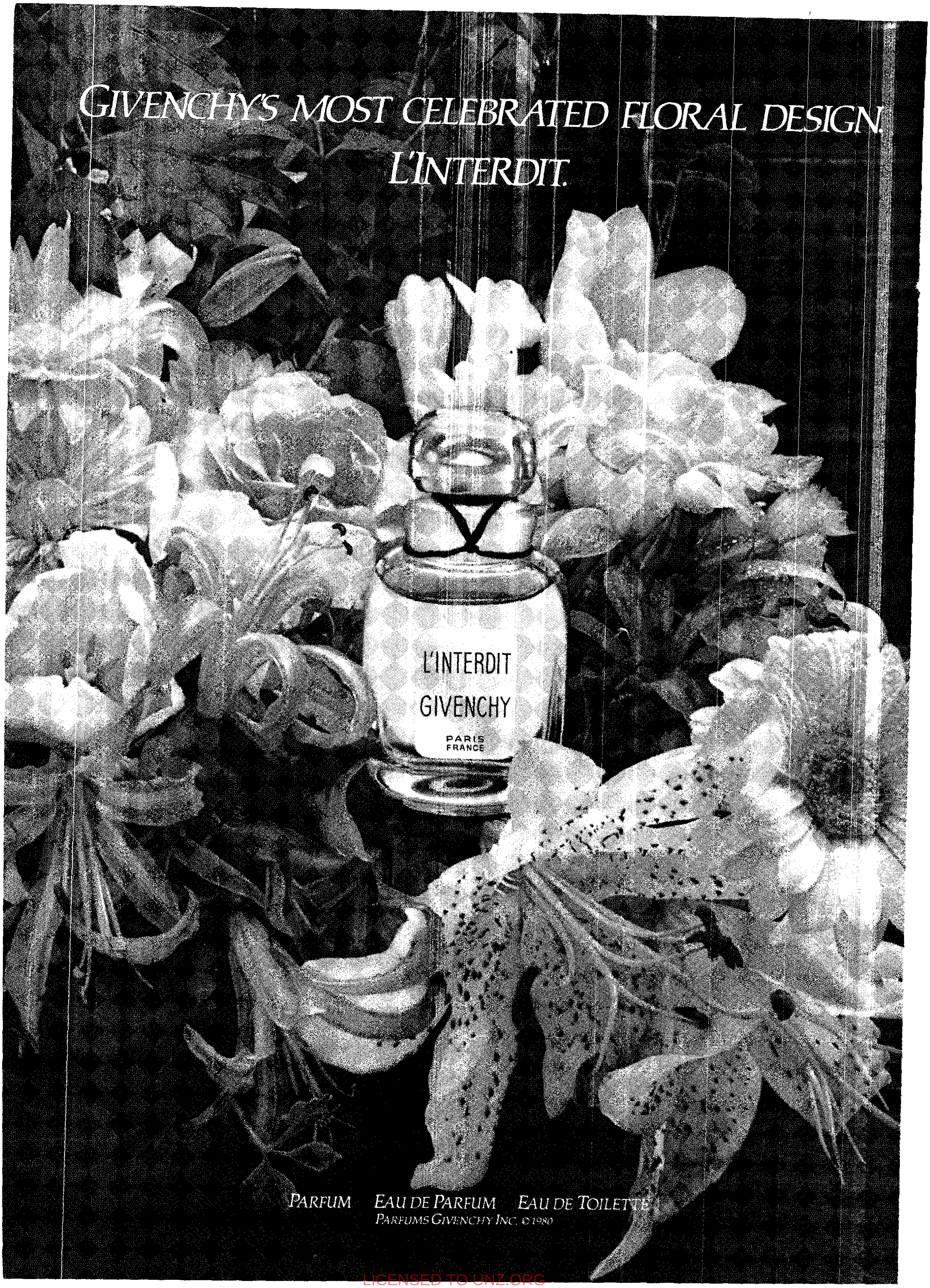
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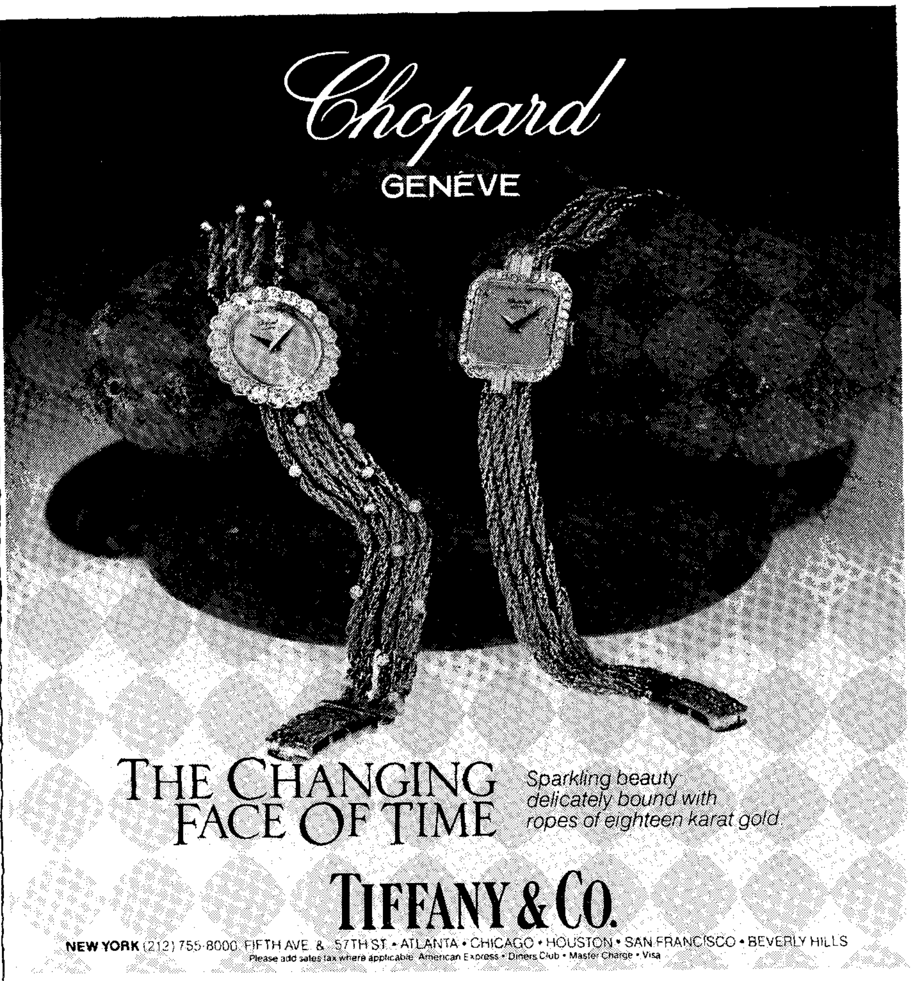
picion and intrigue. All that the reporter need do is to mention that an officer from the branch actually holding the children had been heard to say that both children were being held at the headquarters the reporter is now visiting. His hosts, worried about their image, will order their own intelligence service to inquire into the whereabouts of the children. The stratagem works and the children are located; though the boy will never reappear, the girl is saved.

IN Buenos Aires, there's a place that we onetime habitués converted into an almost private club—the basement bar and restaurant of the Plaza Hotel. The wood panelling, the tables and chairs, the china—all had a pleasantly Art Nouveau look. The tourists didn't bother us; they passed unnoticed. We were a sizable group—almost a crowd—of executives, businessmen, journalists, politicians, and high public officials. We had our favorite dishes and enjoyed the snobbism whereby the maître d's, waiters, and sommeliers knew our tastes and we knew them by name. We were all aware that whenever a table was reserved in advance the secret police would wire it with a microphone, and this struck us as funny. For years, I had held conversations in that place with future Argentine Presidents and former Argentine Presidents, with ministers and ex-ministers. I had been practicing political journalism since 1946, and had come to the restaurant the first time as the guest of a politician. Now, as the head of a newspaper, I was the one who did the inviting. Greetings were exchanged from table to table. I often saw high government officials greeting first civilians and then military officers who were conspiring to overthrow that particular government. Sometimes people having lunch at one table wound up having coffee and liqueur with members of another table. Diplomats came to ask questions, politicians to get information, journalists to gather news, the military to make contacts, corporate managers to do public relations with the present or future power. That near-frivolous climate lasted for years. But with the growth of rightist and leftist violence the climate began to change. Our group began to suffer some temporary casualties through kidnappings and some permanent casualties through assassinations. We also missed those who had decided to live abroad. "Abroad" generally meant merely taking up resi-



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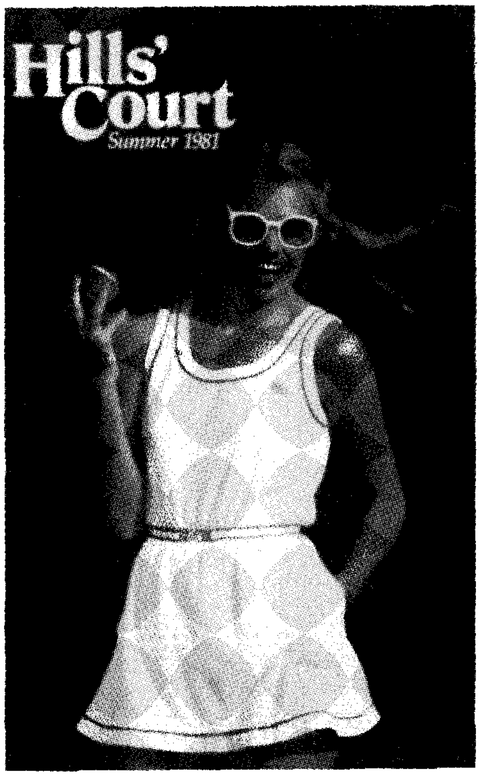

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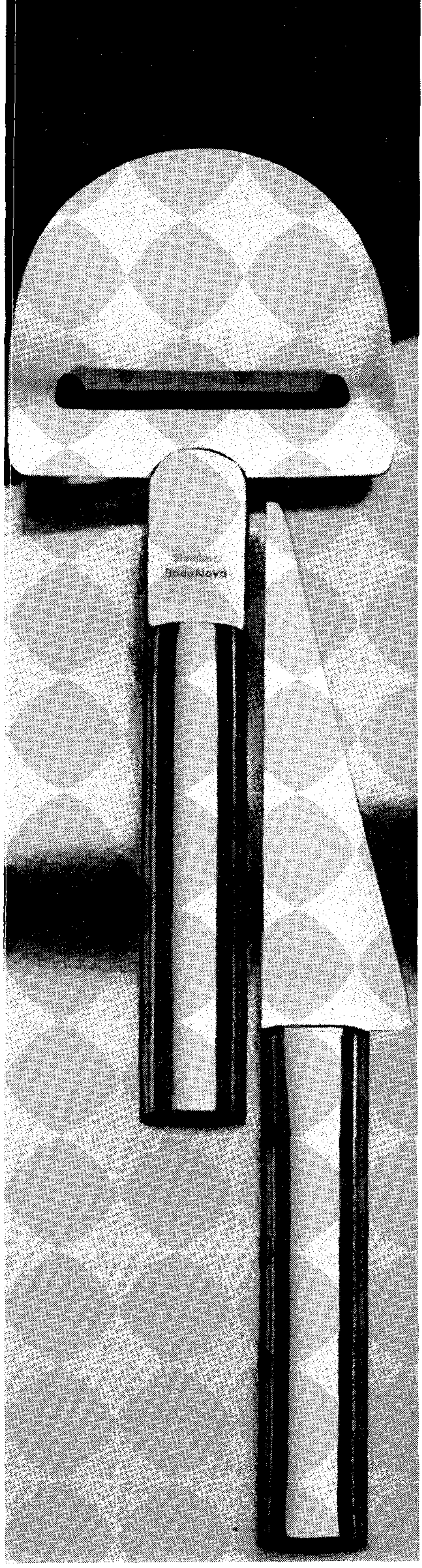

dence in the beautiful beach resort of Punta del Este, on the Uruguayan coast, barely forty minutes away by plane, and we'd see these emigrants on weekends or in the summer. But during those years from 1972 through 1976 our group did begin experiencing certain uncustomary worries and fears.

In 1976, a few weeks after the fall of Isabel Perón and the rise to power of the Military Junta, I met an officer of the Argentine Navy at one of these lunches. Like many of the military of that period, he had an almost visceral hatred of the Perónist urban guerrillas. The mere notion that the guerrillas wanted to beat the military on the field of battle was more than the military could tolerate. And though this was not the first time that the Argentine armed forces had taken power by overthrowing a popularly elected government—after all, they had also done it in 1930, 1943, 1955, 1962, and 1966—there had never before been such systematized hatred of the opposition. This man, who was in his early forties, had undoubtedly begun his career at the age of thirteen in the Naval Academy, and he could verify that never had such hatred existed among his peers, or such pleasure in the hatred.

All my efforts to steer the conversation toward an analysis of long- and short-term political measures that would benefit the country clashed with his conviction of the need to exterminate everyone opposed to his views. Barely forty-eight hours earlier, it had been discovered accidentally that all the food destined for a certain group of officers had been poisoned. If the meal, which was cancelled at the last minute, had taken place, twelve high-ranking officers would certainly have died.

"What would you do, Timerman, if the culprits were arrested?"

"It was obviously the guerrillas," I answered. "I'd submit them to military law and aim for a public trial, inviting journalists and foreign jurists to attend."

"For what purpose?"

"During the trial, the motives and methods of leftist subversion would inevitably emerge. The whole muddle of improvised ideas that represents the guerrillas' pattern of thinking—the divergence between their alleged aims and their methods—would be exposed, stripped of the romanticism bestowed on it by its clandestine nature and presumed martyrdom. Argentina, from an internal point of view, would benefit from such a political and judicial process. The political defeat of subversion is as important as its military defeat. Using legal methods to curb violence would eliminate one of the major elements exploited by subversion—the illegal nature of repression."

"But, Timerman, don't you understand that applying legal methods is equivalent to the death sentence?"

"I know. It's hard, but it's acceptable."

"So you'd be willing to accept the death sentence for those people?"

"Yes, I'd accept it. I do accept it."

"Fine. Well, you can be happy—they've already been executed."

"Without trial, defense, or anyone's knowledge?"

"If we had followed the method you advise, we would have had to delay their execution after they'd been sentenced to death."

"Why?"

"Because the Pope would have intervened."

"Surely it's preferable to reject a petition from the Pope rather than to mar the entire political process with a flagrant, bloody illegality that jeopardizes it in the future. All that you'll be accomplishing, once this phase is over, is a resurgence of vengeance and violence. The seeds of future violence are being planted."

"You're a Jew and don't understand that we can't deny a petition from the Holy Father."

"But the Pope would agree to a life sentence."

"And we'd be allowing a twenty-year-old terrorist to remain alive and maybe receive amnesty in ten or fifteen years when a Congress in this country might pass amnesty laws. But if we exterminate them all there will be fear for several generations."

"What do you mean by all?"

"All—about twenty thousand people. And their relatives, too—they must be eradicated. And also those who remember their names."

"And what makes you think that the Pope will not protest such repression? Many governments, political leaders, trade-union leaders, and scientists throughout the world are already protesting."

"Not a trace or a witness will remain."

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nation that has remained divided." "Hitler lost the war. We will win."

I LEFT the meeting with the naval officer at the Plaza Hotel filled with dreams of glory and combat. Convinced that I held many cards in my hand, I accepted the challenge. I sent a journalist to London to spend a week at the Institute for the Study of Conflict. I was told that the people there had done several investigations of democratic methods of combatting leftist terrorism. We collected material and published it in a special supplement to *La Opinión*. The British Embassy informed me that a number of Argentina's military leaders had requested further information and wanted to consult the sources used by *La Opinión*. They sent for some books. All the books concurred, in varying degrees, that irrational, illegal repression on the part of a government compromises any future political victory and the formation of a democratic society. Illegal repression leaves the door open for a return of left-wing terrorism. Such repression cannot be indefinitely maintained. When it is over, terrorism returns, armed with the baggage of martyrdom.

I met with an ex-President of Argentina. I proposed that he and other living ex-Presidents jointly sign a document opposing violence in any form, of either the Right or the Left, and in favor of legal methods of curbing terrorism. Such a proposal might work, he thought, if, in advance, editorials supporting it appeared in all the newspapers. I told him that *La Opinión* was prepared to print such an editorial, and we expected that certain small newspapers would join us, but that it was unlikely any other major paper would. Still, I would try to persuade them. Both of us failed. A member of his family died in the attempt. An ex-secretary disappeared forever.

I instructed political reporters and military columnists on *La Opinión* to broaden their contacts with leaders on both sides in order to locate any democratic leader who cared to comment or to write an article, any military official who foresaw the national peril in the illegality that was encroaching on the judicial process. Hardly anyone cared to talk to us. We were quite alone. Some reporters resigned.

ENTIRE families disappeared. The bodies were covered with cement and thrown to the bottom of the riv-

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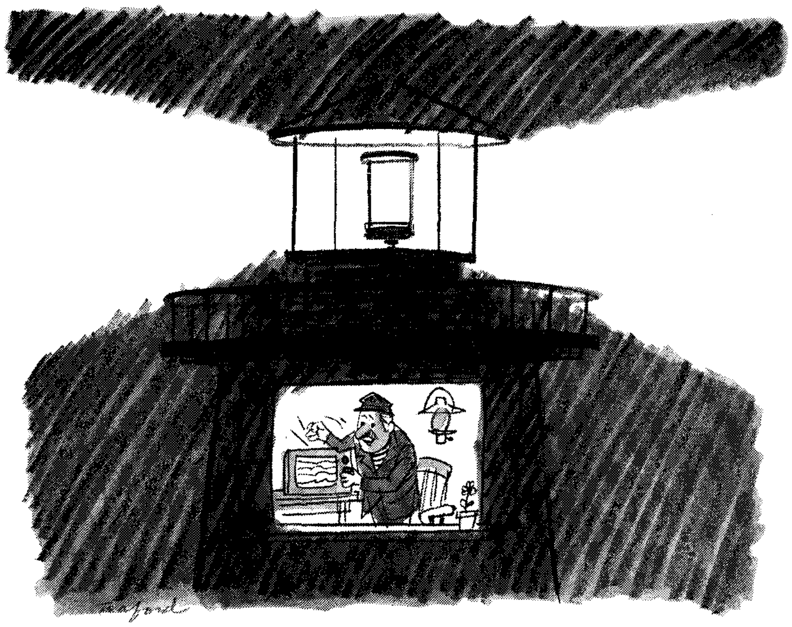

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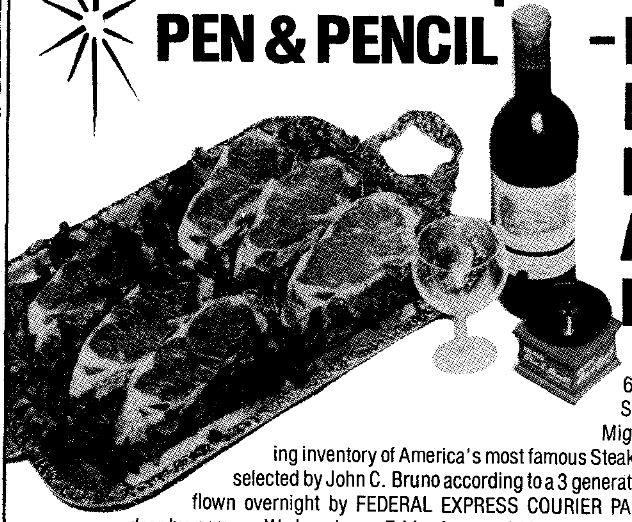

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er. The Plata River, the Paraná River. Sometimes the cement was badly applied, and corpses would wash up along the Argentine and Uruguayan coasts. A mother recognized her fifteen-year-old son, an Argentine, who appeared on the Uruguayan coast. But that was an accident—the corpses usually vanished forever. The corpses were thrown into old cemeteries, under existing graves, never to be found. The corpses were heaved into the middle of the sea from helicopters. The corpses were dismembered and burned.

When there was mercy, small children were turned over to grandparents. Or presented to childless families. Or sold to childless families. Or taken to Chile, Paraguay, Brazil, and given to childless families.

The people who participated in these procedures were generally transferred after a time to other regions or duties. The places where massacres took place were altered. Old buildings were demolished, their sites converted into public gardens or sold to builders who would quickly put up new apartment houses on them.

Yet even amid victory the Argentine military discovered that everything was known. And that is the chief advantage they've handed the guerrillas and terrorism: an acknowledgment that their own terrorist irrationality exceeds that of their opponents.

No, there was no successful Night and Fog policy, nor will there be. What there was, from the start, was the great silence, which appears in every civilized country that passively accepts the inevitability of violence and fear—that silence which can transform any nation into an accomplice, that silence which existed in Germany under Hitler and in the Soviet Union under Stalin. Such silence begins in the channels of communication. Although certain political leaders, institutions, and priests attempt to denounce what is happening, they are unable to establish contact with the population. Then silence finds another ally: solitude. The person who wants to fight senses his solitude and is frightened. Whereupon the silence reverts to patriotism. Fear finds its great moral revelation in patriotism, with its indubitable capacity for justification, its climate of glory and sacrifice. Only abroad, where there is no Night and Fog, can the truth be revealed. That, however, is "the Anti-Argentine Campaign." It's best, therefore, to be a patriot and not remain in solitude; to stay out of politics and stay alive.

AN old one-story house in the village of Martínez, a suburb of Buenos Aires. Formerly a police station. In the basement is a corridor lined with several cells. Here prisoners are enclosed. The walls are perpetually damp. One of the cells hasn't been opened up for a year. They say a guerrilla is inside. The prisoners have no names, the cells have no numbers in this clandestine prison. It is known as Coti Martínez.

A guard asks me for work for one of his sons, who doesn't want to study—a boy of fourteen who's causing him problems and whom he'd like to have learn a good trade. I recommend a trade school, and, despite the fact of my disappearance, the guard isn't worried about visiting the director of this school and using my name to apply for an opening for his son. He doesn't feel he's doing anything incorrect, and he goes on to explain to me that it's all simply a matter of preventing thieves —at first he says Jews but then corrects himself—from carrying off Argentina's money. He has his morals: When he's sent by his boss to find a terrorist, he will kill the man and others with him—wife, parents, children—only if resistance is offered; if the terrorist doesn't resist, he's brought to the boss. Only if the boss issues the order does the guard place the revolver at the prisoner's neck and kill him. He doesn't kill for pleasure—only out of necessity or in obedience to an order. There are others, he says, who do it for pleasure or in the sporting spirit, competing with the others in the number of *enfriados*, or captives who wind up as "cold bodies." He's a nice man, who looks after his diet, brings his utensils from home because he thinks that the ones in the kitchen are contaminated, hopes to be able to retire soon, while he's still young—since his job is dangerous, the years of service are calculated as double. When his bosses are not around, he lets me use their bathroom.

I'VE been thrown to the ground in the cell. It's hot. My eyes are blindfolded. Two days have gone by without torture. The doctor comes to see me and removes the blindfold. I ask him if he isn't worried about my seeing his face. He acts surprised. "I'm your friend. The one who takes care of you when they apply the ma-

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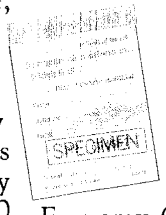

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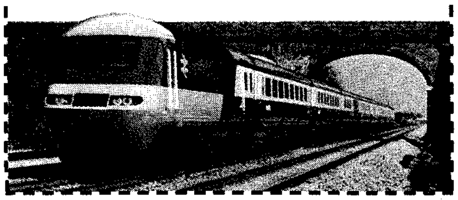


chine. Have you had something to eat?"

"I have trouble eating. I'm drinking water. They gave me an apple."

"You're doing the right thing. Eat lightly. After all, Gandhi survived on much less. If you need something, call me."

"My gums hurt. They applied the machine to my mouth."

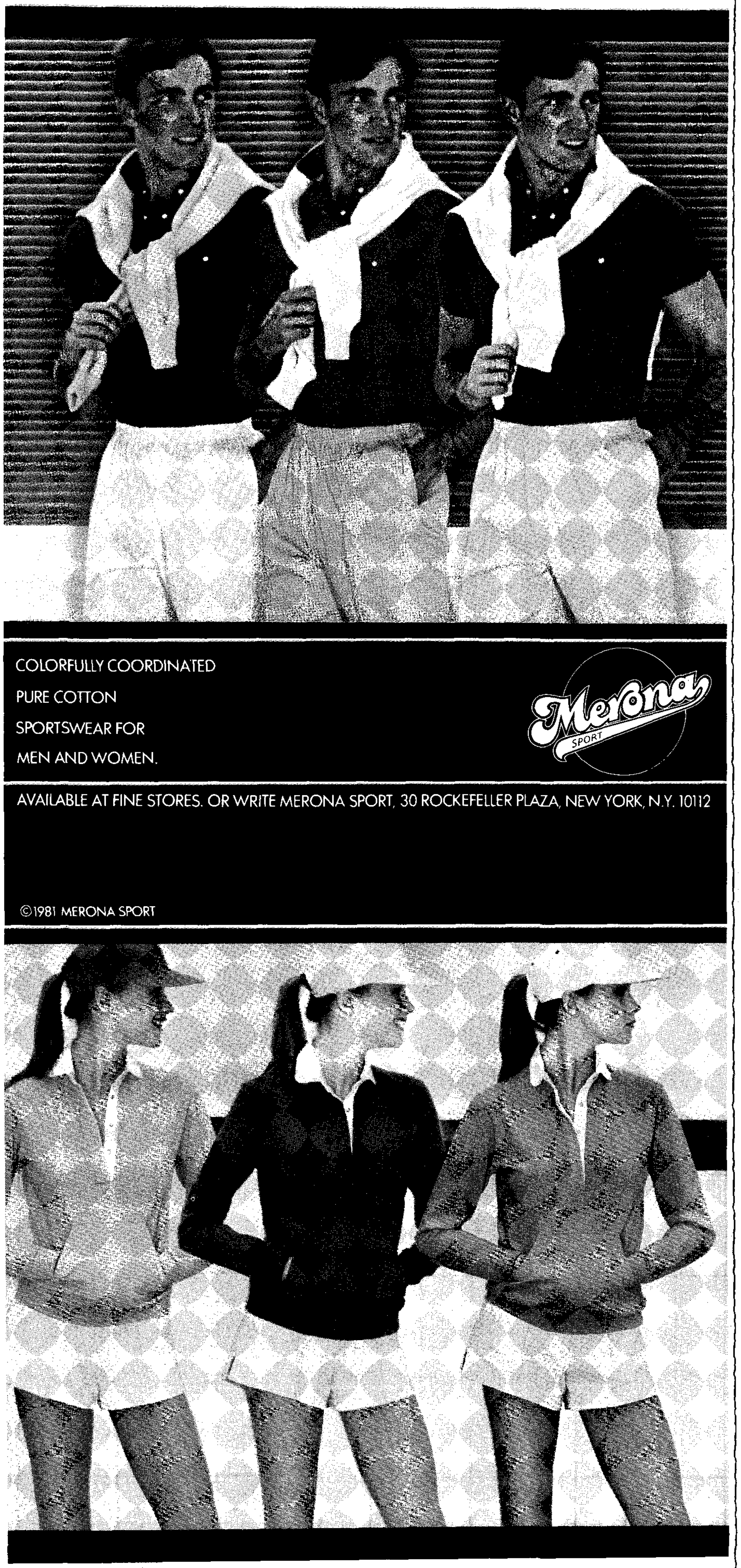
He examines my gums and advises me not to worry—I'm in perfect health. He tells me he's proud of the way I withstood it all. Some people die on their torturers, without a decision having been made to kill them; this is regarded as a professional failure. He indicates that I was once a friend of his father's, also a police doctor. His features do seem familiar. I mention his father's name: this is indeed the son. He assures me that I'm not going to be killed. I tell him that I haven't been tortured for two days, and he's pleased.

I'm transferred to police headquarters in the city of La Plata, and as we enter the city my blindfold is removed. I recognize the city, where I was a university student many years ago. A typical student city, with wide, tree-lined streets. I often came to police headquarters for various transactions. Now I'm led through the Fire Department entrance into the basement. I keep walking, my hands tied behind me. There's a corridor, and propped against one wall is a painter's high ladder. The blindfold is again placed over my eyes, and one of my hands is tied to the bottom step of the ladder. I can either sit or lie down.

I remain this way for a couple of days, given only water. Every once in a while, I'm allowed to go to the bathroom. I'm spoken to amiably—without shouts, insults, jeers, or sarcasm. People here recognize me, recall my television appearances. I'm told that the newspapers are writing about me, and I'm assured that I'll be all right.

My blindfold is removed—that is all. Different guards take turns. They alternate every six hours. I begin to recognize them. There's one who gives me a kick whenever he passes, without saying a word. I question another guard about why he does this. He asks me to be understanding: The lad's a fine boy, but he can't stand Jews.

The interrogation takes place in the chief inspector's private dining room, on the top floor. Two people will question me; they're having lunch, and I'm invited to share their meal. They assure me that all they want to do is hold



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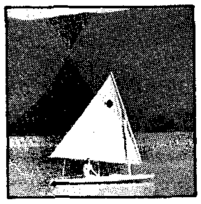
a political conversation. They have certain points in their favor, however: I've been subjected to days of torture and have signed many papers that they claim are statements I made. They flourish the papers in front of me but don't allow me to read them. They ask me a question. If they like one of my answers, they have me write it out, sign it, and imprint it with the thumb of my right hand. What arouses the most enthusiasm is my theories on the need to combat both rightist and leftist terrorism. They anticipate using these ideas as the basis of their accusation proceedings against me, because, they say, "to identify legal forces with subversion is to be a subversive." I talk briefly about Fascism of the Right and of the Left. They get furious but don't strike me. It's a political conversation. How can I offend Fascism by speaking of it in the same breath as the Left?

During this political conversation, which lasts for perhaps fifteen or twenty hours, all the elements of my luncheon dialogue with the naval officer at the Plaza Hotel are repeated, to some extent. But now the exposition of my ideas is more a confession than an expression of a political proposal. My advocacy of legality is distorted by the interrogators into a tactic designed to weaken the effectiveness of the security forces. The reproduction of articles from other publications is converted into a satanic provocation intended to force the government to close down numerous publications, thereby stirring up confrontations with different groups. Accepting the death penalty as the outcome of a trial is tantamount to presenting the armed forces as murderers.

I reiterate my ideas and convictions. And the interrogators are genuinely satisfied, for I have provided them with the proof that the security forces sought regarding the subversive nature of my journalistic activity. They ask if I'd like to have a bath, and suggest that I take advantage of an opportunity I may not have again for some time. I hesitate slightly, because of my great fatigue. I don't realize, they say, how bad I smell. Indeed, I haven't washed for almost a month. I accept the bath, with a guard posted at the door. In the mirror, I see how thin I am. I must have lost forty or fifty pounds, but there are no signs of torture evident on my body. The scents of soap and water . . . I discover them perhaps for the first time. I am overwhelmed by a forgotten sensation, and am frightened, for until now I'd



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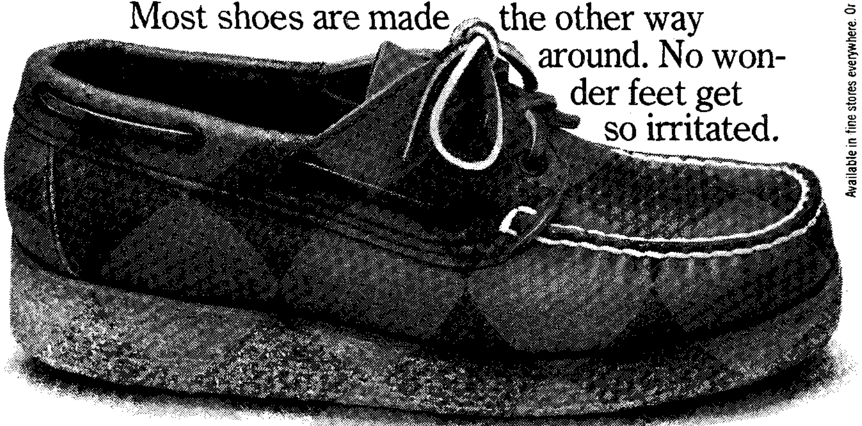

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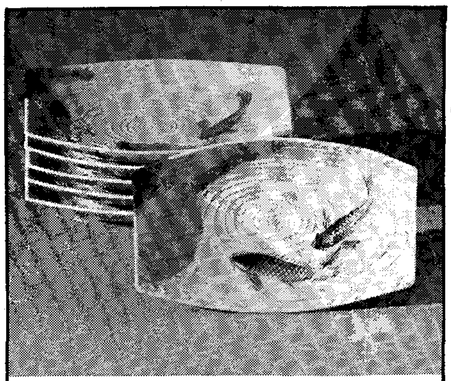

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avoided memories as much as possible.

The examiner returns. He tells me that I've failed to understand his questions. I make one more effort to explain the ideology of *La Opinión*, the battle against leftist and rightist extremism, but to no avail. He turns off the water faucet. I'm still covered with soap.

JANUARY 26, 1980. The English weekly *The Economist* devotes a special section to Argentina—its political, social, and economic aspects. The journalist Robert Harvey writes:

> The use of official terrorism to counter ordinary terrorism made Argentina a more dangerous place than Chile after its coup because the rules of the game, for the government's critics, were so ill-defined. A journalist, for example, might be given a wink by a minister to go ahead and publish an article criticising an aspect of government policy. But he would not know whether a security service belonging to the army, or to the air force, or to the navy, or to the local military governor, or to the provincial governor, or independent of any of these, would or would not take umbrage. And even a top minister might be unable to help him if he was whisked off by a group of unknown men one night.

THEY blindfold me—I'm "boarded up," as they say in police jargon. Someone grabs me by the shoulders and sets me in the direction I'm to go in. I hear voices and have the impression of being in a large room. I assume that I'm going to be made to undress for a torture session. But they sit me down, clothed, and tie my arms behind me. The application of electric shocks begins, penetrating my clothing to the skin. It's extremely painful, but not as bad as when I'm stretched out naked and doused with water. The sensation of the shocks on my head makes me jump in my seat and moan.

No questions are asked. There is merely a barrage of insults, which increase in intensity as the minutes pass. Suddenly, a hysterical voice begins shouting a single word: "Jew! Jew! Jew!" Others join in and form a chorus while clapping their hands, the way we did as children when the Tom Mix film came on the screen at the movies. We'd clap our hands and shout, "Picture! Picture! Picture!"

Now they're really amused, and burst into laughter. Someone tries a variation while still clapping hands: "Clipped prick! Clipped prick!" Whereupon they begin alternating while clapping their hands: "Jew! Clipped prick! Jew! Clipped prick!" It seems they're no longer angry, merely having a good time.

I keep bouncing in the chair and moaning as the electric shocks penetrate my clothes. During one of these tremors, I fall to the ground, dragging the chair. They get angry, like children whose game has been interrupted, and again start insulting me. The hysterical voice rises above the others: "Jew! Jew!"

I ASK my mother why they hate us so. I'm ten years old. The year is 1933, five years after our arrival from Russia. My mother says we're newcomers in Argentina—"greenhorns"—but I don't feel like a newcomer. She talks to me in Yiddish, and I teach her Spanish. She learns, but goes on talking to me in Yiddish and calls me Yankele. She shames me everywhere. But the Spanish translation of Jacob also makes people smile: Jacobo is very Jewish. We are living in one of the poor sections of Buenos Aires, in one room—my parents, my brother, and I. There are two beds, a table, and a closet. It's a large building, and my mother is worried because we're the only Jews. My mother believes that it's dangerous not to have Jewish friends. She keeps arguing about it with my father, but renting a room in the Jewish section—"the city," as my father calls it—is too expensive.

There's much excitement in the building, for this is the weekend when Carnaval festivities begin. I ask my mother if I can go in costume. We have no money to buy a costume, and I know it, but she's a good dressmaker. All the clothes my brother and I wear—pants, shirts, underwear—are sewn by my mother. The only things bought for us are socks; shoes are generally a gift from some wealthy cousins. But I'm not to have a costume for Carnaval, nor will I be allowed to play and celebrate in the street. Carnaval, according to my mother, is an anti-Semitic holiday. People disguise themselves in order to show that the Jews have no country, that they've been dispersed throughout the nations and dress in the clothing of other nationalities.

"Mother, why do they hate us?"

"Because they don't understand."

Yes, my mother in good faith believed that if the anti-Semites understood us, they'd stop hating us. But understand what? Our traditions? Our religion, our culture, our personality? She never told me.

I was held in three clandestine sites

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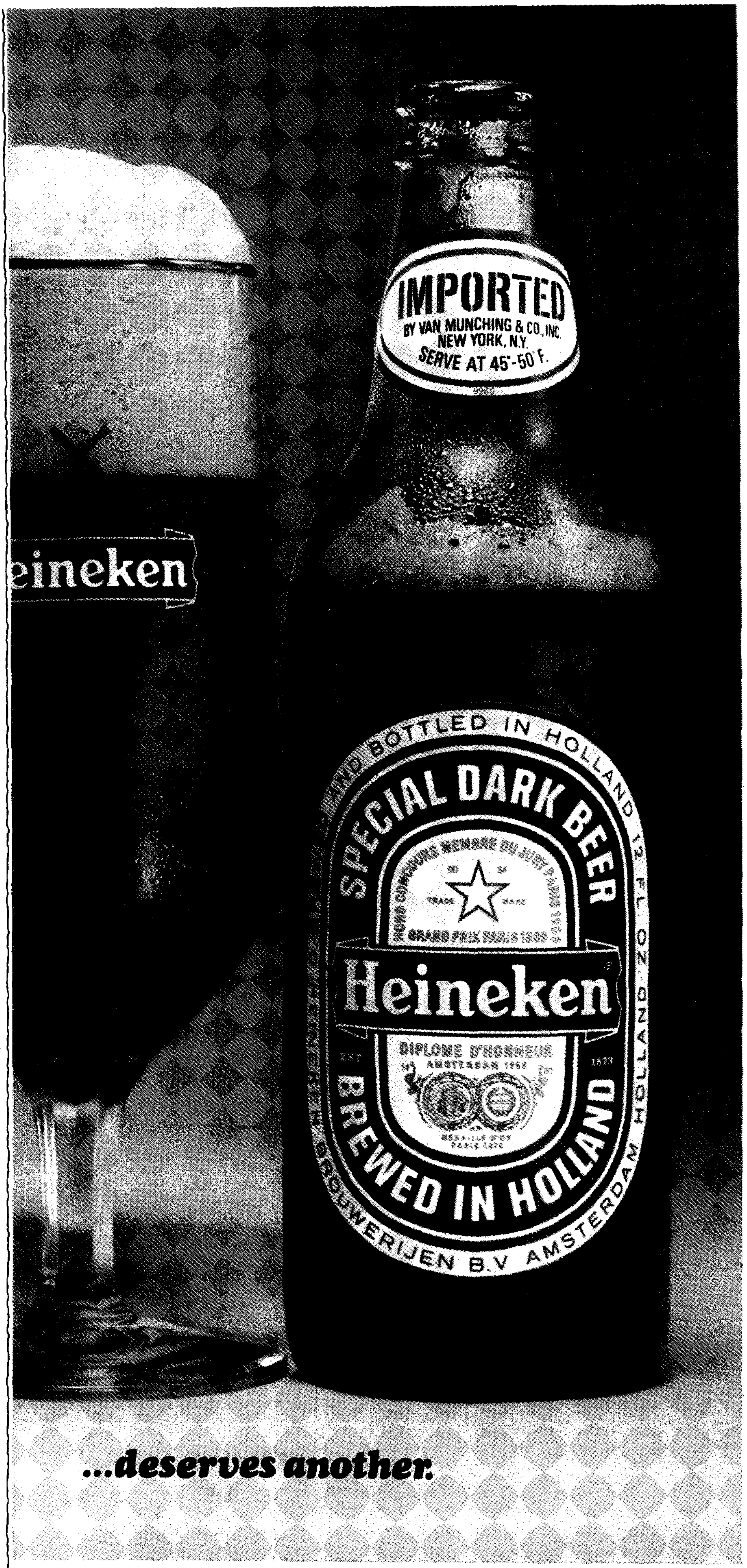
in Argentina, and two legal prisons. I was able to exchange ideas with political prisoners prior to, during, and after my arrest. In Argentina, the military examiners or police felt toward left-wing terrorists the way you might feel toward an enemy. These political prisoners were not spared when it came to torture or murder, but the psychological relationship was simple —confrontation with one's enemy. With Jews, however, there was a desire to eradicate wholesale. Interrogating enemies was a job, but interrogating Jews was a pleasure or a curse. Torturing a Jewish prisoner always yielded a moment of entertainment to the Argentine security forces, a certain pleasurable, leisurely moment. In moments of hatred, when the enemy *must* be hated in order for him to be broken, hatred of the Jew was visceral, explosive, a supernatural bolt. Such hatred was a deeper expression than the mere aversion aroused by an enemy, for it expressed, in addition, the need for a hated object and the simultaneous fear of that object—the almost magical inevitability of hatred. One could hate a political prisoner for belonging to the opposite camp, but one could also try to convince him, turn him around, make him understand his error, get him to switch sides, to work for you. But how can a Jew be changed? That is hatred: eternal, interminable, perfect, inevitable. Always inevitable.

No, there can be no doubt that my mother was the one who was mistaken. It is not the anti-Semites who must be made to understand. It is we Jews.

WE'RE at the military prison in Magdalena, about fifty miles from Buenos Aires. Since we prisoners are held incommunicado, only one of us is permitted to enter the shower at a time. But sometimes the guard gets fed up with the excessive control: opening a cell, leading the prisoner to the shower, waiting till he's washed, leading him back again to his cell, shutting the cell, opening another cell . . . When this occurs, the guard passes along the corridor, opens all the cells, and tells us to remain standing naked at our doors ready to go for a shower one at a time. On one such occasion, a guard passes in front of an elderly Jew and makes a joke about his circumcised penis—his "clipped prick." The Jew smiles, too, and blushes—as if apologizing. Or, at least, that's how it strikes the guard, who dismisses the smile with a gesture. The old man looks at me and again blushes, and I have the sense that he's trying to explain things to me. Two successive glances, almost simultaneous. The guard imagines he's being asked forgiveness. I imagine that I'm being implored to understand. The guard forgives him. I understand him.

Is Argentina an anti-Semitic country? No; no country is. But there are anti-Semitic factions operating in Argentina—as, indeed, there are in all countries. Are these factions violent? More violent than some, less violent than others. And the military? Each time a military government comes into power in Argentina, typical anti-Semitic acts (bombs placed in synagogues and Jewish institutions) disappear, for at the outset a military government imposes a certain order. But the Jew as citizen senses that his situation is altering: military governments do not name Jews to public posts; state radio and television prefer not to hire Jews; and so on—although a certain number of Jews are always given appointments, in order to prevent accusations of anti-Semitism.

But this is past history. The military government that took power in Argentina in March, 1976, arrived with an all-encompassing arsenal of Nazi ideology. Anyone who was a Nazi, let alone anyone who was merely anti-Semitic, no longer needed to conceal or disguise his feelings; he could act in accordance with them. Judging from my experiences in Argentina of recent years, I'd say that today the armed forces and the trade unions can become involved in intense anti-Semitic activity if socioeconomic conditions allow. Political parties and the press will in all likelihood demonstrate indifference. Argentine Jews may then try to adjust to conditions without a struggle, passively accepting their reduced rights and the increasingly severe restrictions on ghetto territory. The Catholic Church will most probably be the only institution to denounce racism publicly. And, of course, there will always be a few suicidal individuals who will join the Church in this battle. Many times, I've been asked whether a Holocaust is conceivable in Argentina. Well, that depends on what is meant by a Holocaust—though no one would have been able to answer such a question affirmatively in 1937 in Germany. If we cared to formulate a historical equation, we could say that the conditions do exist: a profound political cri-



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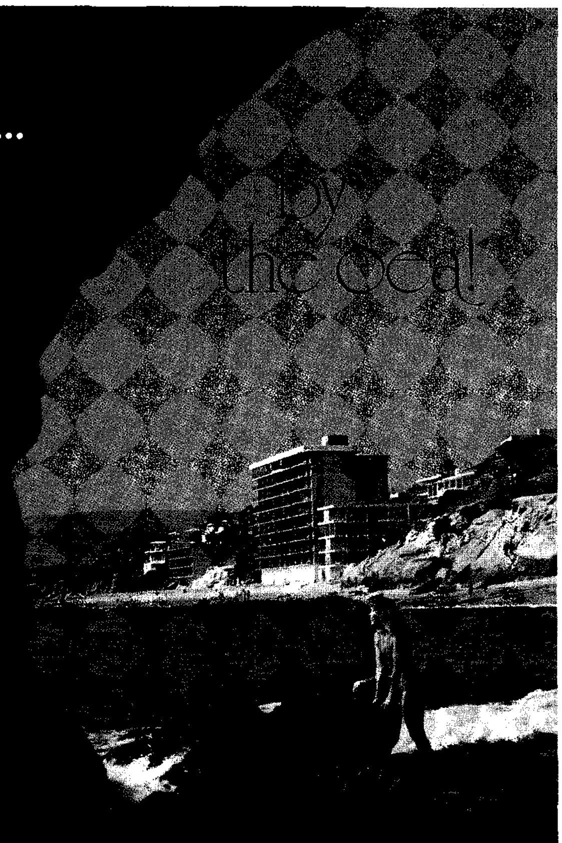

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sis; an economic crisis that has lasted for several years; impotence on the part of political parties to come up with a minimally coherent response; an inability of the Jewish community to face straightforwardly its own reality; a totalitarian cast of mind among the majority of the population, with a tendency toward messianic beliefs. The reason the outbreak of anti-Semitism has not assumed more pronounced characteristics is that the balance of power within the armed forces has been under permanent debate in recent years, with the moderates weighing the potential international repercussions of a stronger outbreak and concluding that these would be hard to withstand. But perhaps the Holocaust is in a way already occurring—perhaps the seeds have already been planted. Again, it depends on one's view of a Holocaust. There are no gas chambers in Argentina, and this leaves many people with a clear conscience. No one can predict what will happen in the future to the four hundred thousand Argentine Jews. But everyone knows that something terrible has already happened.

The Argentine government steadfastly insisted that I was not arrested for being a Jew, or for being a journalist. Yet never did it indicate why I was arrested; never did it give any reason for my arrest. If, therefore, I were to venture an explanation besides the fact that *La Opinión's* existence had become intolerable to extremists, which is simply a political interpretation, the only concrete element at my disposal—the only objective, palpable element—would be what they were seeking in the interminable interrogations they put me through. Any totalitarian interrogator—whether Nazi or Communist—has a definite conception of the world he inhabits and of reality. And any fact that fails to conform to his conception he must distort in order to fit it into the scheme. For that reason, perhaps, those who hold a fluid, pluralistic view of reality may find quite implausible certain convictions that to totalitarians seem natural and convincing. There's a ring of absurdity to them when you read about them, but they have a much more terrible aspect when you hear them in the context of an interrogation unravelling under the auspices of expert torturers. It sounds absurd to say that my torturers wanted to question me about the details of a meeting they believed that Menachem Begin had held in 1976 in Buenos Aires with the Montonero guerrillas. To anyone at all familiar with Begin, such a meeting sounds altogether unreal. But it seems quite reasonable to someone who believes in the existence of an international Jewish conspiracy that is prepared to utilize any method to seize world power.

Similarly, for many years Argentine Nazi ideologues have claimed the existence of a Jewish scheme for seizing Patagonia, the southern zone of the country, and creating the Republic of Andinia. Books and pamphlets have appeared on this subject, and it's extremely difficult to convince a Nazi that the plan is, if not absurd, at least unfeasible. Naturally, my questioners wanted to know more details than were then available to them on this matter.

"We'd like to know some further details on the Andinia Plan. How many troops would the State of Israel be prepared to send?"

"Do you actually believe in this plan—that it exists at all? How can you imagine four hundred thousand Argentine Jews being able to seize nearly one million square kilometres in the southern part of the country? What would they do with it? How would they populate it? How could they defeat twenty-seven million Argentines, the armed forces?"

"Listen, Timerman, that's exactly what I'm asking you. Answer me this: You're a Zionist, yet you didn't go to Israel. Why?"

"Because of a long chain of circumstances, all personal and familial."

"Come on, Timerman, you're an intelligent person. Find a better answer. Let *me* give an explanation, so that we can get to the bottom of things. Israel has a very small territory and can't accommodate all the Jews in the world. Besides, the country is isolated in the midst of an Arab world. It needs money and political support from all over the world. That's why Israel has created three power centers abroad. One is the United States, where Jewish power is evident. This means money and political control of capitalist countries. The second is the Kremlin, where Israel also has important influence—"

"I believe the exact opposite is true."

"Don't interrupt me. The opposition to Israel is totally fake. The Kremlin is still dominated by the sectors that staged the Bolshevik Revolution, in which Jews played the principal role. And the third center of

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power is Argentina—especially the south, which, if it were well developed by Jewish immigrants from various Latin-American countries, could become an economic emporium, a food and oil basket, the road to Antarctica."

The interrogations began unexpectedly, and always dealt with subjects of this sort; each session lasted from twelve to fourteen hours. The questions were impossible to answer. In my fatigue and exhaustion, I tried not to engage in ideological discussions, so as to avoid the trauma of direct questions and impossible replies.

Why should the publisher of a newspaper who had devoted his entire career to political journalism in Argentina confess openly to being a Zionist?

Why, when rumors of my possible arrest began to circulate, hadn't I left the country? Obviously, I'd remained behind for some mission.

Why as a political journalist had I hobnobbed so often with the military?

Which branch of the Jewish conspiracy did I belong to—the Israeli, the Russian, or the North American? A true dilemma, since I was born in Russia, had travelled to Israel, and was extremely friendly with the United States Embassy.

At any cost, they found it necessary for me to declare myself a Marxist. This demanded many hours of questioning and harsh treatment, without my being able to make them understand the obvious contradiction between being a Zionist and being a Marxist, according to their understanding of Marxism. Finally, they accepted my declaration that I was a Zionist, but one who employed Marxism as a dialectical tool to explain the contradictions of society. I believe that in the upper echelons of the Army they eventually acknowledged that Marxism and Zionism were mutually exclusive, yet still couldn't understand what Zionism was. Nevertheless, at the time of my arrest, in 1977, the subject of Zionism obsessed them. Sometimes, outside the framework of formal questioning, they'd converse with me through the bars of my cell on Zionism and Israel, trying to accumulate information, taking notes. I advised them to go to any of the Jewish organizations in Buenos Aires, which could give them more information than I was able to provide from memory in my present physical state. This, they said, might be too compromising. I thought they were joking, but in their opinion the matter was inordinately serious.

On one occasion during my imprisonment, I was unexpectedly brought before the Minister of the Interior. Earlier that day, Patricia Derian, the American Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights and an adviser to President Carter, had met with President Videla and had raised, with some vehemence, the issue of my predicament. The Minister of the Interior, who was concerned, wanted to see for himself what condition I was in. We'd known each other for years. Our conversation was long but in no way transcendent. Only one point was noteworthy. I told him I'd been informed that I would be brought before a War Council, but had not been told on what grounds or charges. I wanted to know whether this information was correct. He said that it was, but not to worry, since I was not a subversive and would not be convicted by the War Council.

Why, then, was I being imprisoned?

"You admitted to being a Zionist, and this point was revealed at a meeting of all the generals."

"But being a Zionist is not forbidden."

"No, it isn't forbidden, but, on the other hand, it isn't a clear-cut issue. Besides, you admitted to it. And the generals are aware of this."

The Jewish question dominated every interrogation, during my entire imprisonment. And although the government, its officials, and military personnel time and again put forth the most dissimilar explanations of my arrest, while never formulating a concrete accusation, the enormous undercurrent of irrational hatred behind these explanations, having no correlation with the words employed, could not deceive a Jew. It smelled of anti-Semitism. And the magnitude of their hatred increased along with the impossibility they faced of expressing that hatred publicly and explicitly.

I had ample time to speculate on the Jewish reality against its contemporary background. It was evident that Argentine Jewry, like world Jewry, seemed incapable of responding to this level of aggression. When I saw that Argentine Jewish leaders refused to focus on the issue in its true dimensions, and I began to recognize the extent of Jewish passivity, I was amazed—stunned, almost unable to encompass it, trying to unearth some elusive clue. Then, gradually, I became poisoned by hatred and vindictive desires. I would forget my torturers, I told myself, but never the Jewish leaders who acquiesced calmly in the torturing of Jews. Later, during a conversation with the Israeli leader Yigal Allon, I told him that I had not been humiliated by the torture but that I had been humiliated—profoundly—by the silent complicity of Jewish leaders. My incarceration and torture were a personal tragedy but nothing more, for, in view of the sort of journalism I practiced, the possibility of my arrest and assassination accorded with the rules of the game. Whereas the panic of Argentine Jewish leaders constituted a nightmare within the tragedy. And it was that nightmare that agonized me and kept me awake.

Of course, there's still the typical statement I heard so often: Even if I had not been a Jew, I would have been a candidate for assassination, because of the nature of the work I was involved in. That may be. After all, Hitler also sent homosexuals, gypsies, Communists, and others to concentration camps. But the Jews were sent as Jews.

It is best, I believe, not to elaborate on this but to return to simpler truths. I was never able to prove to my interrogators that Zbigniew Brzezinski was not a Jew and not the head of a Latin-American Jewish conspiracy, or that Sol Linowitz, the former United States Ambassador to the Organization of American States, was not second-in-command to Brzezinski and I not his Argentine representative. Some things cannot be proved. And one of them, it strikes me, is the right of Jews to exist. Simply speaking, the only thing one can do is fight for one's own right to exist. Under certain circumstances, anti-Semitic groups seize power in a country—or exercise a portion of that power. It may be for a long or a brief while. In Argentina, all the conditions exist for it to be a rather prolonged period. That is indubitable. Another fact that's indubitable is that the Argentine Jewish community is not about to defend itself. And, finally, one further indubitable fact: The international community is able to intervene, through innumerable mechanisms, in order to disseminate this information, particularly in Argentina. Only public

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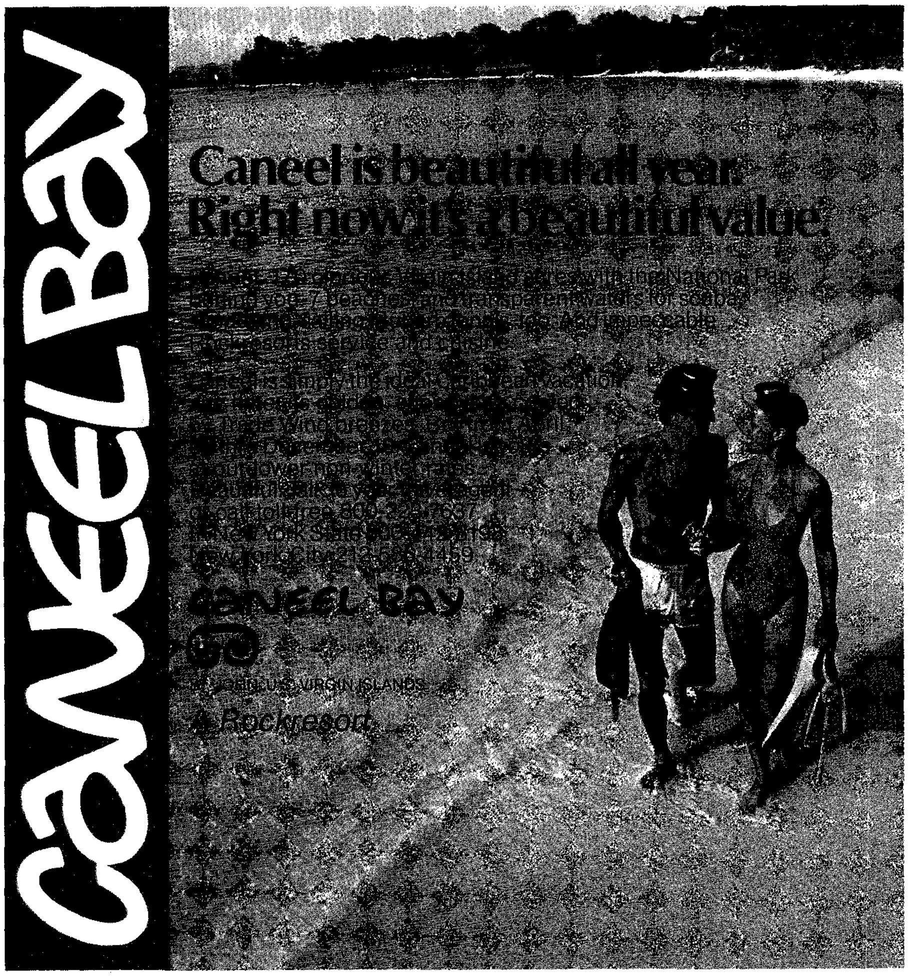
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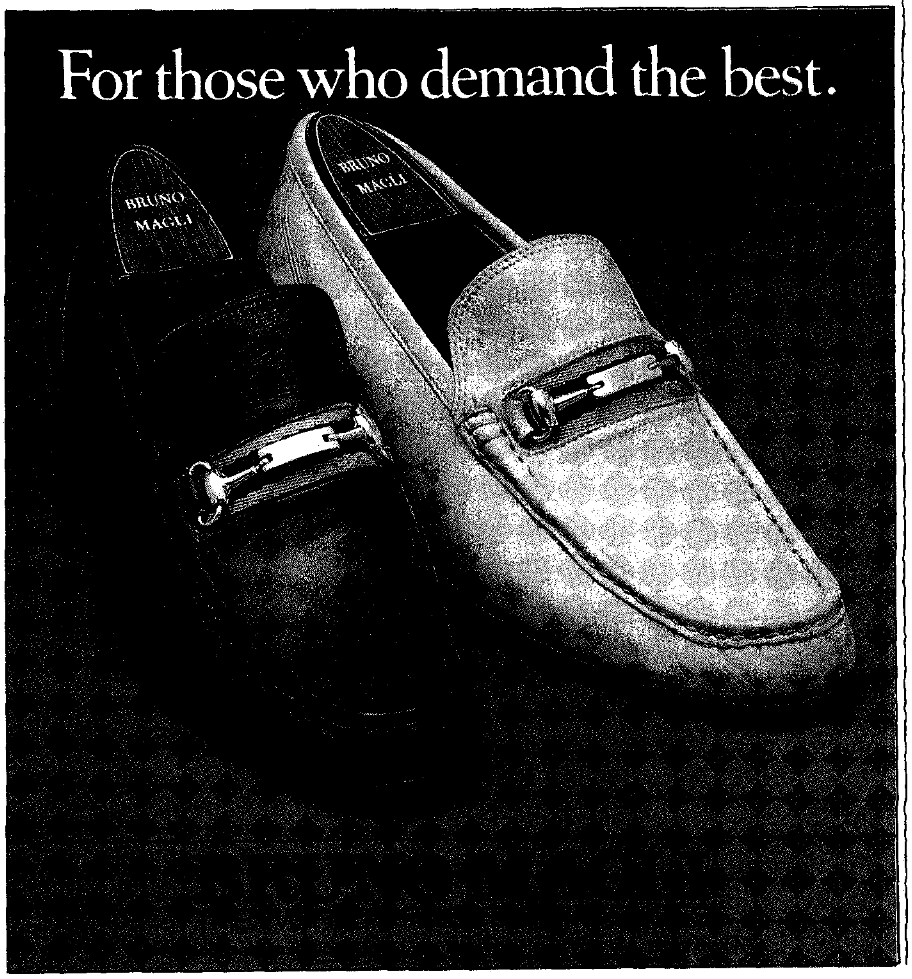

knowledge can alter, to some extent, the course of these events, this downward slope in the march of history.

To strengthen the Jewish spirit, people often resort to observations on the tragic fate that has accompanied the Jews' existence. I've learned, however, that the only thing that strengthens the Jewish spirit is understanding combined with a sense of identity. Being is more important than remembering. I believe that the reminder of Jewish tragedies, punctiliously invoked by the Jewish community against its adversaries, has been futile in overcoming the paralysis and panic that envelop it. Those who have succeeded in doing so in recent difficult years were impelled, and are impelled, by a clear notion of their Jewish identity. Only Zionism is capable of providing this identity with a movement, a dynamic, and a policy. On different occasions since my release, and even at times during interrogation, I was asked how I would have been treated if the Trotskyite or Perónist terrorists had seized power here. I have no doubts. I would have been placed against a wall and shot following a summary trial. The charge: counter-revolutionary Zionism.

The peephole of my cell opens, and the face of the corporal on guard appears. He smiles, and tosses something into the cell. "Congratulations, Jacobo."

This is the first time anyone has spoken to me in this place. The guard's remark is startling. My initial reaction whenever a new event occurs is, What will happen to me now? Sure, I'm in a legal prison, at central headquarters of the federal police, in Buenos Aires. The cell measures nearly two metres in width and three in length. Furthermore, it has a privy in it, so that I needn't ask permission to go to the toilet, and it has a tap with drinking water. I can also wash up, but have no soap or towel. There's a cement bed without a mattress, though I was promised one. I have a blanket, but gusts of cold air penetrate from the space above the wall, and I must walk for hours in an attempt to keep warm. If I calculate carefully the longest diagonal, extending from the hole in the ground to the other end of the cell, I'm able to take seven steps. I've already covered a thousand laps. It's better, much better, than in a clandestine prison. But no one talks to me. I don't know what's going to happen; the peephole is always shut. Everything is utterly still, except for the sounds and voices that penetrate from outside. Before dawn, while it's still dark, I can hear the bugle, the commands, the sound of a formation under my window, then the sounds of courtyards being washed. Often, I hear prisoners weeping. One of the punishments meted out to someone who doesn't do a good scrubbing job is to force him to undress, to lean over and put his index finger on the ground, and to rotate round and round without lifting his finger from the ground. This is called "looking for oil." You feel as if your kidneys were bursting. But it's even more entertaining to place a prisoner near the wall and have five hefty policemen form a little train by lining up in single file, holding the hips of the person in front. They come down the passage making the sound of a locomotive and, picking up speed, hurl themselves like a deadweight on the prisoner, plastering him against the wall. This is called "the choo-choo shock." When they're busy, though, they simply order the prisoner to run naked along the passageway, which is fifty metres from one end to the other, reciting aloud sayings dictated to him. He has to repeat these without stopping until they invent others: "*My mother's a whore. . . . The whore who gave birth to me. . . . I masturbate. . . . I must respect the corporal on guard. . . . The police love me. . . .*"

The prisoner who is incommunicado is envious of all this. He longs to see a face. This need engenders a series of skills. From his isolation, he begins to comprehend the architecture of the outside world, an invisible architecture that he pieces together like a puzzle. He is a blind man, a dexterous blind man, who comes to the end of his task without a happy conclusion to provide him any relief, and he remains blind, never able to see the vital part. There are long silences that must be linked with whispers. (A soft voice asks "Who's there?" and, softly, I reply "Timerman," and the voice lets out a burst of laughter. Then another voice slowly asks "Who's there?" and this time I don't answer; but another time I say "Timerman" and the voice murmurs "Be strong.") Then, too, he must find a place in the puzzle for the shouts, insults, and hard beatings meted out to prisoners, the jokes aimed at homosexuals; all must be incorporated if he is to have an idea of what's going on. The police need to shout—shouting helps them. They

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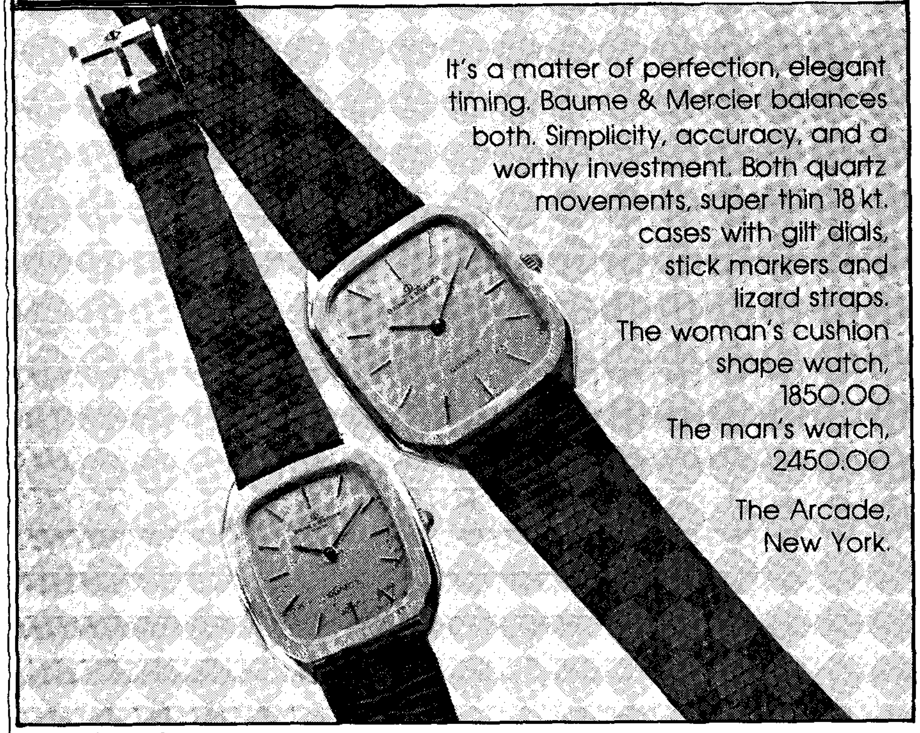

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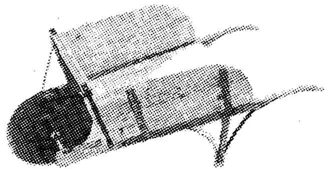

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have orders from their superiors to shout all the time, in order to intimidate and confuse prisoners. Therefore, whenever they talk they shout, and this adds to the puzzle, to the effort of constructing the outside world, the only world apart from the cell.

And that is why I am startled now. The sound that just dropped into my cell has destroyed the puzzle and doesn't fit into the despair of the cell, or into my effort to compensate for that despair by my slow, laborious, ardent reconstruction of the exterior architecture, the blind man's stubborn obsession with his puzzle.

I pick up a letter and two candies. The letter, a few brief lines, is from my wife. Dated May 20, 1977. We've been married today for twenty-seven years. I leave everything on the bed and go back to my task as blind architect: She has undoubtedly been in touch with one of our Army friends, or one of the retired officers who worked on my newspaper, perhaps someone who spent vacations at our beach house. And yet this doesn't fit into the heightened sensibility of a blind man whose sightless eyes are gazing at an unknown world. No military man nowadays would dare to speak to my wife. More likely, one of the guards went to visit her and offered, for a sum of money, to bring something to me. At this point, the blind architect starts reconstructing the scene: my house, the entrance, the doorbell, my wife's face— But no, the image of my wife's face is unbearable in this place.

How I cursed my wife that day! How many times I told myself I wouldn't read her letter, I wouldn't eat the candies. After so many efforts to forget, to refrain from loving and desiring, to refrain from thinking, the entire painstaking edifice constructed by the blind architect collapses over his head. Already, I'd begun to belong to the world around me, the one I actually belonged to, the imprisoned world, where my heart and blood were installed: this world that I've already accepted, that is real, that corresponds to the inscriptions on the wall, the odor of the latrine (matching the odor emitted by my skin and clothes), and those drab colors, the sounds of metal and violence, the harsh, shrill, hysterical voices. And now this world, so heavily armored, so solid, without cracks, and so irreplaceable, has been penetrated by a letter and two candies. Rische, why have you done this to me?

She tells me that if she could she'd give me Heaven, with all its stars and clouds, all the air in the world, all her love, all her tenderness. She says that she'd kiss me a thousand times if she could. But that is what she fails to understand: she cannot. In a rage, I throw the letter into the latrine, and, with equal rage, stick the two candies into my mouth. But already I'm lost, for the flavor is overpowering, as is my wife's face—her scent, almost—and my realization that I have been married today for twenty-seven years.

How can a blind architect fit into his unknown edifice—that structure he can neither see nor touch—the face of his wife, the taste of two candies, his wedding anniversary? Anywhere I place them, the structure collapses. Then, once again, I sit down on the cement bed, and when the guard opens the peephole to ask me my name, once again I rouse myself from the submerging debris, grasping for some firm plank that will enable me to reconstruct my reality. I don't reply, and the guard kicks the steel door with his heavy boots. "Name, son of a whore!"

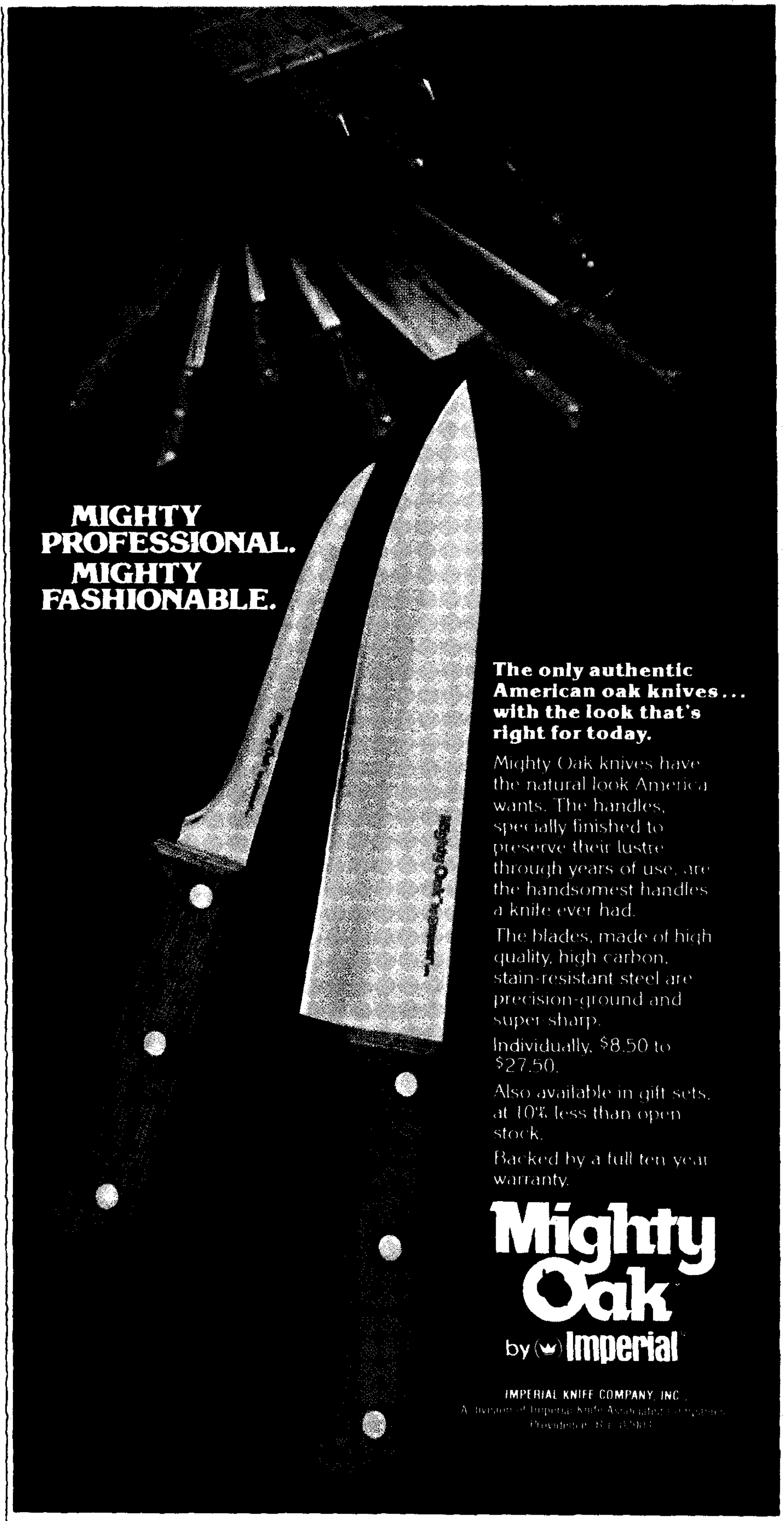
The blind architect goes to work trying to fit the meaning of this insult into his world. He no longer needs to remember. At this juncture, I feel that I've passed the first serious test, worse than torture, and that I'll survive. For it is here that you must survive, not in the outside world. And the chief enemy is not the electric shocks but penetration from the outside world, with all its memories.

THE Military Junta officially imposed strict censorship on films and theatrical and literary works. It altered university curricula, eliminating majors in sociology and psychology. It forbade the use of Freudian techniques in the psychiatric services of state hospitals. It made Catholic education obligatory for pupils in the secondary schools. All this could suggest merely a reactionary or conservative conception of reality. But the Argentine military government went further: it strove to eliminate physically all those who in any way participated in the world it wanted to alter—a program that wreaked particular havoc among psychiatrists, sociologists, journalists, and university students, many of whom simply disappeared after interrogation. The presence of an unacceptable world determined the military government's tactics. Although such tactics were easy to perceive in Nazism and less apparent but still discernible in Communism, in the case of Argentina two elements impeded their visibility. First, Argentina did not put its thesis into practice on an international scale; it remained a domestic affair, in a country whose destiny was not of world interest. Second, Argentina is a land of euphemisms, and the government decided never to acknowledge its use of violence or the reasons for using it.

The official argument of the armed forces when they took over the government in 1976 was not complex: subversion and public corruption were the enemies. Enemies, therefore, were easy to identify. And at the outset no one doubted that the methods used to put down these enemies would be those fixed by the Constitution, which gave quite adequate scope to legal repression. Yet the military officials in charge required more. Only Communism or Fascism could provide a solid program for embarking upon an absolute violation of human values. Logically, they chose Fascism. Other choices existed in the contemporary world, but they failed to conform to Argentine cultural, political, economic, and social standards. Violence based on a religious leadership, as with Ayatollah Khomeini, or situations combining superstition and tribal struggle, as in Uganda or the Central African Republic, were inapplicable in a country like Argentina.

As publisher of *La Opinión*, I often attempted to correct the irrationality that had been converted into ideology. I had only one permanent, unswerving companion in this arduous battle: the English-language newspaper the Buenos Aires *Herald*. Occasionally, some provincial papers joined us in our attempt to keep the Argentine military process inside constitutional or juridical norms, and so did certain Catholic publications, such as the magazine *Criterio*. Sometimes we succeeded in saving a life, although we never actually modified the course of events. In 1976, I learned that the military had resigned themselves to the existence of the *Herald* but had decided to initiate steps leading to the suppression of *La Opinión*. In April, 1977, at the time of my arrest, *La Opinión* was shut down on the orders of the military. (In December, 1979, the publisher of the *Herald*, Robert Cox, was forced, through a campaign of threats, to leave Argentina; his newspaper, however, was not successfully silenced.)

At *La Opinión*, we often endeavored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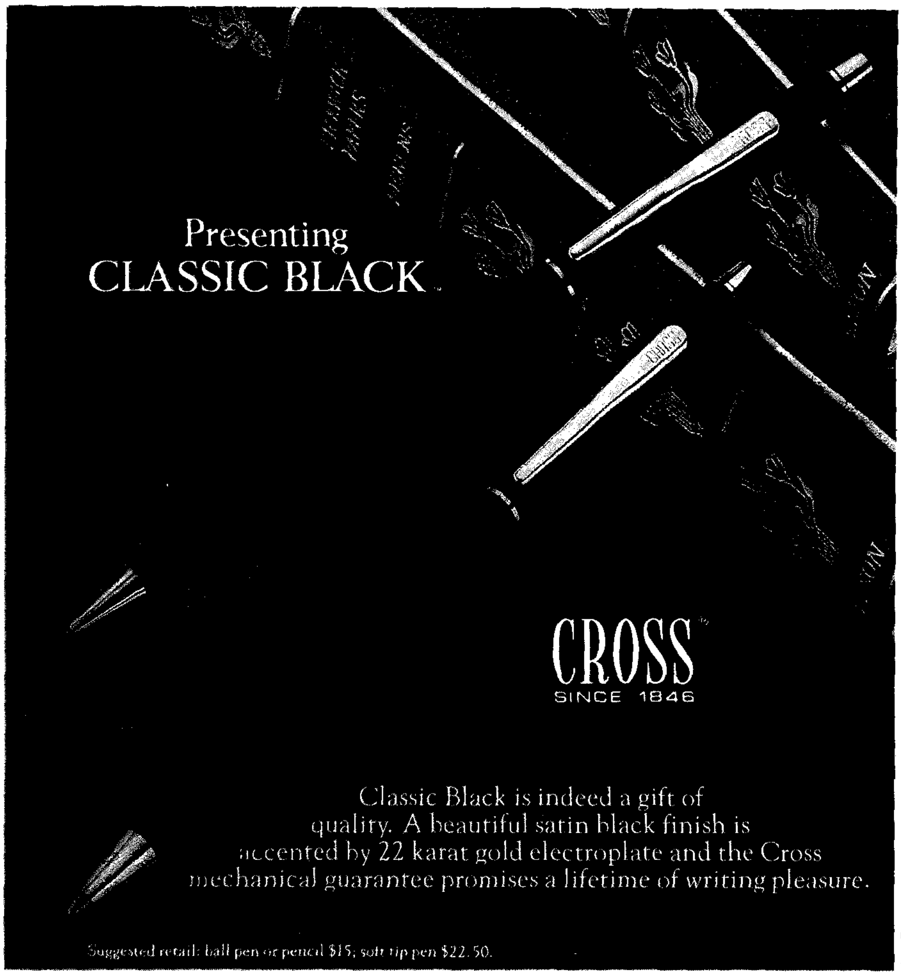
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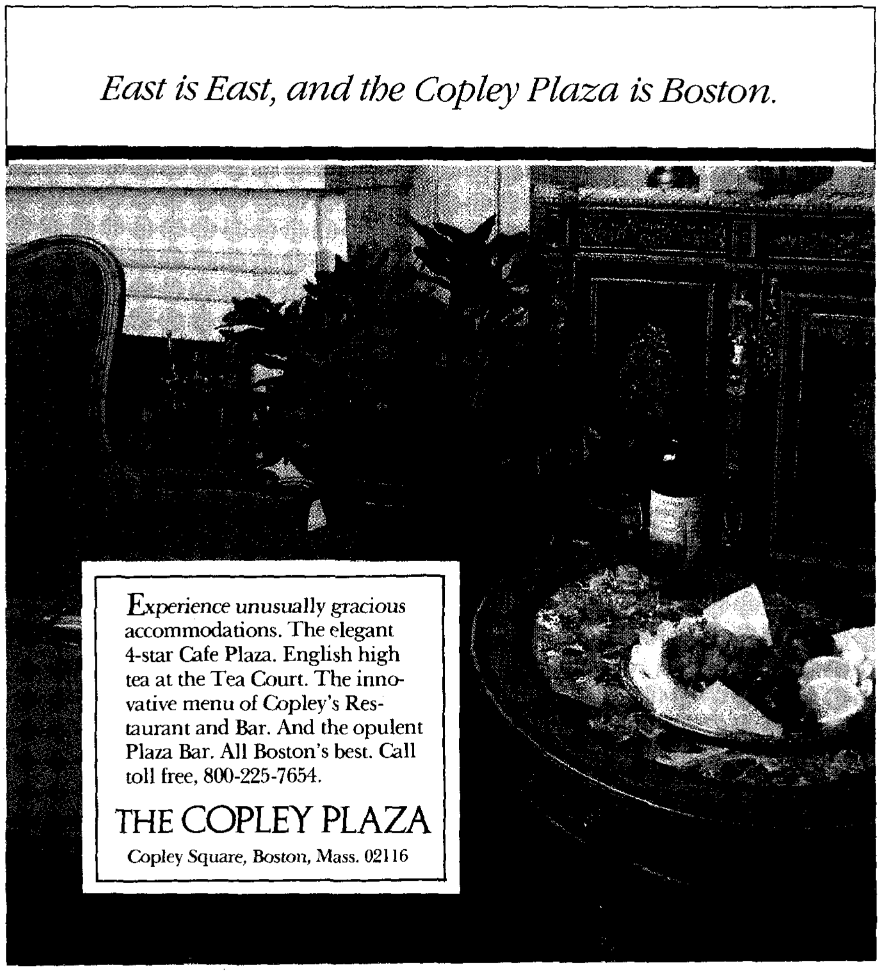
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to take an objective approach to the ideology of the armed forces, but that always proved impossible. It was clear that they hated Karl Marx, Che Guevara, Sigmund Freud, Theodor Herzl. But it was hard to understand that they hated Zionism more than Communism, and considered it a more significant enemy—that they regarded Israel as a more dangerous foe than the Soviet Union. If someone discussed the subject privately with a military officer, he would obtain an explanation of sorts: Communism was more visible than Zionism, therefore easier to identify, and therefore less dangerous. Even if one were to grant the truth of this statement, it would still be hard to understand the outpouring of violence that was used to eliminate both these enemies—a violence that far exceeded the prevailing guidelines of repression in any moderately civilized government. What, for example, was the thinking that led to the kidnapping of the publisher of *Padres* (*Parents*), a magazine devoted to modern parent-child relationships, and to his being condemned to death? (*La Opinión's* campaign to save this journalist resulted in the sparing of his life, but only on condition that he promise to suspend publication and leave the country.)

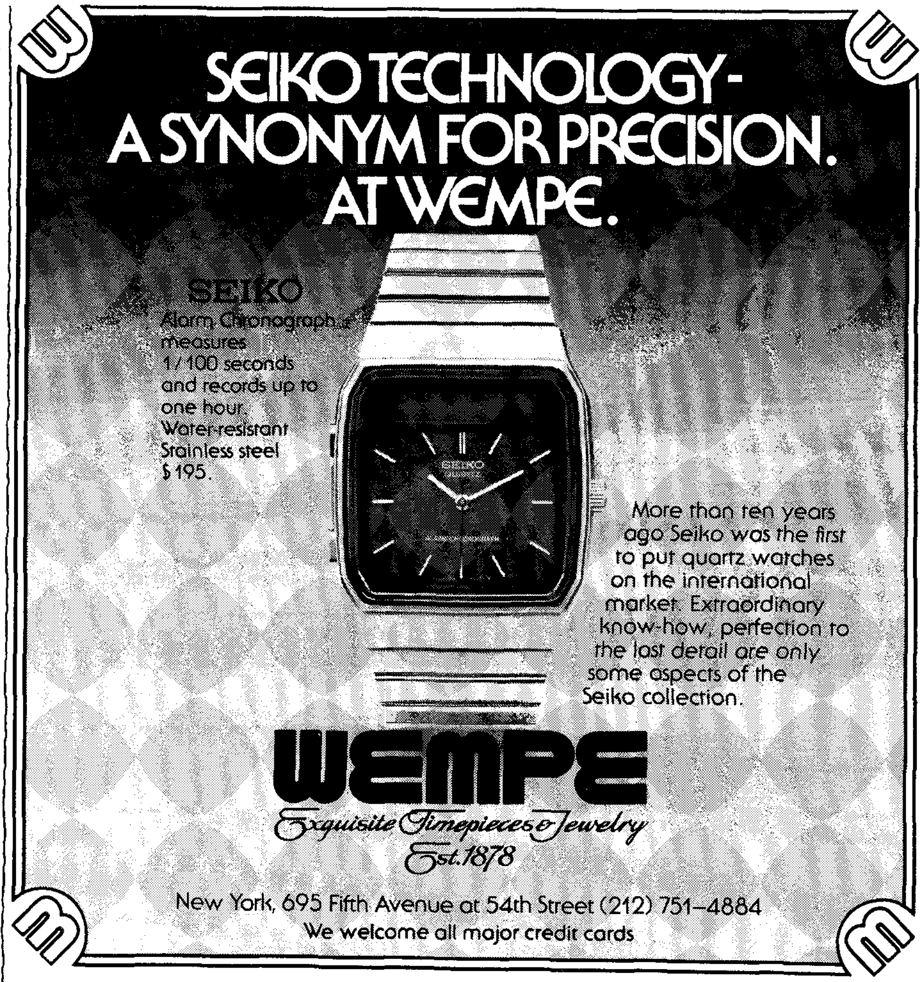
Even the most irrational being finds it necessary to formulate a certain coherence around his irrationality, in order to be able to maintain its continuity. The Argentine military, tapping their vast reservoir of hatred and fantasy, synthesized their action into one basic concept: World War III had begun, the enemy was left-wing terrorism, and Argentina was the initial battleground chosen by the enemy. Every week, in the clandestine prisons where I was held, courses were given in World War III. These sessions went under the rubric of "the Academy." They were generally given by an Army intelligence officer, and attendance was obligatory for the entire staff of torturers, interrogators, and kidnappers.

THE thought of suicide occurred to me often. But I discovered then that it was a temptation rather than a subject for premeditated decision. The idea of suicide would appear like a delicious fruit. Suicide was the only thing that could share the endless stretch of time, of time and more time, of interrogation and time, of cold and time, of hunger and time, of tears and time. How to fill those orifices of time if not with the preserved fruit of suicide? How to modify the rigid, endless structure of time if not with the unforeseen originality of suicide? But with my hands bound behind me and my eyes blindfolded there was no possibility of suicide.

Aside from suicide, there was one other temptation—madness. These were the only two temptations I experienced during my thirty months of imprisonment and beatings. They were strong temptations, because their repressed violence enabled them to overpower time. And time is not an easy enemy to overpower.

To reflect on suicide does not mean that you're going to commit suicide, or even decide that suicide ought to be committed. It means introducing into your daily life something that is on a par with the violence around you. Contemplating suicide is like living on an equal footing with your jailers. This self-imposed state of equality functions as a compensatory mechanism. It's with you, created and structured in that place, that prison, and afterward it will be missed. More than a decision or a hope, the thought of suicide is an occupation—its dimension so profound, so biological and awesome, that it's a palpable presence, impossible to confuse with any other sensation. It introduces the possibility of achieving a level of destruction akin to the destruction unremittingly being inflicted upon you. And it fills the Time of the prisoner's time, and the Space of the prisoner's cell. He can measure the wall-to-wall distance inside his cell and wonder whether his head will break if he hurls himself against that wall with all his might; or he can imagine the feasibility of puncturing a vein with his nails. All this inherent violence transmits a sensation of physical capacity and inevitability to the prisoner who has undergone torture. It contains an element of romantic audacity, the sense of a completed story.

There's pride in the idea of potential suicide. But at some point you must decide to abandon the idea, for it can become too obvious a subterfuge. In fact, it has already become a subterfuge, for you realize that you're not going to commit suicide, and once again comes the feeling of defeat. You're humiliated, and the humiliation is justified. Your world is utterly reduced, and the facts that you've told the torturers nothing and that you've survived don't occur to you. These facts mean nothing in this world of



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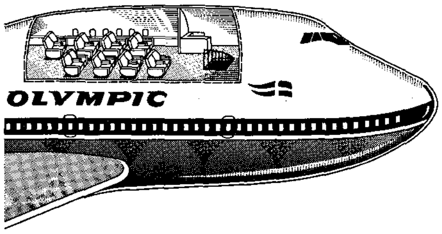

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cockroaches, vomit dried on your clothes, bits of half-raw meat strewn on the ground.

When the possibility of suicide no longer exists, there remains the temptation of madness. But it's impossible to deal with madness as one does with suicide. You must await madness, and think that perhaps it will come. You must try to yield to it, and possibly it will engulf you. To await it and yield to it—that is the grim part. For if it fails to arrive, your impotence is conclusive, your humiliation greater than a kick in the behind from some voiceless, faceless stranger, who leads you blindfolded from your cell, stands you flat against the wall, gives you a kick, and then returns you to your cell—all in total silence.

SEPTEMBER, 1977. For a month, I've occupied a cell in the military prison at Magdalena. The military routine is strict. I'm in an isolation cell, but on Saturdays and Sundays I may receive visits from members of my immediate family. I'm allowed to take a hot bath three times a week, and meals are served four times a day. I'm being detained in a military jail because I shall be appearing before a Special War Council. The government has modified the Code of Military Justice before the trial is to begin; in other words, it has changed the rules of the game. Until now, an accused person could designate as his defense lawyer a military officer of any rank, either in active service or retired. A retired officer, whose career is over, has greater freedom of action; he isn't anticipating promotions. This clause has now been amended, with the stipulation that the officer must be of lower rank than the president of the military tribunal. The president of the War Council that is to examine me is Colonel Clodoveo Battesti; hence my defense lawyer must hold a rank below that of colonel. Finally, I must select him from a list submitted to me by the War Council. I know no one on the list and am therefore choosing at random.

I had intended to designate as defense lawyer a personal friend, once President of the country, who I'm sure would have been unintimidated by threats. Now I must settle on a young officer whom I don't know but who is on active service and is certainly aspiring to fresh promotions. In any event, at an interview in the prison he informs me that this mission is an act of service on his part. It's clear that if he'd had a choice he would not have accepted, but he prepares conscientiously for the task of defending me. With respect to the torture I underwent, he consoles me: these are errors committed in the course of an extremely difficult investigation. Yet I have the impression that, intellectually, he's attracted by the issue, and that he will fight to defend me up to the limits of prudence dictated by "an act of service."

Those who knock on my door four times a day to deliver food are four young prisoners. Their jail sentences range from three to five years. Mornings, at dawn, they clean the ward, wash the meal utensils, and sing beautiful religious songs. They are Jehovah's Witnesses, who refuse for conscientious reasons to serve in the armed forces. Although the Argentine Constitution guarantees freedom of worship, the armed forces do not accept the principle of conscientious objection. Even as children, therefore, Jehovah's Witnesses are aware that on reaching the age of eighteen they will have to serve an extended period in prison. They accept the punishment as part of their religious faith. They are gentle and peaceful, and perform all the jobs and services in the prison. They're aware that I'm incommunicado, but they always find some way to exchange a few words. During the day, I wait for those four opportunities to talk to someone. And at night I recall the words they uttered, say them aloud, repeat them.

THE headquarters of the Supreme Council of the Argentine armed forces, where Special War Council No. 2 is going to examine me, is in an old, run-down palace in the heart of Buenos Aires. There the military amuse themselves with all the attributes of protocol and the greatest possible imitation of legality. The seven members of the tribunal—three representatives from the Army, two from the Navy, and two from the Air Force—are simply to decide, after weighing the entire case, whether sufficient charges exist to justify a trial. For some time, they have had in their possession a copy of statements that I was forced to sign without having been able to read them first. Until the very moment of my appearance before the military court, I remain uninformed of the grounds for my arrest, or even of the accusations against me, if any exist.

The protocol, of course, is strict. I mount the steep stairway escorted by guards who hold my arms gently but firmly. At the top, I'm received by a uniformed Army officer accompanied by two officers of lower rank. The officer takes me to the courtroom where Special War Council No. 2 will be in session. It is an immense hall, about ten metres wide and twenty-five metres long—dark, without windows, ancient, its walls covered with huge paintings that depict the great battles of Argentine independence, the conquest of the southern desert, and the war against the Indians. There is dark *boiserie*, red curtains, high ceilings. I'm ordered to take a seat on a small, round, backless red bench—the famous bench of the accused. I'm at one end of the huge room. At the other end, on a high dais, stands the crescent-shaped table of the military tribunal.

To my left is an Army officer, the prosecuting attorney; to my right, my defense attorney. He will intercede only if the tribunal decides that a trial is to take place. Alongside me is a small table with microphones. Behind, two young naval officers serve as stenographers.

At a command, we all rise to our feet, and the members of the tribunal enter through a side door. They walk slowly—erect, firm of step. Uniformed, wearing caps, they climb the dais and remain standing in front of their chairs until the president of the tribunal orders them to be seated. We all sit down. They keep their caps on. The scene is imposing, the air sparking with tension. We remain serious and silent.

The secretary of the tribunal, an Army officer, reads the data on me. I'm asked whether it's correct. I answer affirmatively. Of the seven members of the tribunal, only the president may speak; the other members pass him the questions they wish to ask, written on slips of paper. Approximately every forty minutes, the president interrupts the session and orders a five-minute break. The sessions, in total, last about fourteen hours over a period of two days. At each interruption, the entire ceremony is repeated: we rise to our feet, the members of the tribunal retire; we rise to our feet, the members of the tribunal enter.

The president asks, "Are you a Jew?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

Always, through history and the present, I've been among the accused. Is this role that is assigned to me—this role of sinner, criminal, or simply culpable party—something that pride

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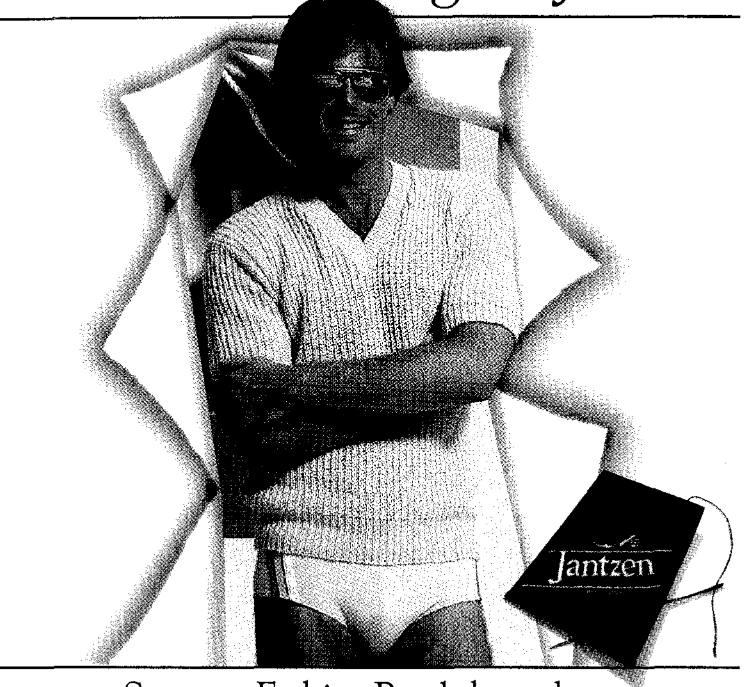

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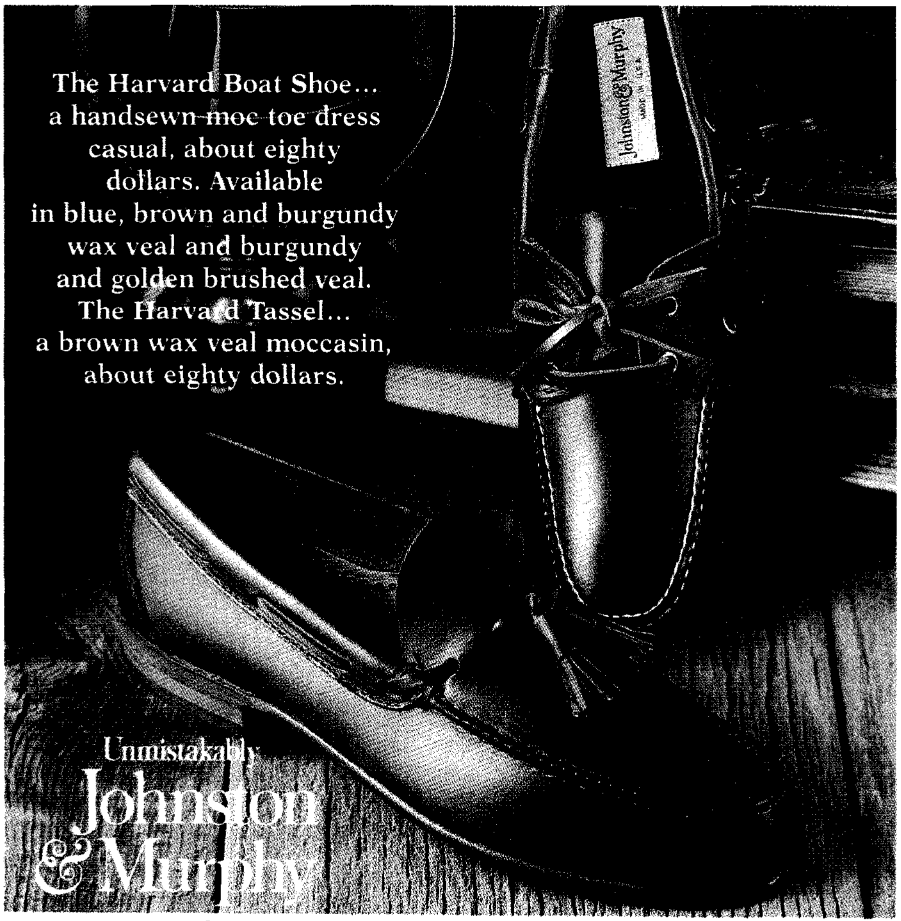

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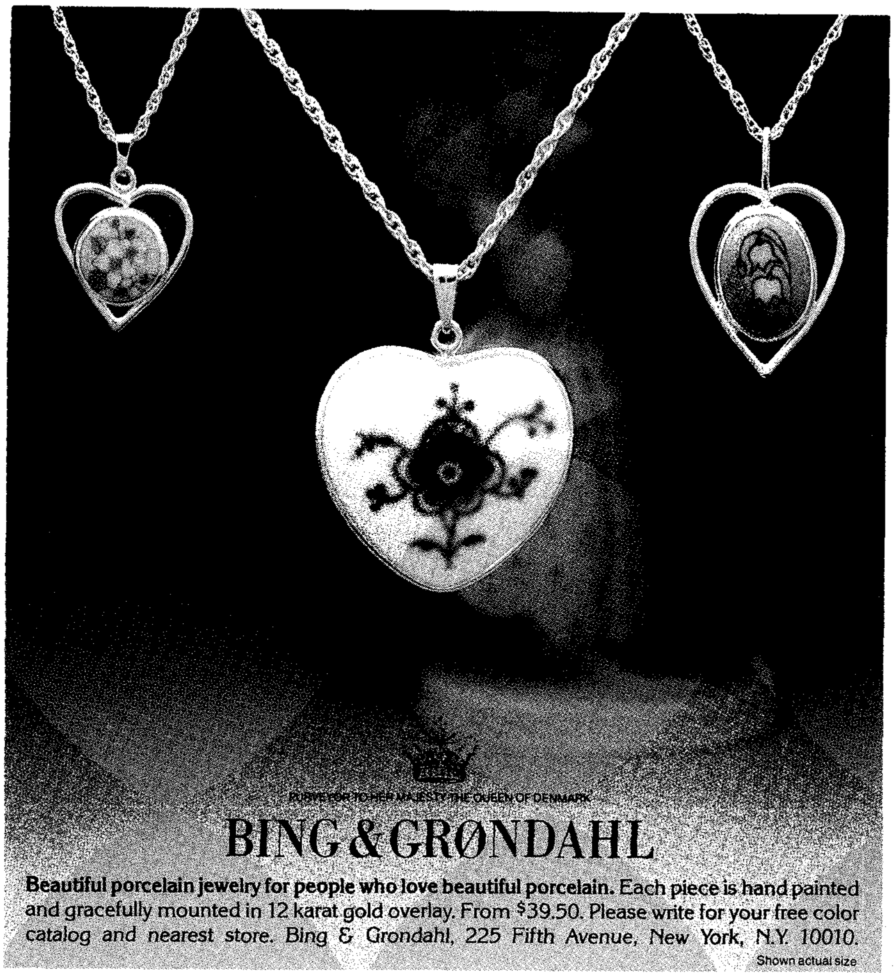

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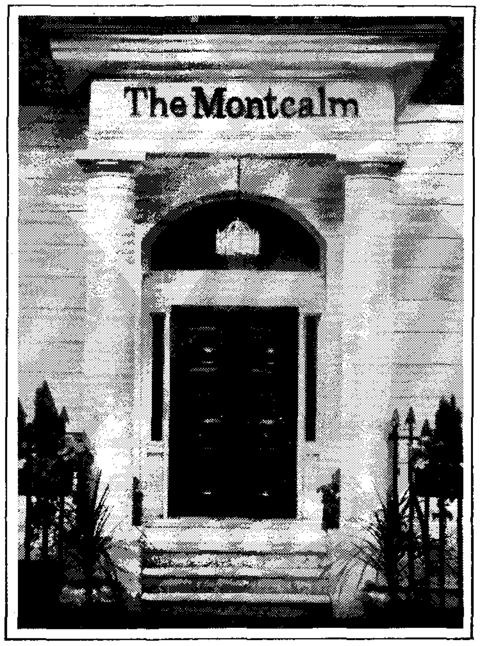

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has obliged me to assume in order to convert it into a virtue? If you add up all the victims and victimizers, they form a very small percentage of the world population. And the rest of humanity, the great majority—what are they engaged in? On that day in September, 1977, how many of us in the whole world were seated upon an accused man's bench? How many were being judged for what they did? How many were judged for having been born? The war against Nazism had ended thirty-two years and four months before. And yet, these same thirty-two years and four months later, in the city of Buenos Aires, I continued to be a citizen under total suspicion, proved to have been born on the wrong, absurd side of humanity.

"Are you a Jew?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Are you a Zionist?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"When did your Zionist activities begin?"

"At the age of eight, Mr. President. My mother enrolled me in a sports club called Macabi."

"Did your mother take you or did you go by yourself?"

"My mother took me, Mr. President."

"Therefore, one could say that it wasn't a voluntary act on your part."

"I was taken by my mother, Mr. President."

"In what way did your Zionist activities continue?"

"While attending high school, I was invited to participate in a student Zionist group called Avuca. I was fourteen years old."

"Which means we could say that at age fourteen you voluntarily began your Zionist activities in Argentina?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

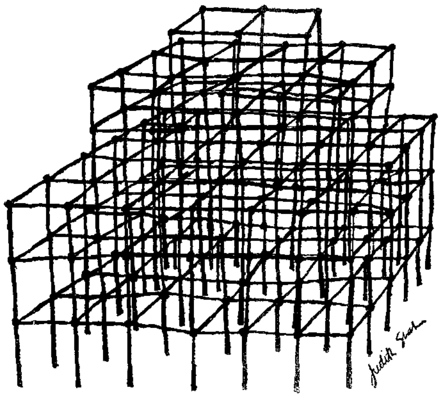
"What did you do?"

"We met on Saturdays, Mr. President, in the basement of the Argentine Zionist Federation. We had a library, a Ping-Pong table, and several chess sets. We were all Jewish high-school students."

"Were you being indoctrinated?"

"Every Saturday, a member of the University Zionist Atheneum, which operated on the top floors, presented a talk on Zionism or Jewish history."

In that year of 1937, when I was fourteen years old, I went to school mornings, and afternoons I worked as a messenger for a jewelry store. We lived in the heart of the Jewish quarter. My father had died two years before. My mother worked as a street vender; my brother studied and helped her. On Saturday morning, we had to attend classes, but in the afternoon the jewelry store was closed. After lunch, my chores were to wash the dishes and pots, iron my shirts, and scrub the stairway of the building. In exchange for running this small apartment building in the Jewish quarter, a building in which each family occupied a single room, we were given a free room. For this, we had to scrub the bathrooms, corridors, and stairways, and collect the rents. At the Avuca meetings, Ping-Pong and chess were novelties, and Zionism and Jewish history true discoveries. But meeting Jewish adolescents who didn't work, were well-to-do, dressed in suits, and had money—that was mind-boggling. These young people of sixteen and seventeen were the ones responsible for the abrupt end of my childhood; they thrust me headlong into the world I would never thereafter abandon. Emilio Salgari and Alexandre Dumas had to be set aside in favor of Jack London, Upton Sinclair, John Dos Passos, Henri Barbusse, and Erich Maria Remarque. When I was fifteen, two good-looking young men whom we'd never seen before at Avuca—handsome young men in white shirts with military pockets and wearing blue kerchiefs at their necks—arrived and informed us that in addition to being Socialist Zionists they were Jewish Boy Scouts, and that we ought to learn about Scouting, so that we would be prepared when we returned to the land we'd left so many centuries ago. We ought to return to Israel, which was ours, and which was under Socialism, for the nation we wanted to build had to be the synthesis of the dreams of prophets past and present; namely, humanist Socialism. There in Argentina stood those two young men from Hashomer Hatzair, and there at Avuca on that memorable night when I heard them speak I became destined for that world I would



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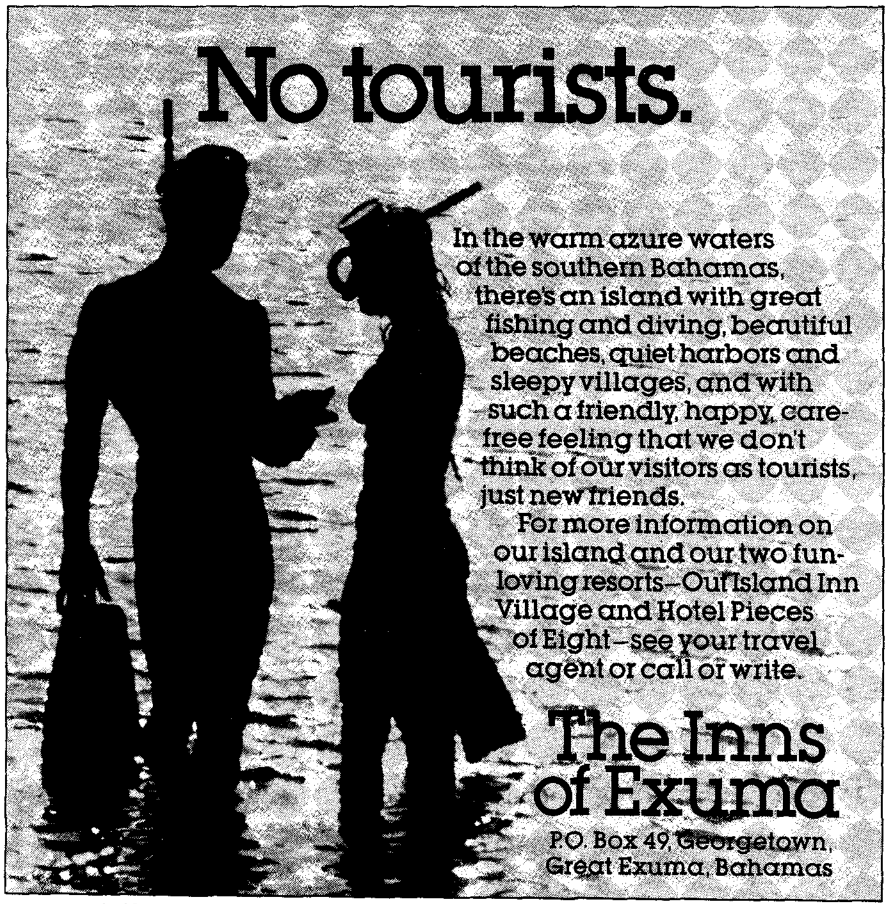

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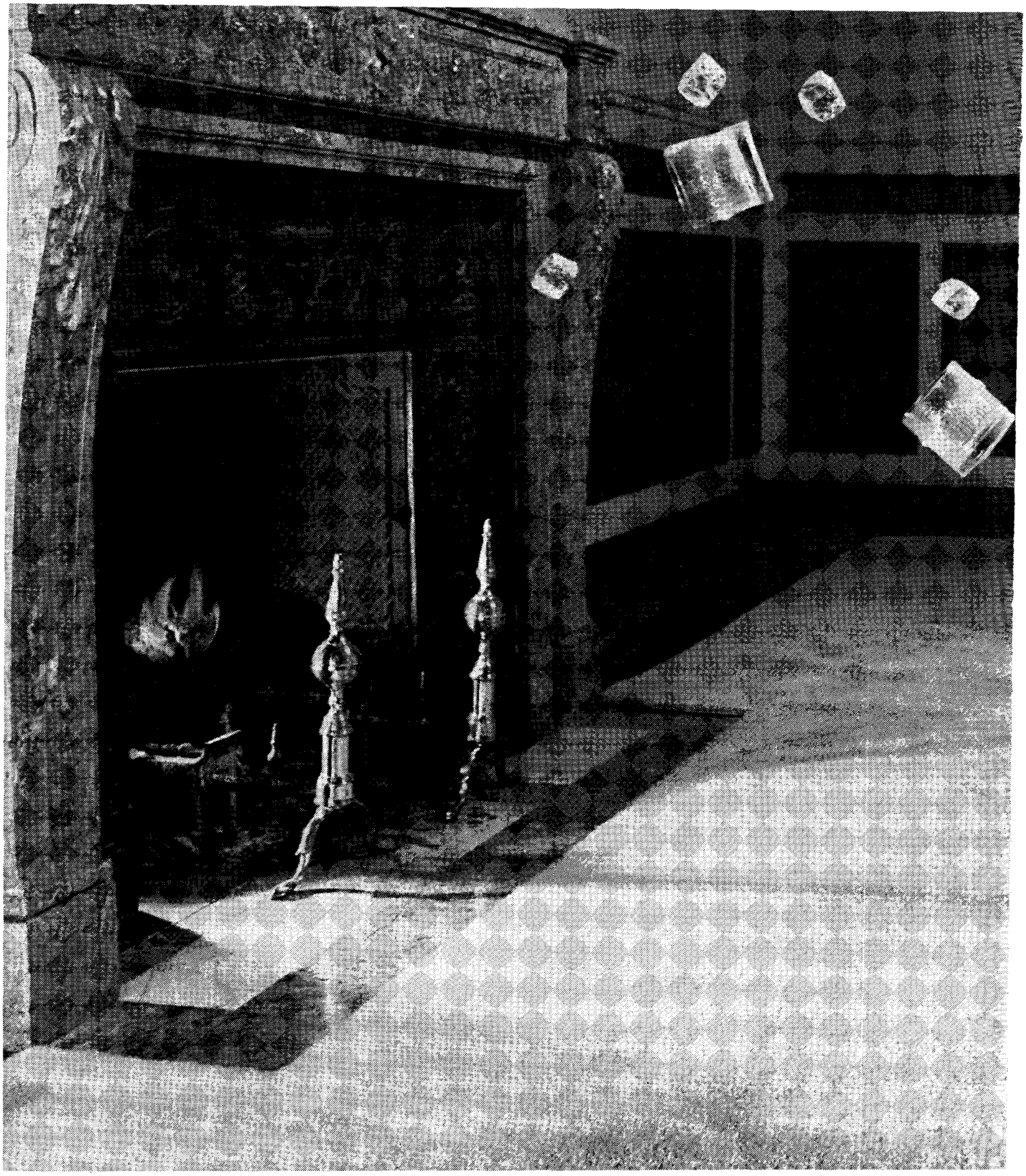

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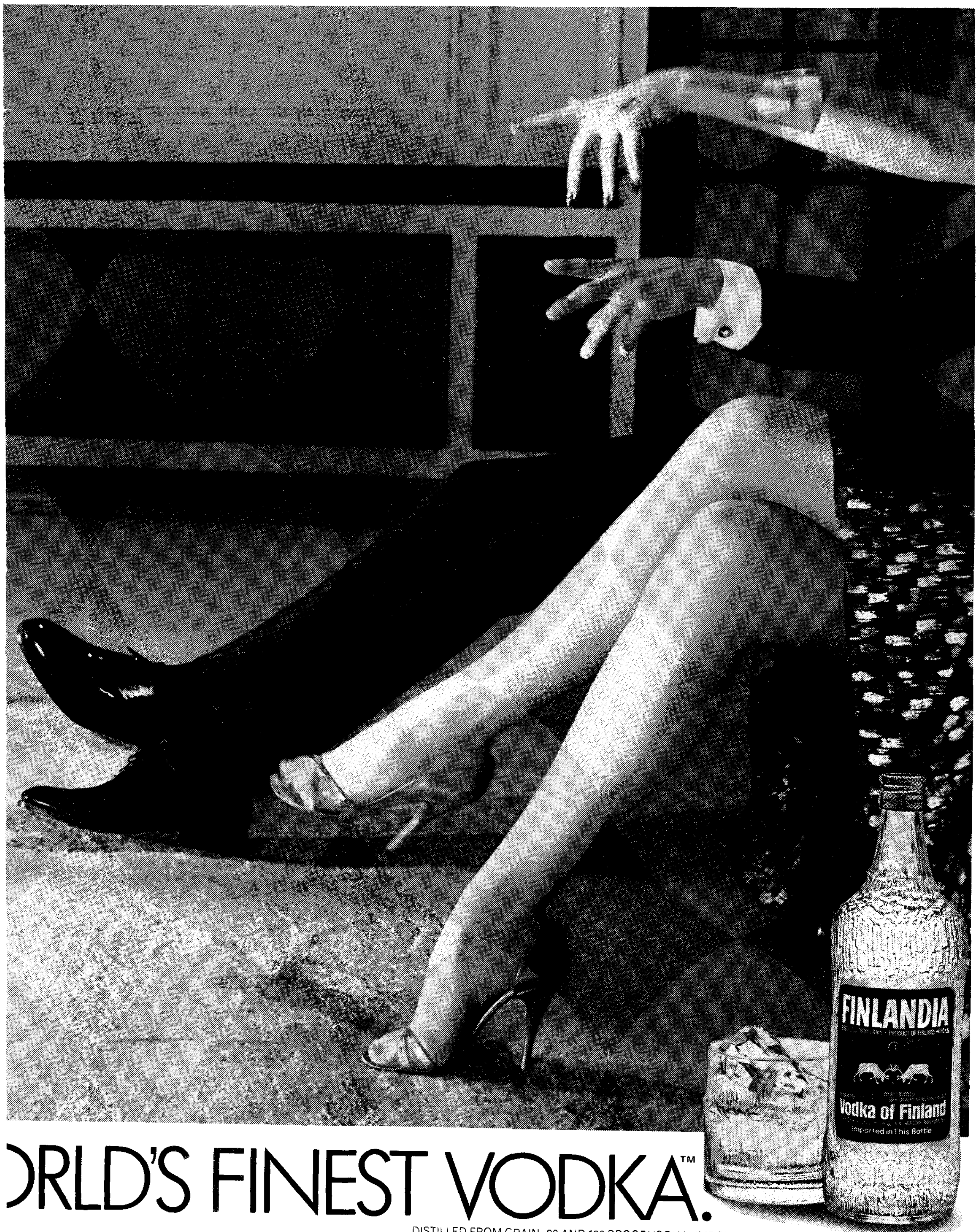
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never abandon and never try to abandon—a world that took the form of Zionism at times, at times the struggle for human rights, at times the fight for freedom of expression, and at times solidarity with dissidents against all totalitarianisms. And it was that world which Colonel Clodoveo Battesti, president of the Argentine military tribunal and head of Special War Council No. 2, sought to understand. He wanted me to confess—to convert my whole consuming mission of love and destiny, identity and future, into a confession.

"DID you at any point abandon Zionism?"

"No, Mr. President."

"Yet, according to this police report, in 1944 you were arrested for belonging to an organization affiliated with the Communist Party."

"I was arrested in 1944, Mr. President, while attending a film festival of the Argentine League for Human Rights. I was in jail for only twenty-four hours, because it was proved that I hadn't participated in that organization, which the police considered Communist."

"During that period, you belonged to the Youth League for Freedom, which was also registered as an affiliate organization of the Communist Party."

"That's true, I did belong to that organization. The members were young supporters of an Allied victory during the Second World War. They disseminated news on the fighting being waged by Great Britain, China, the United States, Russia, and France, without discrimination shown toward any of these countries. They also took up collections for the purchase of medicines that were sent to the Allied nations. What other organization, Mr. President, could I possibly have belonged to?"

"*I* didn't belong to that organization."

"Mr. President, can you imagine a young Jew in 1944 fighting for a Nazi victory?"

"That organization was dissolved by the police for being considered Communist."

"That designation was the police's. I belonged to it as an anti-Fascist, a Jew, and a Zionist. Mr. President, in view of the evident interest regarding my relationship with Zionism I think I ought to explain to the court the meaning of Zionism."

"We're well aware of the nature of Zionism. Confine yourself to answering the questions."

In 1939, we had no radio, but early one morning the sirens of the three big newspapers in Buenos Aires went off, and my mother hurried out into the street and came back with the news that France and England had declared war on Hitler. She was radiant. "In a month, he'll be defeated. Our brothers will be avenged." In 1940 and 1941, veterans of the Spanish Civil War, travelling in small groups, began arriving in Argentina, from the Far East, the north, and Africa. I couldn't tear myself away from the bars where they congregated, held their conversations, lived their bohemian lives—their unique, romantic postwar lives. For the first time, I heard about the betrayal of democracies from men who had sought to combat Fascism. I heard about the Russian intrigues, the massacre of Trotskyites and anarchists. I and my friends were eighteen, nineteen, and twenty years old at the time, clustered around these men who had had firsthand contact with Fascism and explained battle strategy to us, men absorbed in their war, that genuine war; and we acquired words and techniques in order to understand—to attempt to understand—the successive Allied defeats, convinced that Fascism would be defeated.

Those youthful convictions! We'd chosen that moment to prepare a group of young Jews for work on the land—collective work—for who could doubt that the war would be won, that a Socialist-Zionist state would be established, and that all of us would be going to kibbutzim? In 1943 and 1944, I, too, learned how to plow the earth, to milk cows, to plant seeds. Yet though my blood and imagination were engaged in the struggle against Fascism, there was little I could do other than sign manifestos, obtain signatures for manifestos, collect money, buy medicines, and roll bandages.

Rolling bandages! Being able to fight would have simplified everything. At the Free French Committee, I was told that only Frenchmen or sons of Frenchmen were being accepted for service, because there was an excess of volunteers and limited possibilities of transferring them all to Europe or North Africa. At the British Embassy, I was welcomed as a volunteer, because of my willingness to go to Asia, but when my application was filed, revealing my Russian origin, I learned that an existing agreement

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with the Soviet Union prohibited contingents with "White Russians." At the United States Embassy, I was told that no volunteers were being accepted. That day, at noon, on leaving the United States Embassy, which was only two hundred metres from the Government House, I witnessed the peaceful takeover of the Government House by the Argentine Army and Colonel Juan Domingo Perón. It was June 4, 1943.

From that day on, the years of my youth were further complicated, for all my time, energy, reading, studies, and knowledge flowed in countless directions. And these directions, which in my mind were totally connected and integrated, seemed contradictory in the eyes of others, and were so hard to explain: We were fighting against Perón's dictatorship and his friendship with Fascism. We were siding with the Allies but were opposed to England in Palestine. We were pro-Russia in Stalingrad but anti-Russia with respect to the Russians' behavior in Spain and their anti-Zionism. We were trying to establish a parallel between Marx and Freud, between Picasso and Socialist Realism. We demanded a second front.

And now that vast sea of doubts and imagination, youth and dreams, that miraculous coexistence of world suffering and Jewish suffering, that anti-Fascist solidarity, that anti-totalitarian dream of my youth, was being suddenly reduced to a police report flourished by Army Colonel Clodoveo Battesti, president of Special War Council No. 2.

"Did you have any contact with the terrorists?"

"No, Mr. President."

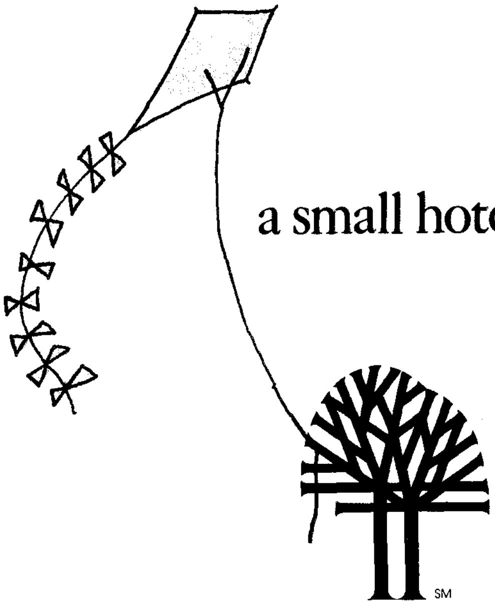
"But you knew terrorists, didn't you?"

"Mr. President, some of the people classified as terrorists by the armed forces were members of the Argentine Congress. I had conversations with them in their role as legislators, as I might with any other legislator. I also had conversations with the military commandants of the three branches of the armed services. This was normal for a newspaper publisher."

"Timerman, answer the questions. You remind me of a pickpocket claiming innocence because the number of handbags that he didn't steal was greater than those he did. Did you have any contact with the terrorists? Yes or no."

"No, Mr. President."

"Yet the declarations of leading ter-



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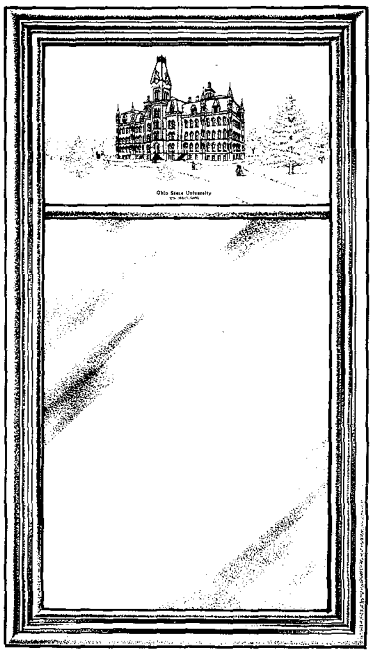

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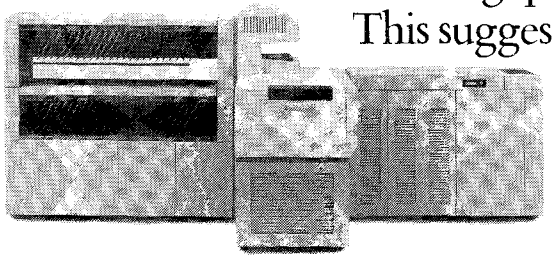

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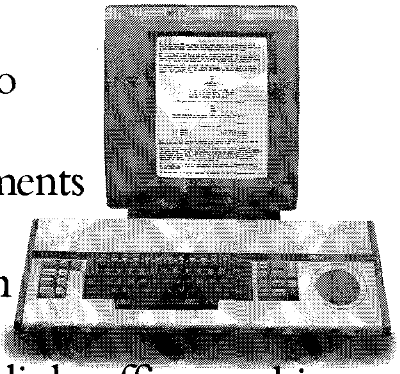

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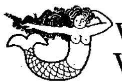

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rorists often appeared in your newspaper. How did these declarations fall into your hands?"

"Mr. President, I never printed declarations of clandestine individuals. How could I classify as terrorist a person who called a press conference, who hadn't been arrested by the police or the armed forces, whose statements were broadcast on state television? All the newspapers printed such statements, yet their publishers are not in front of this War Council."

"You're here to answer questions, not give opinions."

WHY should a professionally competent, informed, and educated journalist have assumed that it was possible in the struggle against left-wing and right-wing terrorism to maintain an independent position, opposed to both extremes and favorable to democracy? In Argentina, everyone not directly involved in the struggle was engaged in survival—the political parties especially, and certainly newspapers. How could someone who wasn't attempting to survive fail to arouse suspicion? On more than one occasion, the Minister of the Interior had assured me that there would be no conflicts between me and the military government if I ceased recording appeals for habeas corpus which relatives of the disappeared presented to the courts for information about sons, husbands, and wives. With the exception of the Buenos Aires *Herald*, every other newspaper had by now ceased doing this. Doing it was seldom fruitful. Still, the faces of relatives who appeared at *La Opinión*, plus the absurd conviction that it was possible to recover a human being, plus the need to believe that a newspaper constitutes a powerful institution, precluded any other position. Otherwise, one would simply have had to tell these people to forget about it, to accept death—tell them that no one could do a thing, and that they should pray. The only alternative was to print what had to be printed. Or else close down the newspaper.

More than once, my staff and I considered temporary suspension of publication. Or perhaps my family and I would leave the country, while the staff gradually converted *La Opinión* into a more or less acceptable vehicle. I toyed with these easy, sensible, accessible, soothing notions. To sit down with the Minister of the Interior for coffee with a sense of immunity to danger; to forget about the daily

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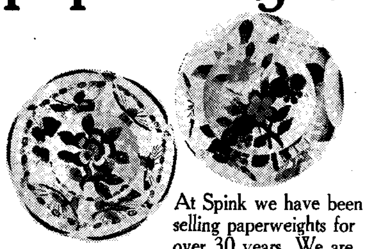

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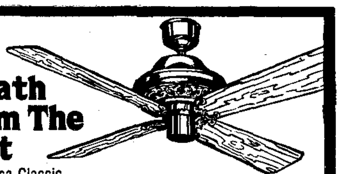

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desperation and that sense of impotence; to go abroad—it would all have been so easy, and was so tempting.

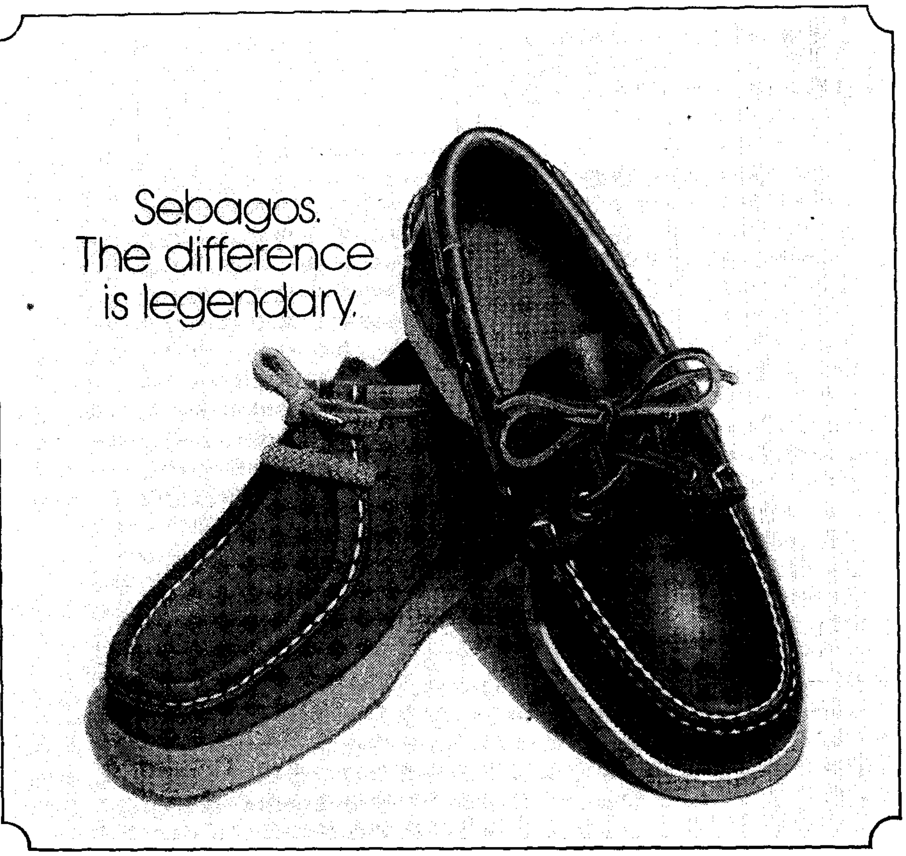
How could a military tribunal comprehend these doubts and fears? How could a military tribunal, a military government conceive of someone's feeling an obligation, the force of an idea, the inevitability of a conviction? How could the Argentine military government of 1976-77 accept the fact that a Jew would sacrifice his economic welfare, his tranquillity, for an idea, unless that idea represented some illegitimate agreement, something as unnatural and illegitimate as his own birth, the unnatural circumstance of being a Jew? How was one to encompass all this in the replies given to Colonel Clodoveo Battesti, president of Special War Council No. 2?

THE members of the War Council, in the course of that fourteen-hour session, traced my entire life—or my presumed life as it emerged in the police reports accumulated under my name during my thirty-year span as a political journalist. They had already categorized me as a criminal by birth, but they had unearthed no crime that would plausibly lend itself to publication under banner headlines in Argentine newspapers, and their legal counsel advised them not to press charges that weren't clearly specified in the anti-subversive laws or in the Code of Military Justice.

Special War Council No. 2 therefore ruled that there was no valid charge against the aforementioned Jacobo Timerman, that he remained outside their jurisdiction, and that there were no grounds for holding him under arrest. This ruling was made in late September, 1977, and was communicated to me on October 13, 1977. The interrogations, declarations, and explanations were over. But the government kept me under arrest for two years afterward.

BEFORE my kidnapping, military friends used to offer me what they regarded as sound advice: Leave the country for a couple of years, until the most violent phase of the repressive process has passed. Turn over the management of the newspaper to your colleagues until the violence is quelled. Or don't publish certain articles. Or stop publishing the names of people who disappear every day. In short, find some sort of compromise with reality.

Adapting to this "realism," this pragmatic spirit, is the most important



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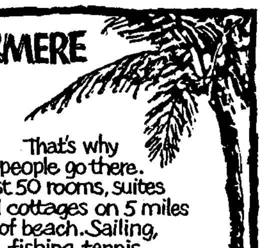

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means of survival in a totalitarian country. One can say to oneself, My acts aren't going to change history and will lead only to my death, but if I *survive* I'll be useful in the reconstruction of the country. If I publish the names of the disappeared, as their family members request, I won't prevent them from being killed but will succeed in having myself killed, whereas if I don't publish the names I'll be able to *survive* in order to continue the fight. Nothing I do or print can modify events, whereas if I *survive* I'll be able, with my newspaper, to help the moderate groups when they assume power.

This conditioning to reality is con*stantly practiced by the large majority* of the population. Nearly everybody will consistently seek a compromise with reality in order to be able to survive and be useful at a more propitious moment. So anyone who departs from such almost biological pragmatism becomes suspect, not only to those in power but also to the population in general.

On many occasions, the military expressed their admiration for my open confrontations with the leftist terrorists, whom I accused in my newspaper and named, using no euphemisms. But they subsequently found it hard to *fathom why, with the same vocifer*ousness, I accused those who used terrorist methods to liquidate left-wing guerrillas. There was no way of getting them to understand that I firmly believed in the need to curb all terrorism, but that this could be, and had to be, accomplished within the framework of Argentine law.

The totalitarian mind obsessively needs the world to be clear-cut and orderly. Any subtlety, contradiction, or complexity upsets and confuses this notion and becomes intolerable. Some of the military felt that they could understand me as a religious individual or as a religious Zionist. But when I informed them, either in person or in print, that I didn't observe Jewish religious rites but was a Jew from a political point of view, and also a political Zionist, they felt a kind of terror before the unknown. Judaism as a political category proved impossible for the military to understand. They couldn't comprehend or couldn't accept that an Argentine patriot could simulta*neously be a patriotic Jew, a Zionist* of the Left, a defender of Salvador Allende, of the Soviet dissidents, and of political prisoners in Cuban jails. Their world was simpler. And in order to survive in that world one needed to choose between two extremes. For many—the great majority—choosing silence was simple. For me, impossible. And this is what made the Jewish leaders of Buenos Aires also regard me as an irritating element. In the pages of my newspaper, all the country's anti-Semitic acts were protested and denounced. A well-known leader of the Jewish community explained to me that not all of them should be protested, for that would create a confrontation with highly powerful sectors of the Army. There was a better tactic: to protest some and maintain silence about others, in an attempt to negotiate and survive.

Psychologists were persecuted; democratic priests were persecuted; journalists, university professors, Jews, defense lawyers of political prisoners—all were persecuted or humiliated. The majority opted for silence, abiding by the new values that constrained their professions, denigrated their creative spirit. The overriding majority accepted this golden ghetto and survival, the voluptuous sensation of security, the wonderful biological sensation of knowing beyond a doubt that you're alive. But if all are guilty of compromising with reality—or, rather, if all are innocent, since it is nearly understandable that life in any situation or circumstance is preferable to death—why should I have this obsession only about the complicity of the Jewish leaders in Argentina?

The point of reference for the Jewish leaders of Buenos Aires, as for Jewish leaders in many parts of the world, is the horror of the Holocaust. For me, the point of reference is equally the responsibility of Jews in the face of any anti-Semitic act. I was never able to understand, for instance, how the horrors of the Holocaust could diminish the significance of the violation of Jewish girls in clandestine Argentine prisons. I had never imagined that there would be Jewish leaders who would utilize the horrors of the Holocaust to maintain that the most advantageous response to certain anti-Semitic aggressions of a much less brutal nature was silence.

In my opinion, the most important lesson of the Holocaust lies not in the horrors committed by Nazism—expounding those over and over fails to move any anti-Semite to pity—but in the Jewish silence and the Jewish incapacity for defending itself. The

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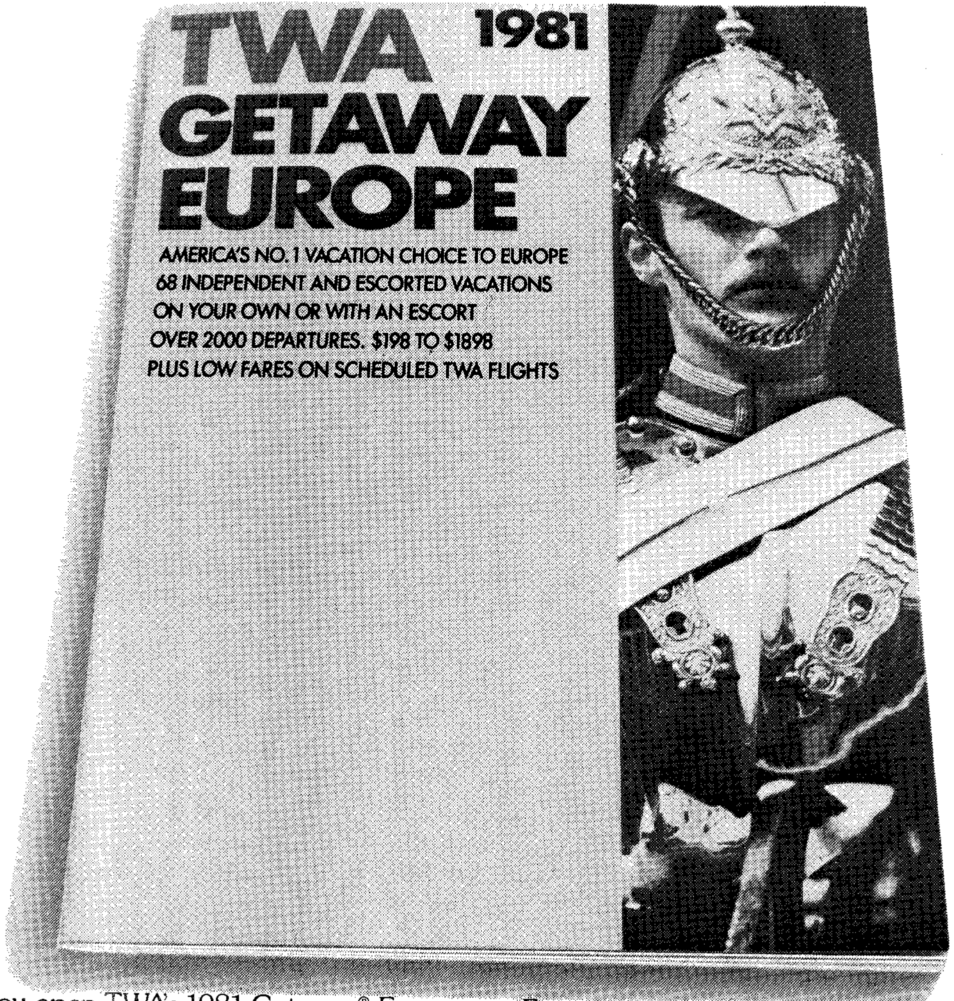

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Holocaust will be understood not so much through the number of its victims as through the magnitude of the silence in which it existed. And what obsesses me most is the repetition of that silence, rather than the possibility of another Holocaust.

THE balcony of my house in a suburb of Tel Aviv faces the Mediterranean. It is large, almost the size of a room, and my wife has filled it with flowers, plants, and Max Ernst posters. Facing my balcony, the scarlet sun is sinking over a sea that is too blue for my eyes, which are accustomed to the southern Atlantic. It hasn't rained in Tel Aviv in nine months, and the ceremony of the sun blazing over the sea is repeated daily. This is a peculiarly odd moment in my life. Pity emerges as stronger than my memory and more tender than my ideology. I think of those Jewish leaders in Buenos Aires who are trying to find a point of equilibrium between their terror—their paralysis—and the anticipated pardon from the moderate military. I recall a time when they felt proud that a powerful Timerman was propounding in his newspaper such strong Judaism and Zionism, discoursing on an equal footing with the military, the Catholic Church, politicians, union leaders. They felt protected. Timerman's downfall aroused the feelings deeply hidden in the subconscious of every Jew: the fear of leaving the medieval ghetto limits at night and being unable, within those dark, narrow streets, to have recourse to the protection of the feudal lord.

How can one fail to feel pity for them? One could not ask for a greater victory for Argentine anti-Semitism: a Jewry at a loss about what to do, unaware of what lies in store, unaware of its strength or the strength of the enemy.

It is possible to feel pity and it is possible to feel rage. Both feelings are the result of love. And how can one fail to love this tortured, sacrificed people, who are abandoned each time that history becomes very complicated and dangerous for them?

In the clandestine jail of Puesto Vasco, a woman is being tortured. My cell is very close to the kitchen where the torture is being applied. I can hear her clearly, crying out, shouting that she isn't a Jew, that her name is German. There's nothing simpler for an Argentine policeman than to confuse names that are odd-sounding to him. But here in Tel Aviv, facing the Jew-

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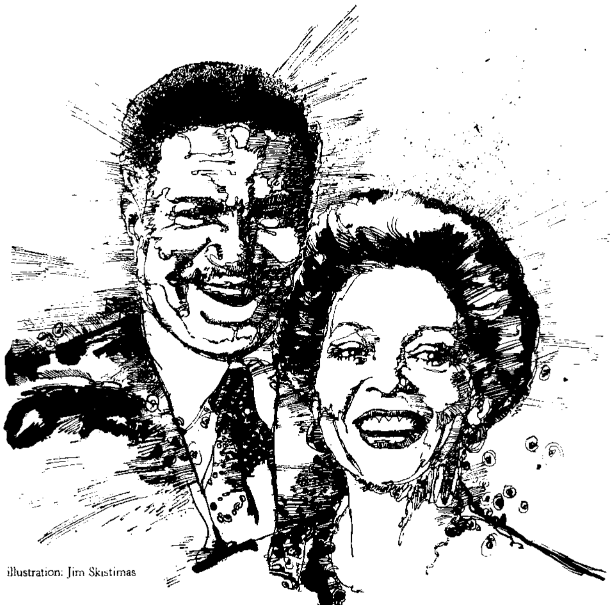

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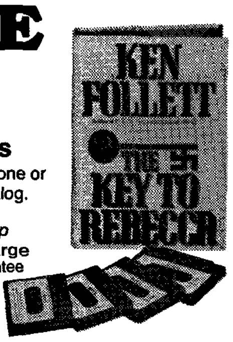

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ish Mediterranean, I think about that scene—that if she had been a Jew she wouldn't have had even that last line of defense. What loneliness! And, I also think, if she was lying, and was actually Jewish, what a terrible renunciation!

In the clandestine prison of Coti Martínez, a man of about seventy is being beaten by a policeman. The man's hands are tied behind his back, and he is blindfolded. The policeman pulls off a cross the man is wearing around his neck, and accuses him of being a Jew, of wanting to hide his identity. After his beating, the old man is put into my cell, and he tells me that he was converted to Catholicism nearly fifty years ago and that the cross was a gift from Pope Paul VI. He considers himself a Catholic and is enraged that the police do not believe him. He vows to avenge himself on the gray-haired policeman with the small, pudgy hands who beat him—and who passes our cell every day smiling.

And here, facing the Jewish Mediterranean, I think about that old man, eternally Jewish in my eyes, who was beaten as a Jew, and that Catholic woman who was beaten as a Jew—about those two Catholics beaten as Jews because they were hated as Jews—and I suppose that I no longer have a right to demand anything of any Jew. What people—what individual—can withstand such hatred? How can one demand that anyone exercise such a superhuman effort in order that his right to life may be respected—that he have the strength to live if he barely has the strength to allow himself to be led to death? In the solitude of prison, it was so sad to be beaten for being Jewish. There was such despair when they tortured you for being Jewish. It seemed so humiliating to have been born.

THIS account I am writing—it's painful. Most of the time, I feel paralyzed. I cannot prevent the memories of the tortures from spreading themselves over my daily life, over the hours that make up a daily life—like a jigsaw puzzle that a neat and careful child spreads piece by piece over the floor of his room. The scenes of beatings, electric shocks, solitary confinement, cold baths in winter combine themselves into the final image, and the result is always the same: the shout with which my interrogators used to insult me when they were really furious—"Jew!"

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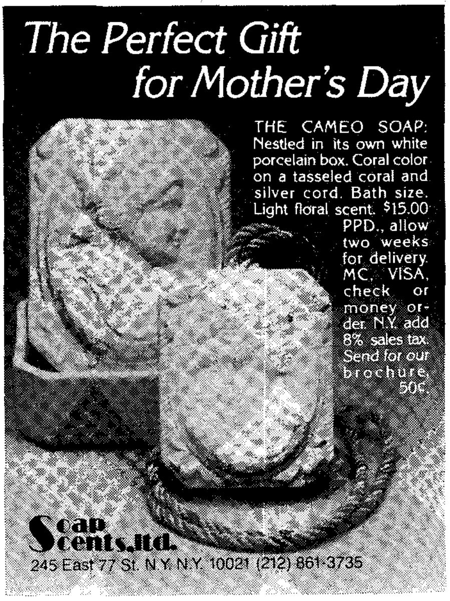

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remote country, the southernmost of all countries, in a nation just a hundred and sixty years old, in that far country torn by a war between Right and Left, I saw repeated the words and ideas that were expressed in Germany in the nineteen-thirties and forties.

Either the Right or the Left could have arrested me or kidnapped me or murdered me in that country, so young and far away, because both had sufficient motive. I was the kind of journalist they didn't have to force into history—I entered willingly. No one had to impose my enemies on me—I selected them myself. I didn't avoid them—I pointed them out, marked them, attacked them.

Why, then, in that arrogant journalist, that aggressive accuser of Right and Left, did they single out his Jewishness as his most dangerous element, for which he must be eliminated? I know the Argentine political situation, and I know that the Army officers did not need to use a Jew, even for strategic reasons, as a scapegoat. So the gratuitousness of the act frightens me—that is, the existence of a hatred so pure, so unreal, without cause and without object, without end, eternal. Above all, it frightens me that it has all been repeated. Admittedly, it has not been repeated with the same magnitude. But if the Jew can be considered the enemy only thirty-five years after the German experience, and can be tortured and killed for being that enemy, then he has kept his place in history; his historic condition persists. I believe that in Argentina all this could have been prevented—if not by the Jews themselves, then by the Christians, for most of those killed were not Jews.

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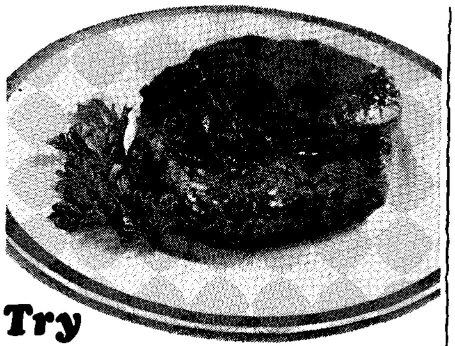

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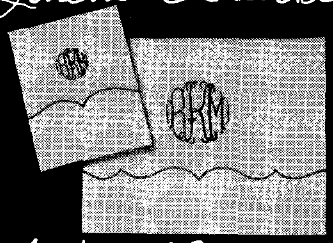

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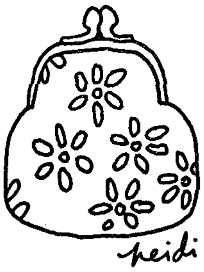
each of the father's torture sessions, his sons were ordered to prepare food for him and take care of him, so that he'd be fortified for the torture. One of the father's hands was fastened to the bed with an iron ring. He ate with his free hand, assisted by his sons and his daughter-in-law. The three would then say goodbye to him, trying to bolster his spirits for the torture session.

If we were to leave the scene at this juncture, we might ask ourselves, Which universe, country, and period does it belong to? How does this scene conceivably differ from the events that took place during the period of Mussolini, Hitler, Franco, Stalin? It differs in certain procedural details, perhaps, but not in the conception of the event. For the event was conceived in accordance with a basic totalitarian principle: a political deed can be achieved through the destruction of an individual; violence committed upon one person can signify the solution of a political problem, the strengthening of an ideology, a system.



If this scene were described in Russian, would anyone doubt that it had occurred in some remote region of the Soviet Union? And if it were described in German, would it differ in any way from the episodes that occurred repeatedly during the process of consolidating the Hitler regime?

The scene actually took place in Argentina and involved a prominent family. The father had been minister of economics to a provincial Perónist governor and had fought alongside Army moderates against leftist Perónist guerrillas and in support of Isabel Perón's overthrow. The provincial governor he served under might become in the future a leader who was favorable to a moderate military that wanted to win the Perónist vote. The most probable candidate, General Roberto Viola, who was then chief of the Army General Staff, was guaranteeing the provincial governor's security against kidnapping. The hard-line military sought to destroy Viola and his potential future aspirations, and thereby the governor as well, whose political background had been in the trade-union world. Since kidnapping the governor was impossible, the alternative was to put him on trial, accuse him of some crime. Hence a charge had to be found, and certainly nothing could serve this purpose better than questioning his minister of economics in order to prove illegal profiteering.

I was imprisoned with the minister and his family at Coti Martínez, and afterward with the minister and one of his sons at Puesto Vasco. Many times, I heard the father, after prolonged torture, crying out that he would sign whatever was demanded, pleading to be killed. But the fact remained that he couldn't provide any incriminating evidence against the provincial governor, for there was none. After several months, he was released.

Of all the dramatic situations I witnessed in clandestine prisons, nothing can compare with those family groups who were tortured—often the family members together, sometimes separately but in view of one member or another, or in different cells while one was aware of another's being tortured. The entire affective world, constructed over the years with the utmost difficulty, collapses with a kick in the father's genitals, a smack on the mother's face, an obscene insult to the sister, or the sexual violation of a daughter. Suddenly, an entire culture based on familial love, devotion, and the capacity for mutual sacrifice collapses. Nothing is possible in such a universe, and that is precisely what the torturers know.

The father's glances: of desperation at first, then of apology, and then of encouragement. The family members seeking some way to help one another—sending an apple, a glass of water. Those fathers, thrown on the ground, bleeding, endeavoring to help their children find the strength to resist the tortures still in store for them. The impotence—that impotence which arises not from one's failure to do something in defense of one's children but from one's inability to make a tender gesture. From my cell, I'd hear the whispered voices of children trying to learn what was happening to their parents, and I'd witness the efforts of a daughter to win over a guard, to arouse a feeling of tenderness in him, to incite the hope of some lovely future relationship between them, in order to learn what was happening to her mother, to have an orange sent to her, to get permission for her to go to the bathroom.

Those family groups, crushed and destroyed together, without the hope that comes from thinking about family members on the outside, as I was able to do with regard to my wife and children. Those fathers, devoid of heroism, desperate to provide the answers that the torturers were after, but often uninformed about the matter, ignorant of the intrigue that was unfolding with them at its center. It was the true end of the civilization I'd been reared in, because it marked the disappearance of what was once the family; consolation was impossible, tenderness untenable, protection violated in every form. The old protective, tender family had given way to a group whose members were unable to express anything toward one another that possessed any force, validity, or semblance of utility. It all wound up in a fresh moan from a beloved person being tortured, and once again only madness provided some escape from the collapse of a life that had begun with love, was based on tenderness, and ought to have been enveloped in solidarity.

WHEN I had been under arrest for thirty months, the Buenos Aires newspapers began publishing rumors that the Supreme Court would order the government to arrange for my release, since there was no indictment against me. (Although the military tribunal declared, in September, 1977, that there were no charges against me and that I was free, I had been kept in prison for several months by order of the Military Junta; then I had been put under house arrest.) My wife was in Washington, working with a group of congressmen who were putting intense pressure on the Argentine government. The Vatican was also investigating the matter. Finally, in September, 1979, the Supreme Court declared that it found no grounds for my continued arrest, and ordered the government to release me. The government kept the court's decision a secret; neither my wife nor my attorney was informed of it. The generals, meeting in a special session, decided that, despite the court order, I would not be released. The Supreme Court threatened to resign. The generals were prepared to arrest the members of the court. The President of Argentina, General Videla, under international pressure, declared that if the court resigned he, too, would present his resignation. At that point, unknown to me, the Army came up with a Solomon-like solution to the impasse: it issued an order annulling my Argentine citizenship, expelling me from the country, and confiscating my goods—all without officially heed-

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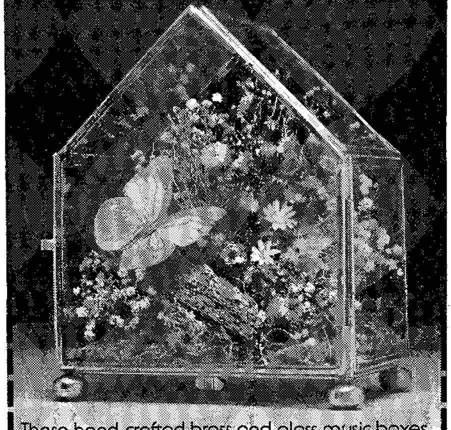

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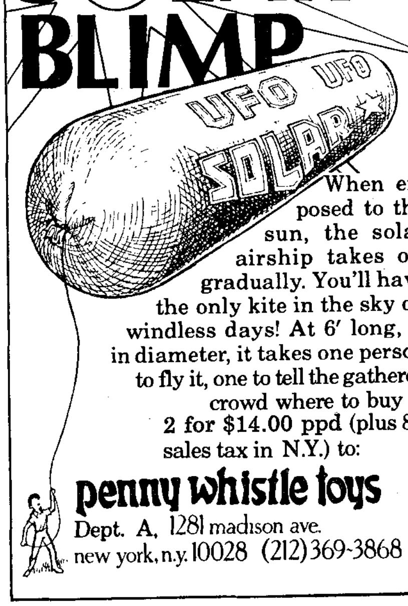

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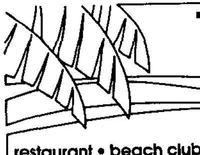

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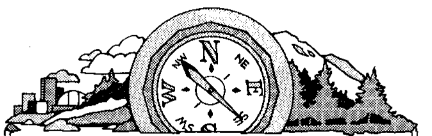
ing the Supreme Court's ruling. Need one add that Argentine newspapers, jurists, political friends of the government, and Jewish community leaders subsequently congratulated the military government for obeying the court ruling and faithfully respecting the majesty of justice?

IT'S Tuesday morning, September 25th. The Buenos Aires newspapers report that there's agitation at Army headquarters, and that high-ranking officers are discussing what position to take toward the Supreme Court's decision. Meetings of the Military Junta are being reported. It is said that there will be a final meeting, and that the generals will put my case to a vote.

It is Tuesday midday, and a high police official arrives. I've never seen him before. He's accompanied by the police chief of the district in which my house is situated. He says he's going to move me elsewhere, where I'm to sign some papers. I'm to take a bag with some clothing. I refuse, and insist that I be told where I'm going or that my lawyer or rabbi be called. He says that if I don't go peaceably I'll be taken by force. I argue, the telephone rings, he answers and tells the caller that he's leaving now. He hangs up and insists that he's in a hurry. I'm alone in the apartment and upset because there is no witness to my transfer.

We descend in an elevator filled with policemen and go down to the basement of the building, where a private car without any police markings is waiting for us. I'm told to take the back seat. There's a great display of plainclothesmen. In the car, I'm seated alongside a young, elegantly dressed woman. I ask her if she, too, is a prisoner; she tells me she's a policewoman. We drive quickly, escorted by several private cars filled with civilians. They try to avoid being recognized.

At the federal security offices, I'm informed that I have been stripped of my citizenship and expelled from the country and will be transported at once to the airport. I argue that this decision is illegal, since only a judge can take such a measure, and that in order for it to be valid sixty days must elapse, during which I have the right to appeal. "Appeal from Israel," I'm told by the assistant to the Minister of the Interior. So I learn that I'm to go to Israel. I'm handed a passport, which is valid for only two days. Then the Israeli chargé d'affaires comes into the



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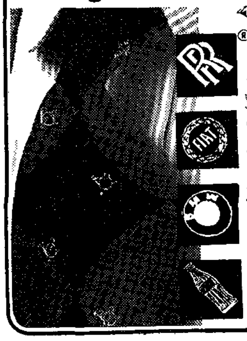

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room and attaches a visa to my passport. He insists on accompanying me. A brief argument with the police ensues, during which he states that he won't let me go alone—that he wishes to accompany me to the plane. We all leave the offices together. They keep arguing. Israeli security men are waiting on the ground floor, where two automobiles are parked. The atmosphere is extremely tense. A police official indicates that we'll be going to a heliport, because a helicopter will be taking me to the airport, which is thirty kilometres from the city, and that the Israeli official can follow us in his own car.

Once in the heliport, the Israeli security men again insist on accompanying me to the plane. Then a high-ranking official says that no one can join the group on my helicopter but that a second helicopter will be escorting us in the event of an attack by far-right elements of the military, and the chargé d'affaires can go in that one. On the helicopter trip, one policeman tells me they had been unable to inform me at my house of my expulsion from the country because various security services had installed wiretapping devices that could have revealed that I was leaving the country alive.

We reach the airport, where an Aerolineas Argentinas plane destined for Rome is waiting. We get into the plane, along with the airport commander, a patrol of Air Force soldiers, and the Israeli diplomat. The officials escorting me leave. The Israeli diplomat goes last, making sure that I am still on the plane when the door is closed. The plane takes off.

I'VE been in Israel for two days, and am spending Yom Kippur in the Ein Shemer kibbutz, where one of my sons lives. I listen to the radio and hear my name and Argentina mentioned. I don't understand Hebrew. Someone translates for me: General Luciano Menéndez, the commander of the Third Army Corps, has begun a rebellion to overthrow the government because of my release. Since my reflexes are still attuned to Argentina, this gives me a scare. It seems real, plausible, inevitable. I have a feeling that I can't escape. And yet General Menéndez, who acted like a god, who by a mere gesture could rule on the life or death of countless people in the concentration camp known as La Perla, is unable to reach me. He can still plunge Argentina into civil war, he can still dispatch numerous Argen-

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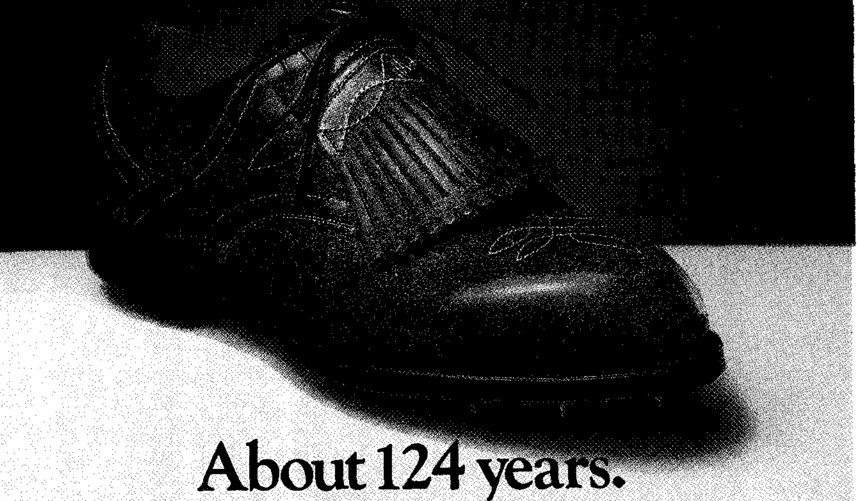

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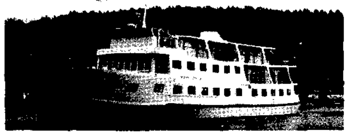

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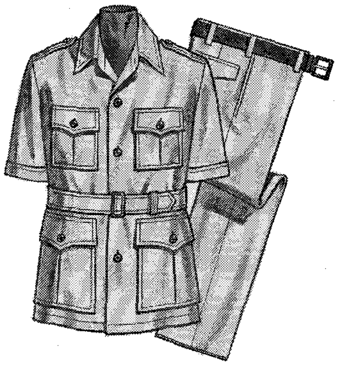

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tines to torture chambers, throw them to the bottoms of lakes, but he can no longer touch me.

And it is with this sensation—of being distant from the Nazi paranoia that suddenly overcame the most advanced nation of Latin America, as it once overcame the most advanced nation of Europe—that I reach the end of my story. I know there ought to be a conclusion, but I have no conclusion. I have lost none of my anxieties, none of my ideology, none of my love or my hate.

I know that the Argentine nation will not cease to weep for its dead, because throughout its often brutal history it has remained loyal to its tragedies. I know that it will succeed in overcoming the paranoids of every extreme, the cowards of every sector. And it will learn how to be happy.

Have any of you ever looked into the eyes of another person, on the floor of a cell, who knows that he's about to die, though no one has told him so? He knows that he's about to die, but he clings to his biological desire to live, as a single hope, since no one has told him that he's to be executed. I have many such gazes imprinted upon me. Each time I write or utter words of hope, words of confidence in the definitive triumph of man, I'm fearful—fearful of losing sight of one of those gazes. At night, I recount them, recall them, re-see them, cleanse them, illumine them. Those gazes, which I encountered in the clandestine prisons of Argentina, and which I've retained one by one, were the culminating point, the purest moment of my tragedy. They are here with me today. And although I might wish to do so, I would not know how to share them with you. —JACOBO TIMERMAN

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Toby Talbot.*)

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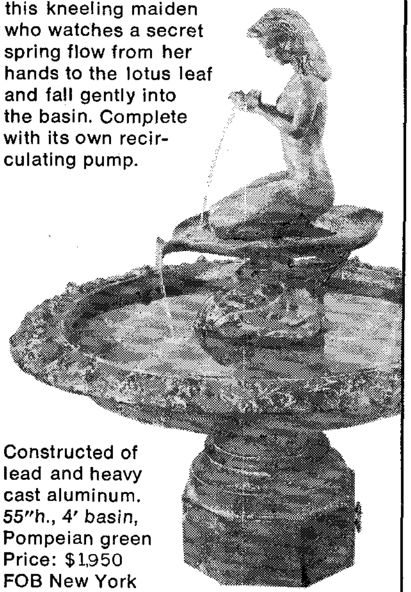

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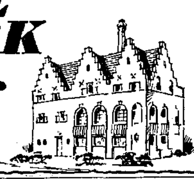

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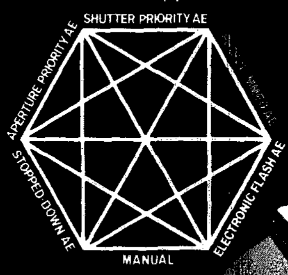

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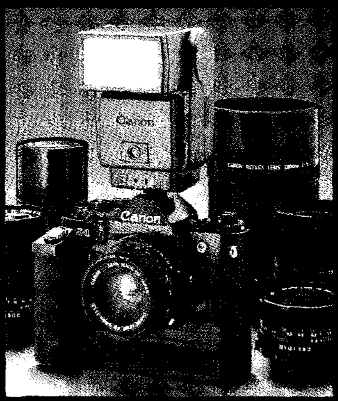

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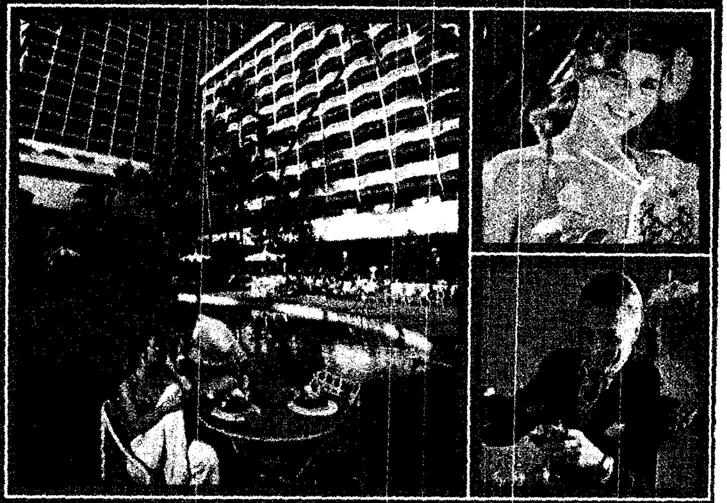

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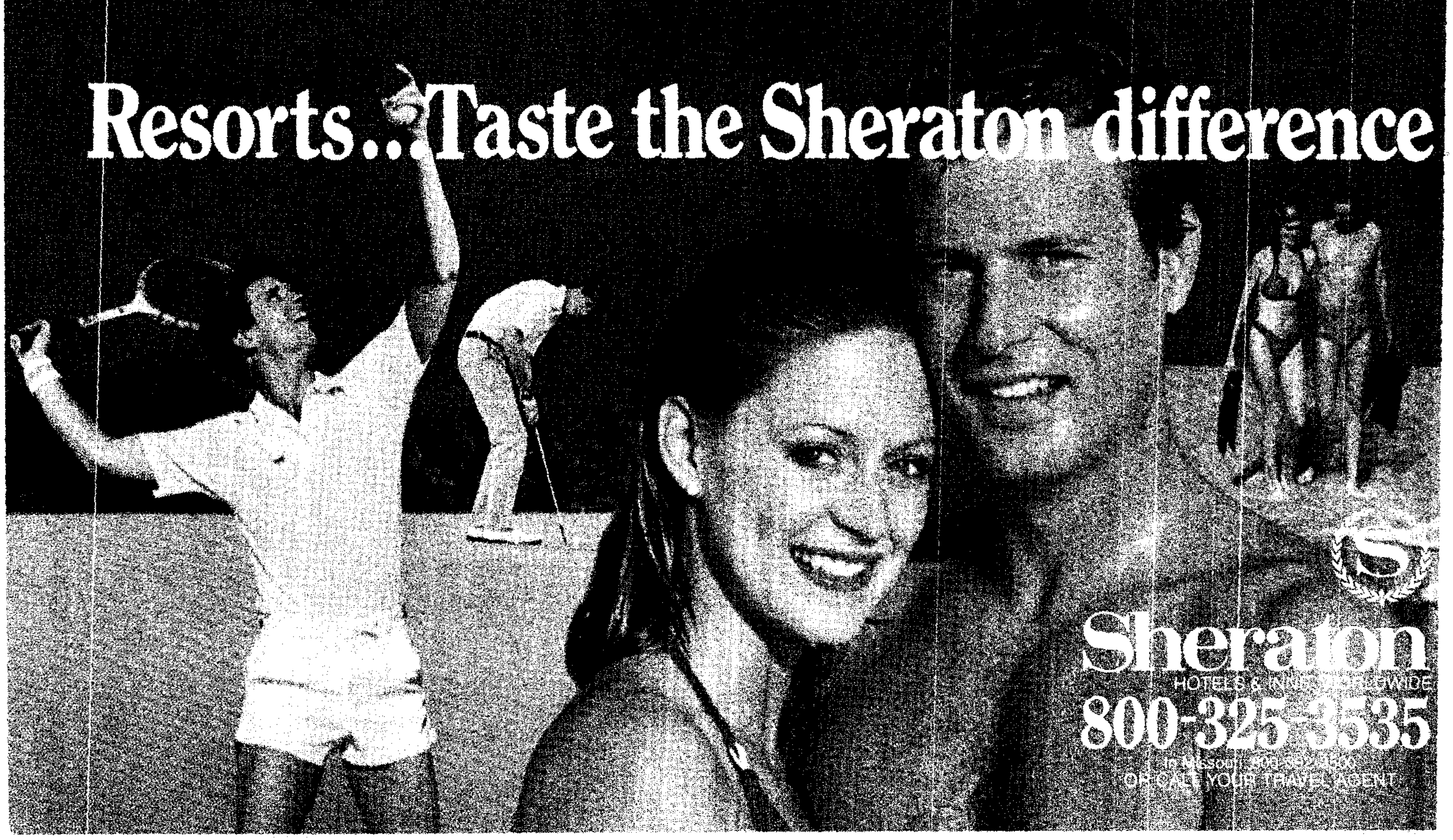

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THE THEATRE

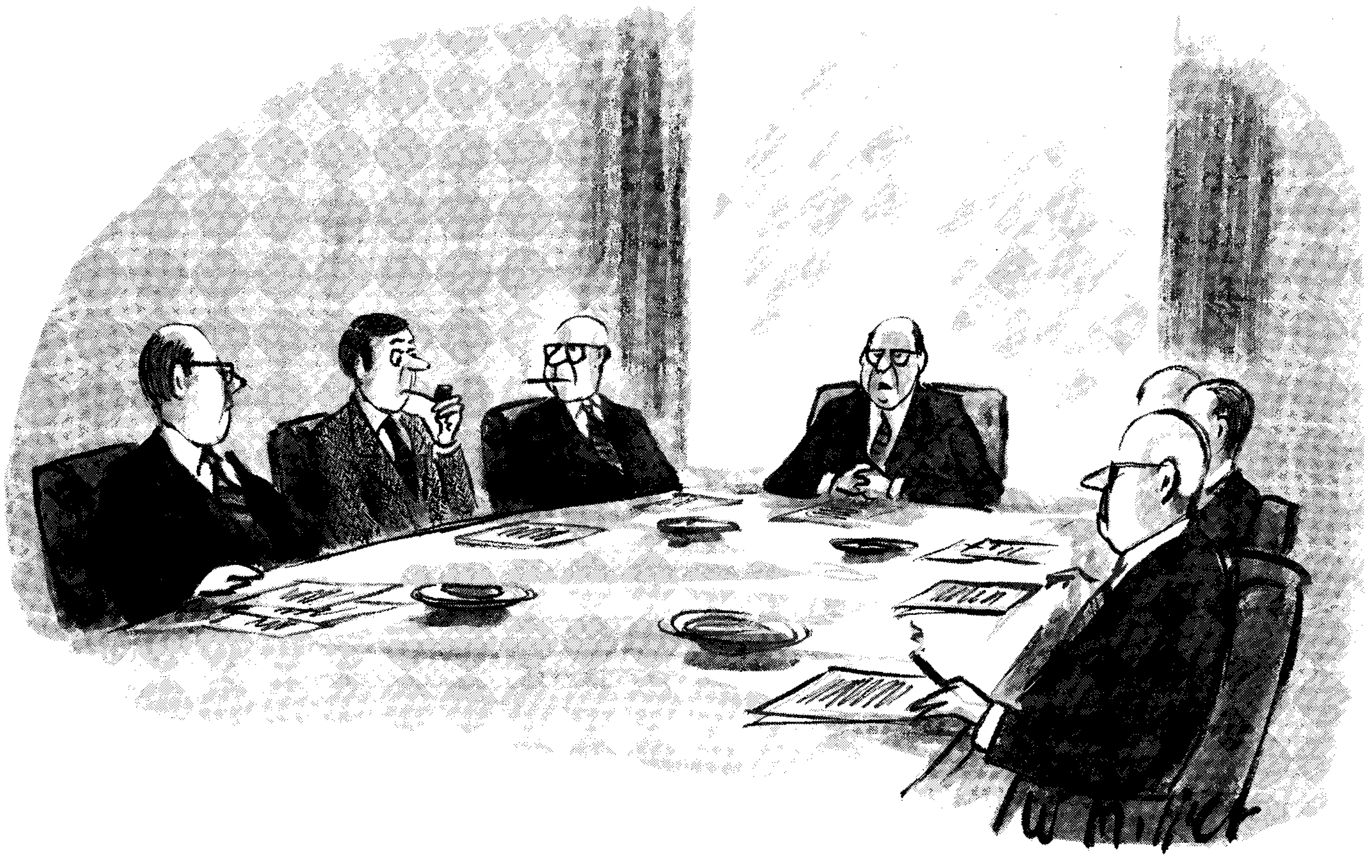
No Laughter

IN the subtreasury of humor, there are shadowy corners as well as sunlit ones. Long before the advent of the so-called Polish joke, there existed a particularly nasty specimen of humor known as the moron joke. ("Did you hear the one about the moron who . . .") For reasons that I cannot begin to seize even so much as the tip of the tail of, Neil Simon has taken the trouble to write a comedy about a never-never village in Russia all of whose inhabitants are so stupid that they cannot remember their own names. He has given over an entire evening at the Eugene O'Neill to a succession of moron jokes, few of them funny and all, by their nature, to a greater or lesser degree cruel. To make plain how eager he is not to mitigate the harshness of his dramatic intentions with the least tincture of charity, Simon calls his play "Fools." Short and sourly misanthropic, the title is indeed appropriate, and should do much to insure that nobody will attend the work to which it has been affixed.

Bad enough that "Fools" should be so bitter (plainly, Simon has a quarrel with the world, but what he has yet to make clear to us is the subject matter of the quarrel); worse that it should be so depressingly unoriginal. We hear in it echoes of "Brigadoon," "Fiddler on the Roof," and half a dozen other plays and movies, some of them by Simon himself. The play has the air of a failed musical from which, by some gross mischance, the music and lyrics have been expunged. Cast in the form of a fable, it tells of Leon, a young man who comes to the village of Kulyenchikov to take up his duties as the local schoolmaster and finds to his dismay that nobody in the village is capable of being taught. The village, Leon learns, is under a curse; nevertheless, he idealistically attempts to teach the villagers how to count on their fingers, add and subtract, and carry out similar mental feats. (Since the teacher is played by John Rubinstein, who recently played the role of a teacher in "Children of a Lesser God," that play, too, keeps springing to mind throughout his performance.) In the end, Leon begins to spout nonsense to the effect that stupidity can be cured by self-respect, which, in turn, is engendered by love—notions that are convenient to the plot as it unravels but that bear no authentic relationship to the psychological basis of the play.

Even spouting nonsense, Mr. Rubinstein gives an attractive performance. As Sophie, the girl he falls in love with, Pamela Reed can do little more than look pretty and pretend, unconvincingly, that her mind is a sieve. Difficult as it may be to believe, Harold Gould finds something pleasing to enact in the role of an eye doctor who is unable to read the letters on his ophthalmological charts, and Mary Louise Wilson is mildly amusing as his wife. (When he asks her to lower her voice, she bends her knees.) The calculatedly ramshackle fairyland scenery is by John Lee Beatty, the costumes are by Patricia Zipprodt, the lighting is by Tharon Musser, and the direction is by Mike Nichols, who took Gordon Davidson's place at a late point in the rehearsals, and who has left not a trace of his famous cosmetic skills upon what was already a singularly unwinsome corpse.

PAY as little attention as possible to the wantonly incomprehensible name of the show that has just opened



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at the Bijou. It's called "Aaah Oui Genty!," and you will soon discover that Genty is the name of a masterly French puppeteer who, with three assistants, turns the theatre into Cloud-Cuckoo-Land, filled with wit and an eerie, crepuscular beauty. Notes in the program by M. Genty (who has no reason to be a modest man) assert that the themes embodied by him and his puppets "are often universal, like death, birth, and love; also internal conflicts of specific figures; for example, the violinist who wants to find glory but becomes its victim, or the Pierrot who prefers suicide to living life where he is forever manipulated." Technically, Genty and his company are of the highest proficiency; aesthetically, they hold our interest from first to last. I would count on their enchanting any child, thanks to the skill with which, like Lewis Carroll, they take advantage of a child's undiminished sense of the capability of the world. What if I were to tell you, for example, that at one point Genty takes a puppet from a box, assembles it, gives it seeming life, then slowly begins to fall under the control of the puppet, shrinks, and is placed by the puppet, head and all, in the very box that had been the puppet's? Even in recounting this adventure, I feel the hair on my head beginning to rise.

—Brendan Gill

•

What do you do if you're female, 50 years or older, live in Plumas County, and are looking for some excitement? Well, one answer to that question is to join the newly formed cult group called the Masked Matrons of the Mountains.

Once a month, on a chosen night, the women don outlandish masks (which they have made themselves) and go marauding throughout Plumas County seeking anyone to terrorize.

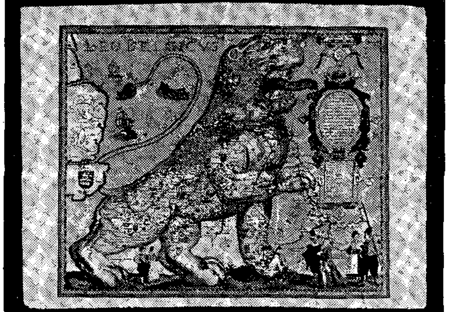
Thus far, the group is responsible for leaving two loggers chained to the bumper of their pick-up trucks in front of a bowling alley.—*Quincy (Calif.) Green Mountain Gazette.*

Well, it's a start.

•

In order to celebrate our Fifth Anniversary, we decided to thank our many friends by making some major and exciting changes in our food and drink. Please join us soon for our new Luncheon Specialties such as: Fettucine with harlot sauce, Scallop and Swordfish brochette, Seafood Rockefeller, and our English Pub Sandwich.—*Adv. in the Manchester (N.H.) Union Leader.*

Fettucine has too many calories as it is.



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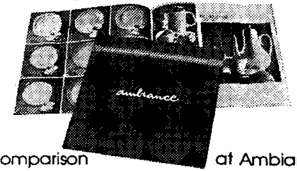

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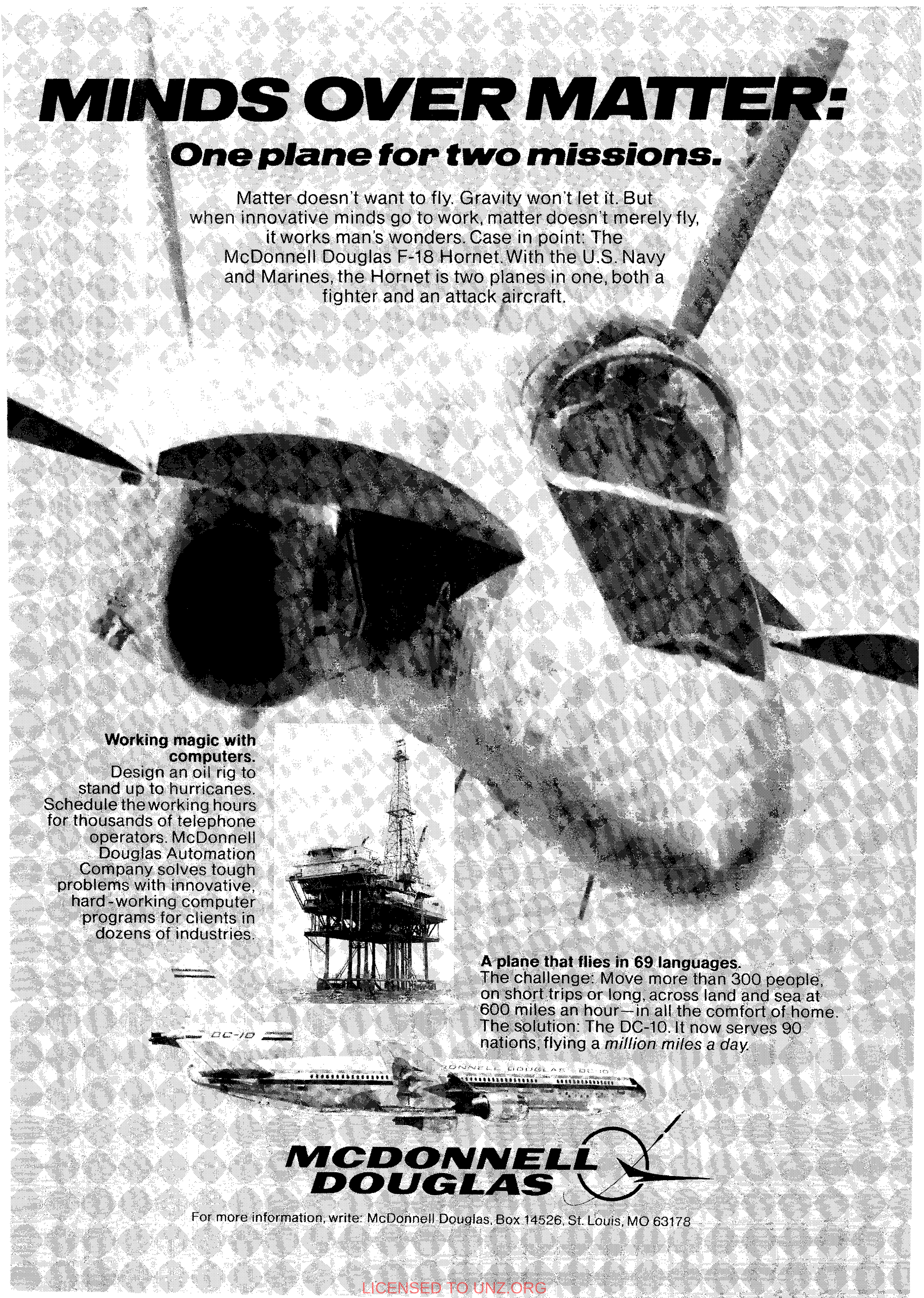

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MUSICAL EVENTS

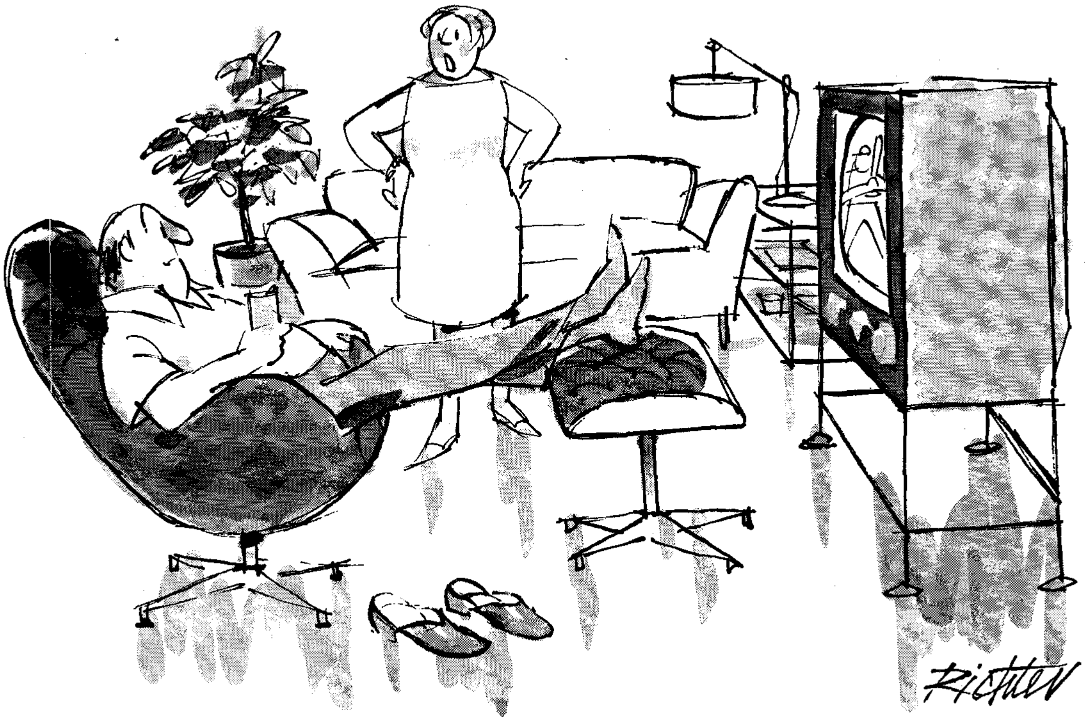
Vindication

MARCH 25TH was the centenary of Béla Bartók's birth, and on that evening programs devoted to his music filled three of New York's concert halls: in Carnegie, Antal Dorati conducted the Detroit Symphony in the Suite from the ballet "The Miraculous Mandarin," the Violin Concerto No. 2 (with Yehudi Menuhin), and the Concerto for Orchestra; in Avery Fisher, Rafael Kubelik gave the first of four performances with the Philharmonic of the Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta and the opera "Duke Bluebeard's Castle;" in Alice Tully, the Guarneri Quartet played the Second, Fourth, and Sixth Quartets. On radio, WNYC presented a four-hour celebration that included a documentary on the composer's life and work and a discussion of his recordings by his son Peter Bartók, and WKCR played seven hours of his music as part of a six-day festival that covered most of his recorded output. Bartók could perhaps feel vindicated. When he died, in New York's West Side Hospital, in September, 1945, his reputation was uncertain. Among a small circle, the importance of his work was recognized; the last of his compositions that he lived to see performed—the Concerto for Orchestra, commissioned by Koussevitzky, and the Solo Violin Sonata, for Yehudi Menuhin—had been successful. Menuhin had played the Second Violin Concerto several times in America; performances of other works were not rare. At the time of his death, Bartók was completing the Third Piano Concerto (for his wife, Ditta), was working on a Viola Concerto (for William Primrose; he said it was "ready in draft"), and was planning a Seventh Quartet. It is not altogether true, then, to suggest that his last years in America were entirely unhappy and unproductive, or that he was without honor. His own estimation of his situation in December, 1944, in a pair of letters to his pupil Wilhelmine Creel, in Seattle, was without complaint:

> There is a housing shortage in New York. So I stay with Ditta in a two-room apartment which is, of course, too small for both of us. We very often hamper each other in our activities, but we must be glad to have got such an apartment, at least . . .
>
> This year I had an income of about $1400 from sale of my music and performance fees . . . Now I made an agreement with Boosey & Hawkes according to which they will pay me an advance of $1400 yearly during the following three years . . . So, for the next three years, a modest living is secured for us . . . And after three years—heaven knows what will happen . . .

Yet Bartók's situation was desperately insecure. The sources of income he had expected to find in America—from playing and teaching the piano, from public appearances—had never materialized. The major factor in his deciding to settle here had been the offer of a research fellowship from Columbia University in 1941-42, which enabled him to pursue his study of Serbo-Croatian folk music. But, as Paul Henry Lang reveals in an important article in the March *High Fidelity* (the issue also contains, in a centenary tribute, an acute assessment of Bartók's piano playing by David Hamilton and the first part of a detailed discography by Jeremy Noble), this was an unconventional, non-teaching appointment that bent the university's rules; the special arrangements made for it were never revealed to Bartók. The post was renewable each term, and at the end of 1942 it was discontinued. Benjamin Suchoff in *The Musical Times* of February, 1976, supplied other details: Bartók's friends eventually gathered sufficient donations to insure a renewal of the fellowship. This, too, was concealed from Bartók; he became too ill to take up the renewal, though he did complete some of his folk-music studies. As Mr. Lang points out, Bartók could have accepted posts to teach composition but always refused. Lang's conclusion is hard but fair: "The difficulties he encountered [in America] were to a considerable extent of his own making; his integrity was so fierce that he could not make even reasonable compromises."

Bartók's music, too, is shot through with a fierce integrity, and that has made its acceptance difficult among those whom music must charm to please. In 1945, the music critic of the London *Observer*, William Glock, marked Bartók's death by writing that he "had the genius of the greatest," and suggested that "no great composer has ever cared how 'pleasant' his music sounded." Glock was sacked by his editor, who thought that his espousal of contemporary music had gone too far. Yet now, thirty-five years after Bartók's death, his music is eagerly devoured by concert audiences and record buyers. He makes a



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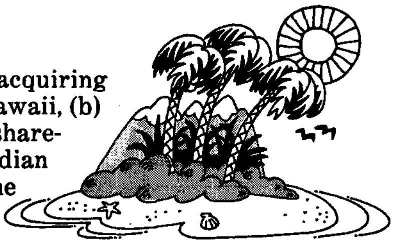

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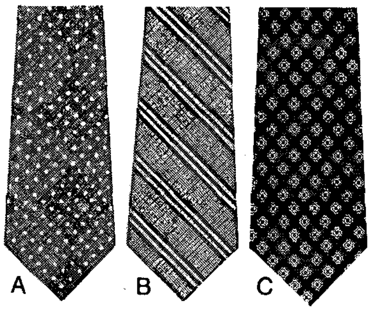

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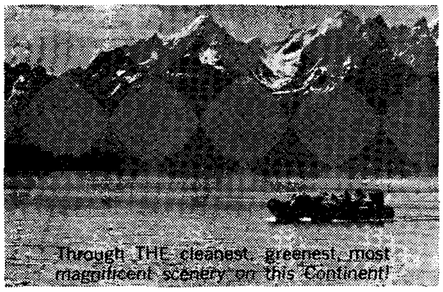
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stronger appeal to the listener than most of his contemporaries: his expansion of tonal language and his development of new playing techniques were both used to create a piercingly direct emotional effect.

The most remarkable centenary tribute in New York occurred not on Bartók's birthday but on the preceding Sunday. In one evening, the Emerson String Quartet played all six of his quartets, at Alice Tully Hall. The concert, which began shortly after eight and ended at eleven-thirty-five, was broadcast by WNYC. The hall was filled, and at the end the cheers and the ovation were deafening. It was a foolhardy undertaking—absurdly demanding of both players and listeners—but it was justified. The quartets, composed in 1908, 1915-17, 1927, 1928, 1934, and 1939, provide a compelling survey of Bartók's development; each—with the exception of the First, I think—is a masterpiece; and they are sufficiently varied not to sound repetitious. Listening on the radio, I found my concentration overstrained, and taped a couple of the performances for later hearing. The players, however, did not seem tired. Nothing in their account of the Sixth showed weariness or staleness: it was, in fact, rather more secure than that of the First, three and a half hours earlier. Where the marathon seemed to tell on them was in the middle quartets: the accumulated power of the ending of the Third Quartet, the violence of the outer movements of the Fourth, the acid quality of the Fifth were all softened. Bartók's music is rarely exuberant in an open, cheerful manner, yet the Emerson often made it seem so; the end of the fourth movement of the Fourth Quartet got a laugh in the hall, which surprised me. The famous introduction of an innocent barrel-organ tune in the finale of the Fifth is a moment I find more chilling than funny, but the Emerson's bright playing caused some amusement at this point, too. Throughout, the quartet cultivated a manner that was rather too extrovert for the music: the "marcatissimo con brio" sections in the first movement of the Fourth bounced happily; the repeated-note opening of the Fifth was more deft than fierce. The fast, scherzo-like sections were impressive for their sheer speed and verve: the second movement of the Fourth flashed past in a precisely controlled rush of notes; the central movement of the Fifth, with its 4+2+3 rhythms, was crisp and lively. In the more subdued quartets, the results were often finer. The First, after intonation had settled down, was rhapsodic and languorous; it was played with a wide vibrato and warm tone that suited this late-Romantic essay. The Sixth, with its desolate motto theme, had some affecting moments at the start of the second and third movements; the march was kept firmly in check, although the burletta lacked the angular, grotesque quality that should make it frightening; the last movement expired with a nobly restrained eloquence.

The problems that Bartók's quartets present are no longer technical; as the Emerson convincingly demonstrated, today's generation of young string players can overcome their difficulties easily. The problems that remain are, rather, problems of idiom. In all the Emerson's skillful playing, there was rarely an impression of the dark colors and intensity, the weight of sound and the special harmonic character of the folk references that permeate the music. The most natural and convincing accounts of these quartets I have heard were by the Végh Quartet, and the most penetrating playing of Bartók's solo music was by the leader of that quartet, Sándor Végh. What players seem to miss, in their search for the excitement and the brittleness of Bartók's music, is its richness. The point is made tellingly by the Tokyo Quartet in a recording of the complete quartets, which has been released to mark the centenary, on Deutsche Grammophon. These performances are as thrilling as any I have heard. The Tokyo players do not miss the bite and sharpness of the music, and their ensemble is astonishingly accurate: the triple and quadruple stoppings of the Fourth and Fifth Quartets are played more nearly unanimously than I would have thought possible. They use a wide variety of coloristic effects, from strong vibrato to a glassy, expressionless tone that is well suited to the adagio molto of the Fifth Quartet. The recording is in many ways a magnificent achievement. Yet something is missing. The way the players hit the unison repeated notes in the first movement of the Fifth is stunning—as sharp and as regular as machine-gun fire—but

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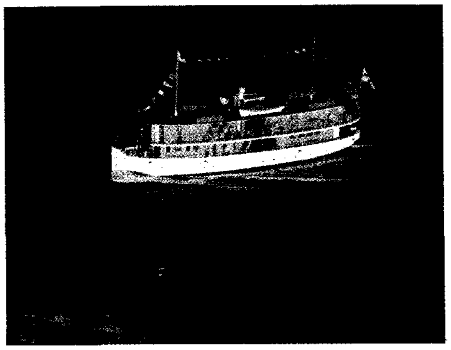

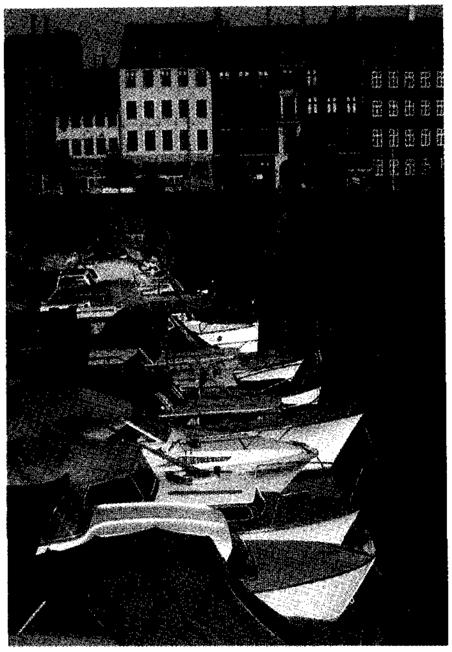

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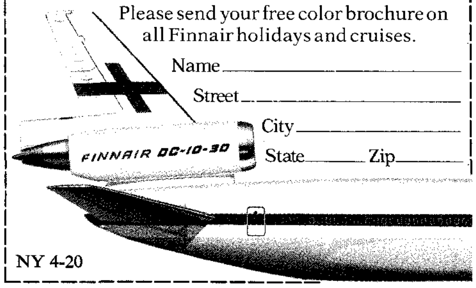

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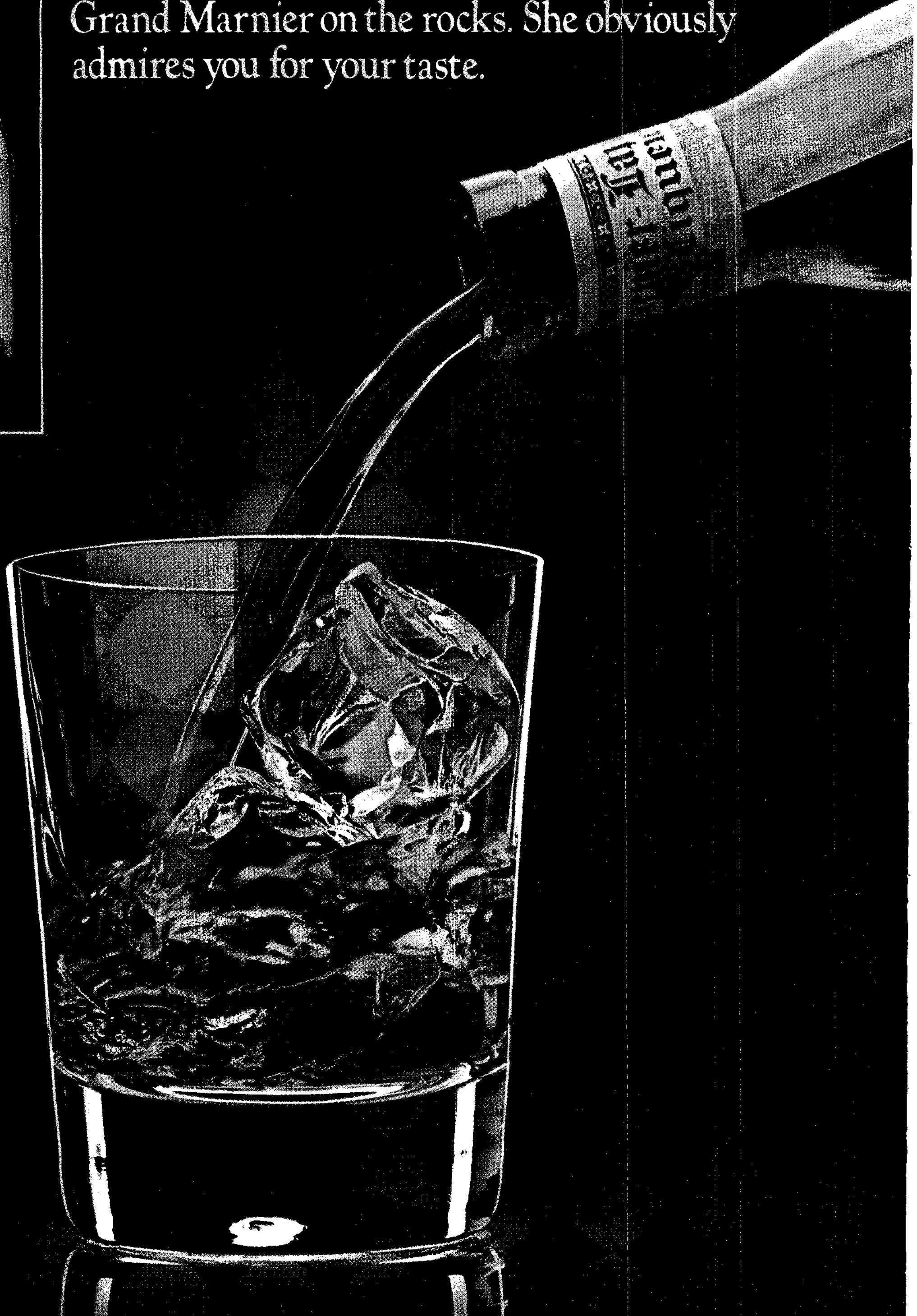

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there is no feeling of a musical phrase, of a sense that carries through the rests between the notes. The more one listens, the more the performances sound mechanistic; every chromatic note in the scuttering runs is in place, every chord is struck as the markings indicate, but the resonance that this should create is absent.

It would be foolish to argue that only native Hungarians can play Bartók. The Juilliard Quartet, which has lived with the Bartók quartets through its thirty-five years of existence, has done much to establish the works in the repertoire and is now—following changes of personnel in the group—embarking on its third complete recording of them. In the centenary week, the Juilliard gave the first of three concerts at Alice Tully Hall, which will include all the quartets (and the three Brahms quartets). The First and the Fifth were played. The dissatisfaction I felt here did not result from any lack of identification with the music: the performances were strong and committed, and showed responsiveness to the idiom. I simply could not admire the sound of the playing: in the First Quartet, it was difficult to believe that a first-violin tone so scrawny could be thought appropriate to the music; in the Fifth, that same tone, though less out of place, was still disconcerting. There is ittle body to the Juilliard's texture at present; the ensemble is thin and tense. The evident musical understanding of he playing, then, was less than fully communicated; the most enjoyable performance in the concert was that of he Brahms B-Flat Quartet, in which he rhythms danced and rocked, hough the timbre was undernourshed.

THE Philharmonic has been spending most of its time reently under the direction of Rafael Kubelik: his Bartók program was the hird in a series of five programs. It would be good to report that he had nstilled some of his special qualities of warmth and vibrant feeling into the Philharmonic's playing, but the orhestral contribution to the Bartók concert was, for the most part, efficient nd characterless. It never fell below he high standard of competence that he Philharmonic has now, mercifully, tained; nor did it often rise above it. The Music for Strings, Percussion, nd Celesta, written in 1936 for Paul acher, is a work for chamber orchesa. Mr. Kubelik used small string forces, but the impression was nevertheless that of a large-scale account in which the general string sound overwhelmed the intricate detail of the percussion writing. In precision, in atmosphere, and, especially, in its sense of excitement, the Philharmonic's account did not come close to equalling that of the Y Chamber Symphony, conducted by Gerard Schwarz, at the 92nd Street Y the previous week. The Chamber Symphony gave an invigorating performance that burst with energy: the Stravinskian syncopations of the second movement and the peasant dance of the finale both felt as if they were balanced on a knife-edge and might collapse at any moment; the Philharmonic's playing of those passages was safe and steady. Only in the second movement, during the growling fugato that starts in the lower strings, did the Y orchestra show any serious technical problems; some isolated moments—such as the music's descent into an orchestral trill and cello solo in the last movement—were less than perfect. The very dry sound of the Kaufmann Concert Hall and the cramped stage inhibited the antiphonal effects of the second movement but gave a potent intimacy to the clipped percussion noises and eerie glissandi of the third. In Avery Fisher, all this was diffused: the slow movement was a striking essay in strange orchestral textures, but it had little of the power or the gripping sense of fear that the Y Chamber Symphony created.

"Duke Bluebeard's Castle," the second part of the Philharmonic's program, was altogether more impressive. Tatiana Troyanos and Siegmund Nimsgern, the soloists, also sing on Pierre Boulez's recording of the opera (which was broadcast by WKCR on the Saturday preceding the centenary). Miss Troyanos, a rich, lustrous, and dramatic Judith, soared over the orchestra with a powerful lyricism, tautly phrased. Mr. Nimsgern, who has been criticized for the youthful vigor of his voice on the recording, created an impassive and authoritative Bluebeard, and only occasionally let a note of urgency enter his singing. The two performances complemented each other splendidly. Mr. Kubelik paced the work with solid, unhurried tempi. The shining, impressionistic orchestral colors, brilliantly varied as each door is opened and another vision is revealed, were well characterized. But Kubelik preferred a round, fat texture, where the Boulez recording achieves an icy grandeur: at the crash-

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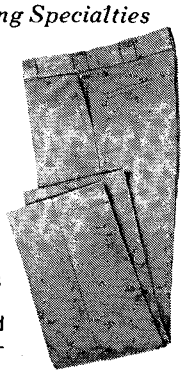

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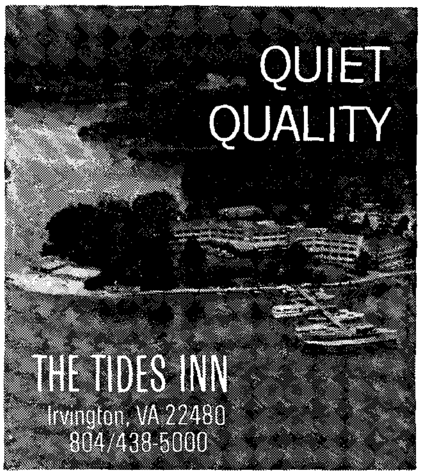

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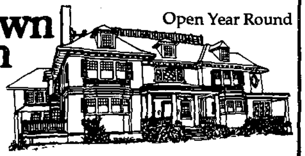

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ing major chords that accompany the opening of the fifth door, Kubelik filled the harmonies with the dense, cloudy sound of the Fisher Hall electronic organ; Boulez's transparent, hard-hitting chords at this point have an even greater impact. In Mr. Kubelik's account, the fervor and intensity of Bartók's opera were captured; some of its subtler qualities were lost. One decision contrived, however, to rob the performance of its efficacy: though the opera was, rightly, given in Hungarian, the program provided only a synopsis, which was difficult to link with the performance.

TWO final Bartók performances helped to emphasize the gulf between an impressive account of his music and a genuinely idiomatic one. Vladimir Ashkenazy, who, with the Pittsburgh Symphony, gave all the piano concertos in the course of three concerts in Avery Fisher Hall last month, played the Second Concerto with the rip-roaring, vivid virtuosity that he also brings to Chopin, Rachmaninoff, and Prokofiev. The notes flew excitingly, and a certain brute strength in the playing struck home. Yet the performance seemed an empty vessel compared with the account of the First Concerto given a couple of weeks later by Maurizio Pollini and the Boston Symphony in Carnegie Hall. Pollini's sharp attack and meticulously judged textures are ideally suited to Bartók; the staccato chords of the second movement were impeccably poised, tinged with color so that each group led to the dark, sustained chord that followed. Pollini's playing —contrary to caricature—never lacks warmth. At times, a sudden expressiveness flooded the music: Pollini made the solo passages in the first movement which ruminate over a pedal D sound rich and romantic. Even the hardest of his jagged chord sequences had a powerful sense of direction. The *Boston Symphony's* accompaniment, under Sir Colin Davis, was less focussed than that of the Chicago Symphony, under Claudio Abbado, on Pollini's outstanding recording of the concerto (Deutsche Grammophon). But the live performance was supremely exciting.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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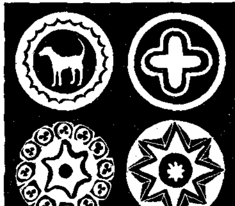

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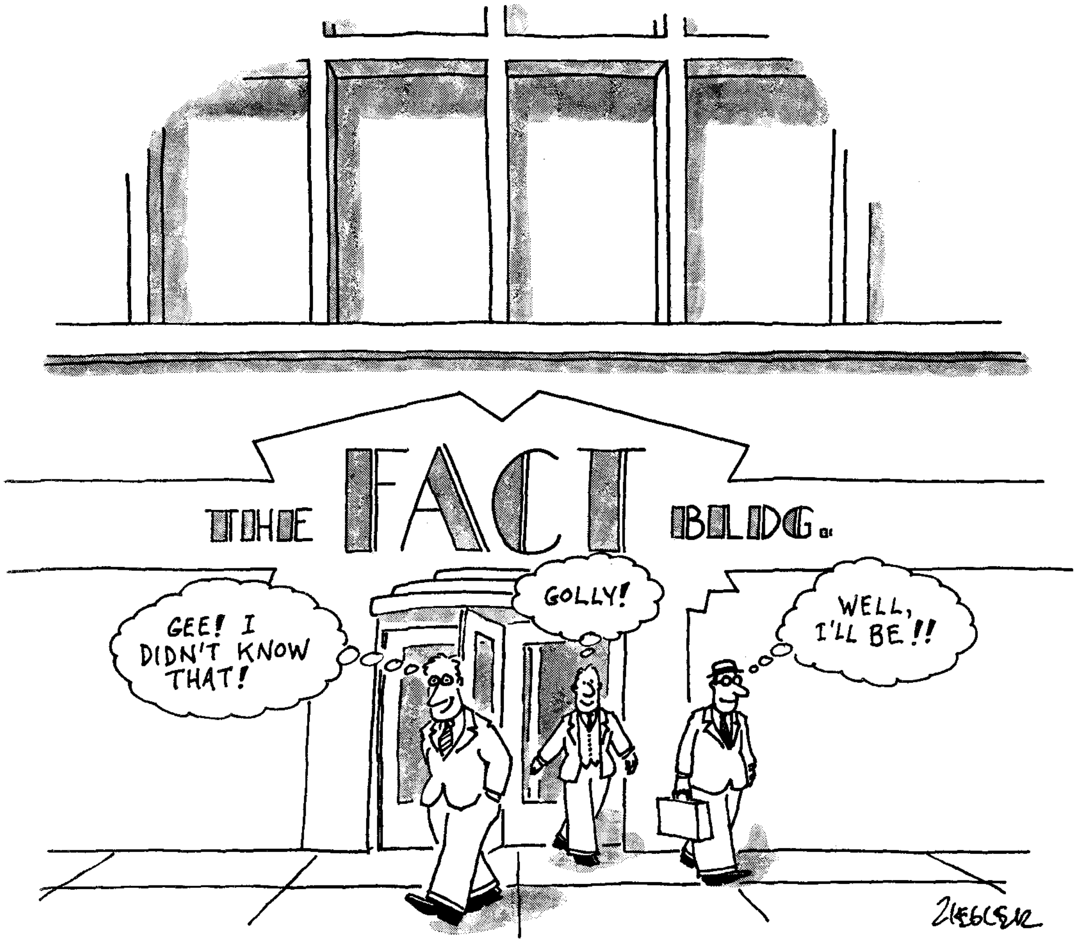
DANCING

Additions and Subtractions

Viola Farber was a great soloist when she turned to choreography, and for years she remained a great soloist; her choreography was never more than functional, an apparatus for performance. That is no longer true. A Farber evening is less performance-centered than it used to be; it sustains a more sheerly choreographic interest. And whether it is solo or ensemble choreography seems not to matter so much as the type of musical accompaniment Farber chooses. Farber hasn't only redesigned her priorities, she's also switched to music after years of moving mostly to silence or to electronically processed scores. All the pieces on her program at the City Center had music played live on conventional instruments, and all seemed to represent precisely calibrated reactions by Farber to her music. Music, in fact, seems to be her main area of experimentation these days, and while it's good to see an artist of her generation unsettling herself and taking risks, the results show a fair amount of confusion over what risks to take, so even her successes are clouded with uncertainty.

In "Solo," to a percussion score, Farber as the soloist was overwhelmed by the strategies of the percussionist, Jean-Pierre Drouet. The big crescendo at the end even made me *look* at Drouet. But then another percussion score by Drouet proved not enough of a support for a weakly prolix group number called "Ledge." In "Bequest," the choreography ran neck and neck with a Mendelssohn trio. On and on it ran, through binary and ternary melodies, through expositions and developments and recapitulations. It was "musical" choreography with a vengeance. One could say that in selecting her accompaniment for these pieces Farber made the wrong choices—differently wrong choices—but it is hard to know whether to attribute her successes to right choices or to some other factor. Both of the successful pieces—one was a group composition, one was a duet—happened to have piano scores. My guess is not that Farber has an affinity with the piano but, rather, that she hasn't as yet found complete energy as a musical choreographer—that she's still sketching, and fine-tuning her sketches. The City Center concert had in common with the last Farber concert I can recall seeing the fact that the first pieces on the program were the best, or seemed to be. No matter how good or how individually interesting subsequent pieces may have been, their qualities didn't show up. The effect was one of repetition. A current Farber evening is likely to be a study in dissipation. For the audience, it's an exercise in concentration, and usually it's an exhausting one. At the City Center, by the time the Mendelssohn came around (it was last on the program), I found I couldn't get through it. Choreographically, nothing seemed to take effect once we'd seen "Bright Stream," to Alan Evans' piano score, and "Tea for Three," to selections from Bizet's piano suite "Jeux d'Enfants." It was as if Farber had laid out her terms and then had to spend the rest of the evening defending them.

Since the relation of movement to music is inherently an unequal one, intelligent choreography seeks the illusion of an equation, not the fact of one. The choreography can start from inside the music and grow organically in a parallel structure, as in "Bright Stream." Or it can stay wholly outside the music and rub up against it. Farber uses this option in the Bizet and gets satire from the friction. The choreography is designed for Farber herself and Sarah Stackhouse, a guest artist formerly with the Limón company; the two women dance simultaneous solos in their personal and quite unrelated styles, and the effect of distraction and doggedness is good enough to last, both as musical commentary and as comedy, for the duration of the piece, if not beyond. The title of this duet is "Tea for Three" because it was meant to be a trio; injury prevented the participation of the ballet dancer Sallie Wilson. But the third party could also be Bizet, whose music is left to go its own way while the dancers go theirs. Stackhouse is full-bodied, roundly proficient, and romantic, while Farber uses her waywardness and disjointedness with the most subtle discrimina-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GEE! I DIDN'T KNOW THAT!
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ZIEGLER

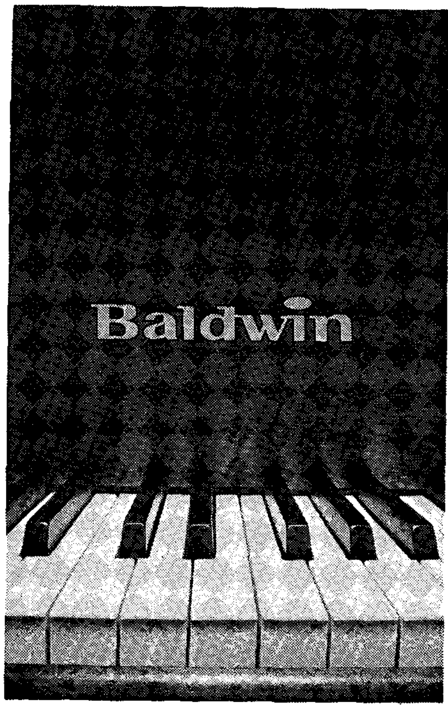
tion she will show all evening. As a choreographer, Farber understands the limitations of dance in relation to music and how to capitalize on them, and I think she understands these things instinctively. In the Mendelssohn, I felt intellectual force taking the place of instinct; it's what makes the energy of the piece seem shadowy, tenacious yet unreal. Although, who knows? It might be quite real in another place, on another program.

WHILE the Farber company performed downstairs in The Space at City Center, the Lar Lubovitch company was upstairs in the main theatre. Lubovitch's choreography is undeceptively simple. It never transcends procedural mechanics, and it always seems to begin and end on the same spot without having gone anywhere in between. Cocteau said that the opium trance makes one and one equal not two but eleven. Good choreography makes music plus dance add up to dreamlike quantities. Lubovitch's choreography is obstinately one on one with the music, and now that he's using scores by Steve Reich and Philip Glass—transparent music that exposes its processes—his own process has come to seem even more shallow. In "Marimba" and "Cavalcade" one hears Reich's music steadily evolving through repetition, but one watches choreography that merely repeats itself in a frozen manner without ever finding a thread through the repetitions or an equivalent to the catalyzing harmonic changes in the music which turn simple addition into advanced calculus.

Lubovitch's choreography never did have any catalytic force, but I believe it once had more nerve than it has now. (I'm thinking of his Ives pieces.) For nerve, Lubovitch has substituted twerpiness, as in "Exsultate Jubilate," in which he *dares* to set Mozart's vocal score while at the same time signalling to us that it can't be done. People patter about barefoot, wave their arms importantly, or, as the voice (Judith Raskin's) soars to heaven in a cadenza, stand wriggling and twitching, as if undecided just how to fill in *that* blank. The presumption is that they'd filled in the others. Lubovitch makes a joke of his incapacity, but it reminded me of the time a certain tenor, playing a singer whose voice was breaking down, chose "Il Mio Tesoro" to break down in; one knew he couldn't have sung it straight. In "Beau Danube," the orchestra (on tape, like all Lubovitch's orchestras) plays the waltz while four physical culturists in old-fashioned bathing suits exercise in a different rhythm. There is a palace in the background, and it is snowing. Haven't we seen this droll Dada anti-waltz before? The obvious intention is frictional satire (as in "Tea for Three"), but the result is so synthetic that it might itself be the subject of satire. Like "Exsultate Jubilate," "Beau Danube" is a form of banter that Lubovitch hasn't earned the right to toss around. Where's the wit in using "See Spot run" choreography when it's all you've got?

A SURPRISING number of people who attended the Merce Cunningham season that preceded Lubovitch's at the City Center walked out in a huff at intermissions. If they knew Cunningham's name well enough to buy tickets in the first place, you'd think they'd know what it stood for. Cunningham has adapted himself over the years to changing conditions, but he's never really changed the way he works. Among those who walked out could have been the sons and daughters of people who'd walked out on "Rune" or "Aeon" or "Crises."

Within the methods and procedures that remain basic to Cunningham's work, a creative pattern has been evolving in the past few years. It can generally be expected that two or three group works a year will be produced, and that at least one of them will employ the full company of fourteen dancers and will have been composed first for film and video, then adapted to the stage. Last year's bimedia presentation was "Locale;" along with it we had the powerful and virtuosic "Duets" and a lighter and jokier piece, "Roadrunners." This season, we saw the new "Channels/Inserts" in its stage version only; the film-video version has yet to be edited. The choreography seemed more intensively yet more freely developed than in the two other new pieces; as in "Locale," as in "Fractions," the camera has stimulated Cunningham's imagination as well as his ingenuity. The things that seem chiefly to distinguish "Fielding Sixes" and "10's with Shoes" in Cunningham's mind—the phrase counts referred to in the titles—were not tha apparent to me. In "10's with Shoes," the emphatic, almost military cut o the steps, which could have been in-spired by the jazz shoes the dancer wore, gave the piece a prevailingl comic tone. But except for this topo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graphical feature there was nothing to keep one from seeing "10's with Shoes," along with the other new works of the season, as forming one gigantic ongoing work—a kind of cumulative Cunningham extravaganza. The idea that the choreography possesses a logic that can flow from one piece to another is the principle behind the Event, a concert-style presentation that Cunningham devises by splicing parts of different works together to make a new whole. During a recent period when large, well-equipped theatres were hard to come by, Cunningham programmed nothing but Events, and they became quite popular—a new way of seeing Cunningham, and a better way, it was suggested, since the designers who could have collaborated in discrete works for the theatre were mostly not very good. But when Cunningham did get back into the theatre the quality of the visual design proved to be remarkable. The company owes much of its impact since then to the contributions of two artists, Mark Lancaster and Charles Atlas.

What had in fact deteriorated was not visual design but sound accompaniment. The Events hadn't spared us the experience of that deterioration, but simply because of their informality we could forgive and forget what we heard during Events. At the City Center this season, the exodus up the aisles must have included some people who just couldn't face another onslaught by John Cage's musicians. More than half the repertory was blighted by abrasive, exasperating, or ridiculous intrusions from the pit. For "Fielding Sixes," Cage superimposed or otherwise distorted a bunch of Irish jigs, recording them with their rhythms all out of kilter. One of my favorite dances, "Signals," suffered from the repeated imposition of garish end-title music from old Hollywood movies. Sitting here and there among those who didn't walk out were people in headsets, with Sony Walkman cassette-players on their laps. What, I wonder, were they tuned in to while the rest of us were enduring the house din? Some of the better scores, perhaps, of John Cage? —ARLENE CROCE

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer*]

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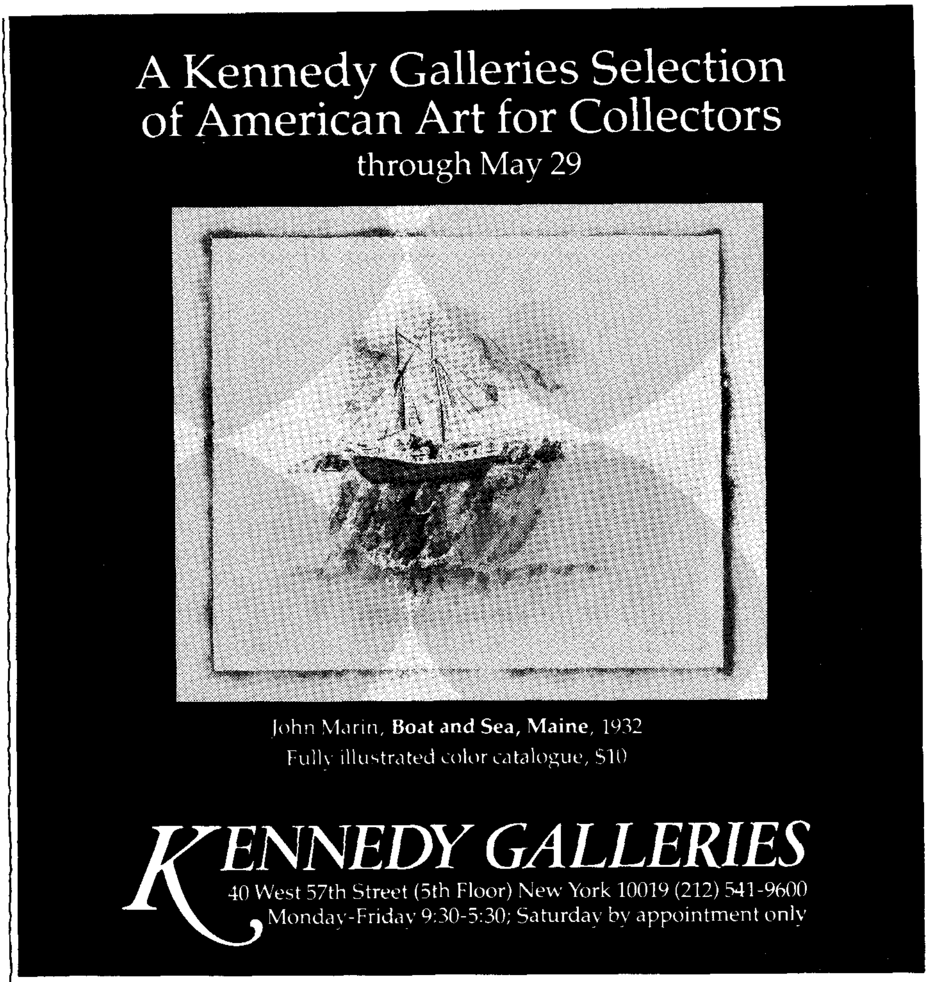
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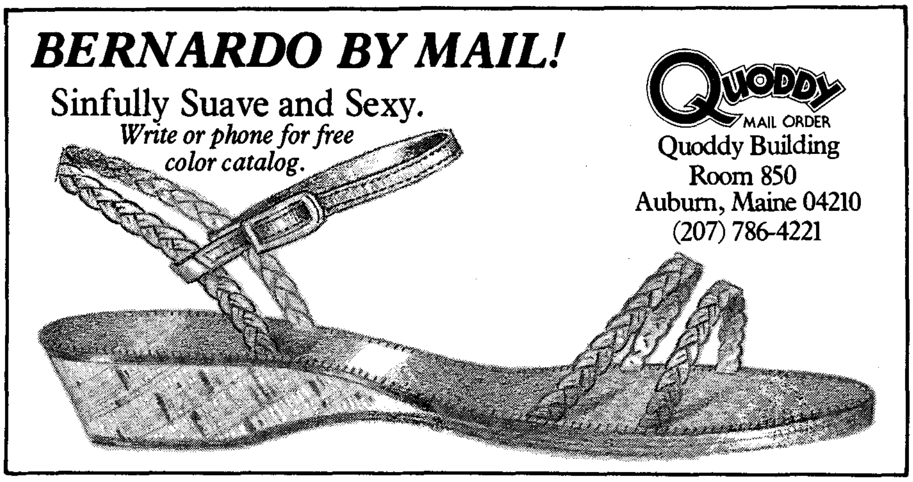
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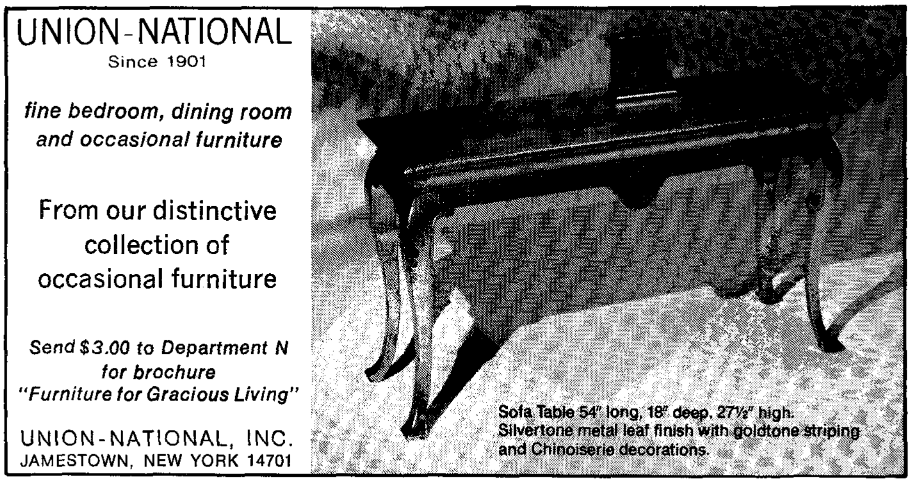
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Boorman's Plunge

JOHN BOORMAN is an intoxicated moviemaker, with a wonderful kind of zeal—a greed to encompass more and more and more in his pictures. His action scenes are rarely comprehensible. He can't get any suspense going. He doesn't seem to understand the first thing about melodrama. He has no particular affection for humor. And his skills are eccentric and his ideas ponderously woozy. But I don't know of any other director who puts such a burnish on his obsessions. Moviemaking is clearly the first of them, with mythology a close second. I would never have imagined that I could enjoy a retelling of the Arthurian legends which was soaked in Jung and scored to themes from Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana" and Wagner, but Boorman's "Excalibur" has its own kind of crazy integrity. At first, I couldn't quite believe what I was seeing: a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman had been trying to get this project financed for the past decade, and he'd been mulling it over for much longer than that. No doubt he got the go-ahead because of the success of "Star Wars," which is essentially the Arthurian story set in "a galaxy far, far away," but he has done the legends straight. Children may be enthusiastic about "Excalibur," but it hasn't been made as a family movie, and though Excalibur is clearly The Force, symbolized in the magic sword, which is effective only when used for good purposes, Boorman doesn't linger on that. He doesn't bring a comic-strip sensibility to the material, and he doesn't make the narrative easy to understand, in the manner of the Hollywood "Knights of the Round Table" (1953), with Robert Taylor as Lancelot and Ava Gardner as the Queen. What Boorman has in mind is probably closer to "The Seventh Seal."

EXTREMELY
SECRET AGENTS
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He just plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame, mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. He sails through the Arthurian stories, from Arthur's conception and birth to his death, without pausing even for the awesome, triumphant moment when the boy Arthur pulls the sword from the stone where his dying father had placed it. This scene is staged with townspeople gathered, some saying that his pulling out the sword means he's the King, some saying that it doesn't and he isn't, and with all this clutter and dissension there's no tingle at seeing the visualization of one of the high points of fairy lore. Something in Boorman must rebel at the thought of a dramatic climax. The film is almost all action, with very little at stake for us, because we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running. The hackings aren't any more upsetting than the hackings in "Monty Python and the Holy Grail;" in fact, the ones in "Monty Python" may have been more disturbing, because they were funny and gruesome at the same time. In "Excalibur," they're neither. You don't see the limbs or heads that are lopped off; you see the red-stained armor. The hackings are part of the visual texture, along with the spiked elbows and the jutting metal earmuffs that look as if they could kill a stag at bay.

The imagery is impassioned, and it has a hypnotic quality. You feel that there's something going on under the narrative; you're very much aware of shine and glitter, of hair and skin—the imagery has a tactile life of its own. Boorman doesn't bother with episodes that don't stir him; there's no dull connective tissue. The film is like Flaubert's more exotic fantasies—one lush, enraptured scene after another. The images are crystal-clear, gold-tinted, jewelled; it's a stained-glass movie. But, of course, the Flaubert exotica—such as "Salammbô," which, as Francis Steegmuller writes, covers a great literary canvas with "the colors of violence and physical suffering, and above all with the color of blood"—are the ones that many readers find too rich.

The dialogue in "Excalibur" is near-atrocious; written by Rospo Pallenberg and Boorman, it reveals what Boorman thinks he's doing. He thinks he's showing us the primal harmony of man and the magic forces of earth and air, and then man's loss of magic, which passes into the unconscious. Jung believed that his investigations carried on the work of Merlin and the alchemists, and Merlin (Nicol Williamson) is the presiding spirit of this movie—its resident pundit and ironic relief. He's presented as the peacemaker: he counsels first Uther Pendragon (Gabriel Byrne) and then Uther's son, Arthur (Nigel Terry), against violence, and makes deals with them, granting them magical favors in exchange for their behaving peaceably. Wearing a silver skullcap with an encrusted jewel—a third eye—in the middle of his forehead (the cap could be a leftover from Max von Sydow's Ming the Merciless headgear in "Flash Gordon"), Merlin is both seer and jester. He's always threatening to disappear for an aeon or two, or for eternity, but he keeps showing up to tell us how

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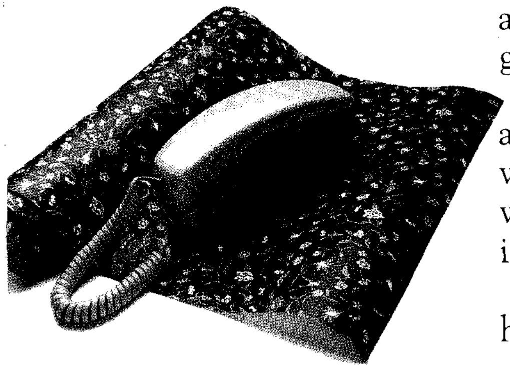

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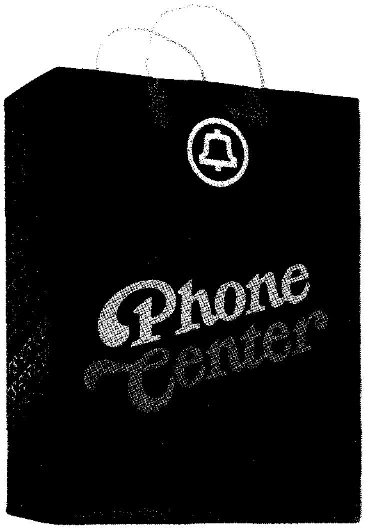

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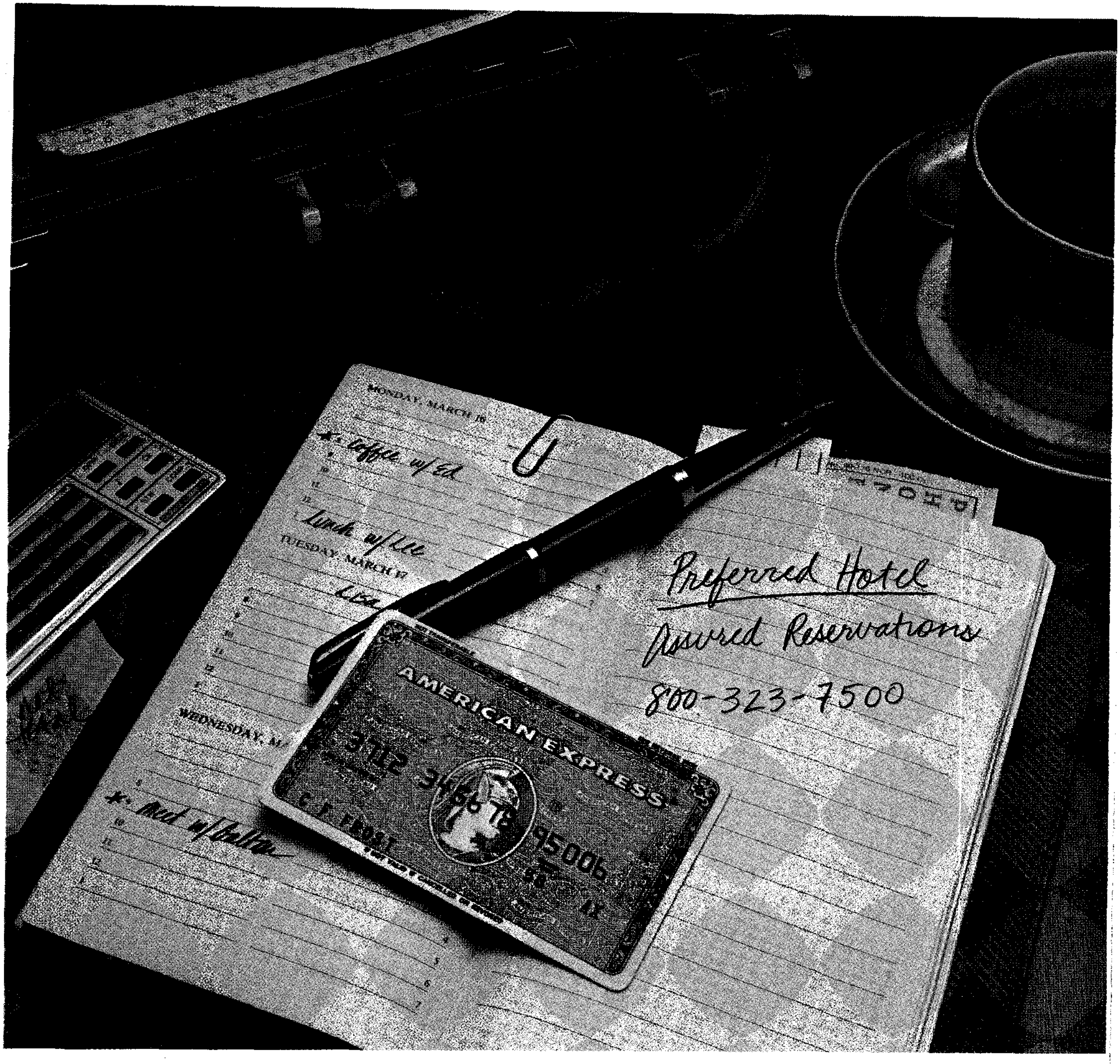
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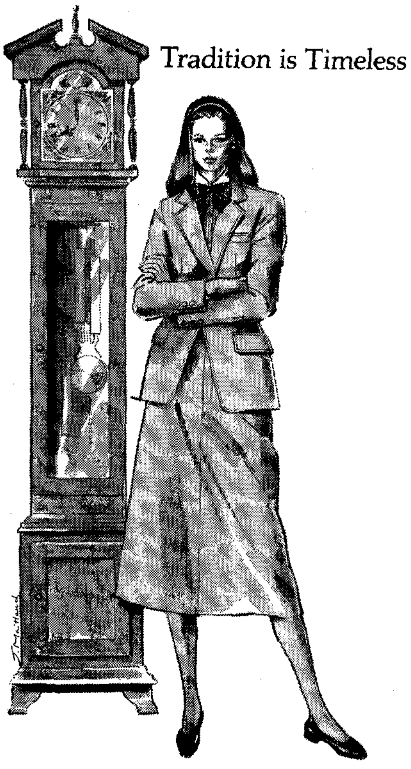
despondent he is about men's brutality and his own ineffectuality. He's a soft touch—he does favors that he knows he shouldn't, and they have fatal consequences. He's also a real talker, Mercutio-style, and he informs us of the meaning of what we're seeing. "The one God comes to drive out the many gods," he announces, thus presaging the ascendancy of Christianity, and soon King Arthur dispatches his knights on the quest for the Holy Grail. Merlin's speeches are wisdom droppings. Nicol Williamson toys with them; he uses a lilt and his deepest basso growl, but he's better off when he gets to do Gaelic incantations and we can just enjoy his vocal purring. It's as sensual as a love aria sung in a language that we don't know a word of.

Boorman's last two movies—"Zardoz" and "Exorcist II: The Heretic"—were also attempts at mythmaking, and we might have considered them classics if we hadn't known English. If we'd been able to imagine that the words were as lyrical and hallucinogenic as the images, we might have acclaimed Boorman instead of falling on the floor laughing (as a friend assures me he did when he saw "Zardoz") or throwing things at the screen (which happened at some theatres showing "The Heretic"). Boorman is telling the Arthurian legends straight, all right—as straight as he can ever do anything. One of the great things about modern movies which distinguish them from the pictures that used to be made by the studio factories is that the artists' nuttiness comes out now. If they're mediocrities, their nutty movies can be much worse than the movies that used to be patched and smoothed. But if they're giants, their work may have a virtuoso looniness all its own. Boorman is a giant. But he's a sensualist with images and a pedant with words. It isn't enough for him just to present an immensely complicated series of legends; he also tries to build in a Jungian interpretation, so that the movie, adapted from Sir Thomas Malory's "Le Morte d'Arthur," will demonstrate what man lost when he gained modern consciousness—how he has never been "whole" since, and all that jazz. Boorman's self-seriousness gets in the way of his artistry. In "The Heretic," the dialogue and how it was directed were ruinous; Richard Burton's recitatives were theological gibberish. Merlin's fanciful remarks are far more entertaining, though the central role that Boorman gives him takes time and emphasis away from Arthur and his knights.

Boorman appears to have got so caught up in his theory of the lost magical Oneness that he leaves a gaping hole in the middle of the Arthurian stories. When Arthur has become a man of peace and his kingdom (roughly, Europe) is flourishing and his court at Camelot is the center of culture, where's the chivalry? We get only a few glimpses of Camelot in long shot, and when we're inside, the knights look bored. (There was more even to the Kennedy Administration—they gave a few good parties.) We don't experience the realization of the paradisiacal dream, and so we're not horrified by its collapse. But the Arthurian stories support Boorman's visual style much more gracefully than his last two films did. I loved watching "The Heretic," but I couldn't recommend it to anyone without starting to grin shamefacedly. "Excalibur" is much simpler: it spans three generations—first Uther and his feuding with the other Celtic lords, then Arthur's reign, and, finally, the challenge to Arthur's power by his demonic son, Mordred. The movie might have been clearer still if the knights had had their names embroidered on their chain mail or painted on their foreheads. (Who is to say that this wasn't sixth-century practice?) Since the actors are almost all new to movies, it takes a while to sort the knights out.

The actors become more attractive and much more impressive as they age and we get to know them better. This is particularly true of Nigel Terry's Arthur and of Perceval (played by Paul Geoffrey—undistinguished youths who grow shaggy beards and develop presence and depth. (When Paul Geoffrey, who gives perhaps the most affecting performance, is bearded, he resembles Francis Ford Coppola.) Boorman seems to be caught in a bind, though. He can visualize what the men were doing in the sixth century—jousting, riding, and, no doubt, polishing their armor. (Lancelot's has such a silvery-white gleam that he can't have had time for much else.) But what were the women up to? Nothing but mischief, apparently, and Boorman can't seem to get them matched to the same century as the men. How do you get pretty women to look like barbarians? Boorman's Guenevere (Cherie Lunghi) is a hot chick with a mop of gorgeously dishevelled curly dark hair; she's like



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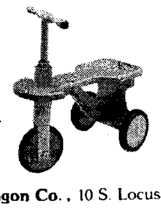

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the young Susan Hayward wearing a Pre-Raphaelite gown to a disco joint. The Lady of the Lake floating in the water might be Bo Derek. And as the treacherous Morgana (who in Hollywood versions used to be called Morgan le Fay) Helen Mirren is such a slinky witch that she looks as if she were practicing to play opposite Snow White in gay-bar theatricals. (Nobody in the movie seems to have any fun except Merlin and Morgana when they're huddled together talking about potions and spells. There's a conspiratorial intimacy between them; he's like a master cook imparting the secrets of the kitchen to a guileful apprentice.)

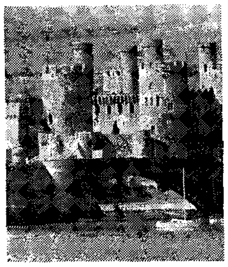
Somehow—maybe by sheer force of will—Boorman keeps the women's scenes from collapsing into camp. He needs the women; they're essential to the stories, because they're the source of evil. The Arthurian legends, like the stories of Helen of Troy and of Adam and Eve, are repositories of a peculiarly male mythology: woman the temptress causes man to fall from grace, to fight and kill. Yet though Boorman is in love with images and the whole movie has an erotic sheen, the adultery that shakes the kingdom is almost chaste. When hot little Guenevere follows Lancelot (Nicholas Clay) into the forest and chums up with him, they look so innocent, curled up together naked, like babes in the wood, that you can't accept the idea that this trivial frolic destroys the Golden Age of Camelot and brings starvation and pestilence on the land. The effect is altogether disproportionate to the cause, and you feel that something is off, that something is missing. No matter how this adultery was presented, it might be difficult for modern audiences to accept it as earth-shaking, but Boorman makes it just about impossible. What's off, I think, is the scale of the characters.

The film's Germanic-Byzantine-Celtic style often suggests Fritz Lang's "Siegfried" and "Kriemhild's Revenge," which were also serious dream-world epics. There's no problem of disproportion between action and consequences in Lang's movies, though, because the characters are scaled heroically. Boorman is telling magical, heroic tales about men and women as large as gods, but he has populated the screen with the kids next door: they're not big enough in spirit, in aspirations, in dreams, or in passions for the myths built on their adventures. The stories are of characters who are sorcerers or part phantom, part man, or who assume different guises. Arthur is himself born of magic: Uther persuades Merlin to transform him into the likeness of the husband of the dancer Igrayne (Katrine Boorman), so that he can sleep with her. Arthur's son, Mordred (Robert Addie), is conceived through a similar magical deception, concocted by Morgana, who is Arthur's half sister as well as the mother of his son. When Mordred is fully grown, he wears golden spiked armor and, on his head, a gold gargoyle mask that his own sneering mouth completes. This apparition of evil comes closer to mythological scale than Arthur or Lancelot or Guenevere or any of the others do.

Love and lust are so human that they're easy to forgive; the picture doesn't seem to have a real issue. You think, Is that what the Arthurian legends come down to—not gods, just these little people with their warts? Boorman denies us the elation that we expect to experience at the end of a heroic story. He has made the characters so small that the myths themselves shrink in his telling. The picture gives us a different kind of elation, though. The Dark Ages section, with its armored brutes—they're like crustaceans tearing each other apart—is a thrilling piece of moviemaking. The second and third sections don't have the same concentration, but they do have shots—such as the one of the aged Arthur and his aged knights riding through a Klimt-like grove of flowering trees—with the mystic ambience of silent-movie fairy tales. If "Excalibur" is a lamebrainstorm of a movie, it's at least a genuine storm. There's a stubborn, freakish discipline in the way Boorman refuses to hold the iridescent images for the extra beat that would make an audience exclaim at their beauty. Even when there's an effect that might make the audience's flesh tingle—like the scene on a hill when the knights stand in the ring that will soon become the emblem of their fellowship—Boorman barely waits for you to take it in. Where Fritz Lang would let you bask in the imagery, Boorman has so much he wants to do that he hurries you past. Was there really an iron snout protruding from someone's face armor? Those slimy creatures that crowded around Merlin as he rested in the shadowy foliage—were they his familiars? And when his eyes turned that dark, evil red, what tricks was he up to? Which were the knights hanging on the tree, where Morgana had trapped them? The picture moves along so inexorably, with lances going through chests in barbaric, orange-amber landscapes, that there isn't time to absorb all the components of the shots. When Merlin leads Morgana down into some dank rotten place—a grotto in the netherworld—the set could almost be an homage to Fritz Lang and his great designers. Boorman's cinematographer, Alex Thomson, his production designer, Anthony Pratt, and Trevor Jones, who prepared the score and conducted it, must have given him their fealty as well as their talent, because, amazingly, he does this kind of spectacle on the (relative) cheap. Using the Irish landscape and the Ardmore Studios, near Dublin, he is able to do for ten million dollars what would probably cost at least twice that if it was attempted here. At times, I was aware that there weren't quite as many extras as we're used to seeing, and there's a little joke near the end: the dragon's breath comes out of the old hag Morgana, and Arthur, who is leading his handful of surviving knights in a battle with Mordred's men, says, "In this fog, they won't know how few of us there are." It sounds like a reproach to the production manager.

Boorman's medieval battles don't have the same kind of impact as the great battle in the mud in Welles' "Falstaff;" every shot in the "Falstaff" battle scenes registers in your mind and helps to build the sequence. Boorman doesn't build. "Excalibur" is all images flashing by—ravishing images—and though we can't retain them, we drink them in. Each, in some weird way, seems to be on its own. This may help to explain the film's hypnotic effect: the events keep gliding into each other. We miss the dramatic intensity that we expect the stories to have, but there's always something to look at. The images keep coming, and the cadences are bizarrely even. Every now and then, there's an inchoate swelling—as in the royal-wedding sequence, where the sensuousness of metal and flesh makes you feel that something might be about to explode. Boorman sets an aestheticized mood, and by quivering, wiredrawn control he sustains it. At times, he's doing something close to free-associating visually. It's as if he were guiding us down a magic corridor and kept parting the curtains in front of us.

—PAULINE KAEL



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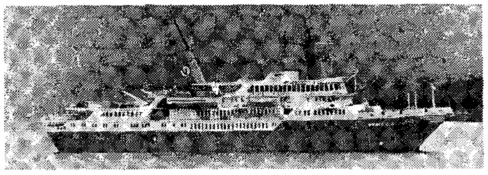

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FICTION

Creation, by Gore Vidal (Random House; $15.95). Cyrus Spitama, grandson of Zoroaster, dictates to his nephew Democritus the story of his long career as a roving ambassador in the service of the Persian Courts of Darius and Xerxes in the fifth century B.C. As Cyrus travels, first to the warring states of northern India and eventually to eastern China, history seems to stagnate; wars erupt and states dissolve with tedious regularity. Cyrus gets used to being called a barbarian by provincial despots who claim divine lineages and mandates, and he learns to conceal his contempt for the Hindu pantheon and for Buddha's semantic games; meanwhile, his faith in Zoroaster's theory of cosmic dualism begins to falter. Confucius' gracious, modest pragmatism almost wins him over, but it, too, evades his one abiding question: How could who (or what) create, from nothing (before "who," or "what," was created), Creation? In an afterword, Democritus proposes his own theory of existence ("The essential atoms are without limit in size and number, and they make of the universe a vortex in which all composite things are generated"), but by then Cyrus has died. Unfortunately, Gore Vidal's creation is devoid of dualism, or even a vortex; it is a confused and static book, like a ball-and-stick model of an impossibly immense molecule.

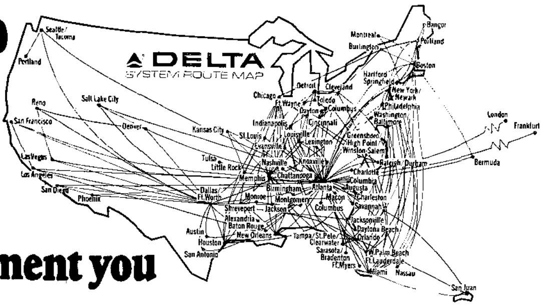
RARE BOOKS
LASZLO

Leave of Absence, by Theodore Morrison (Norton; $12.95). A senior editor facing an uncertain future—his company is about to be absorbed by a conglomerate, and a good job offer elsewhere is up in the air—takes a summer-long leave of absence; he and his wife own a pleasant house in a New England village, where, he feels certain, he will be able to sort out his thoughts. But troubles beset the couple as soon as they arrive, starting with a handful of petty disruptions and going on to an ugly deed (possibly, in fact, a federal crime) that seems out of place in the country. Mr. Morrison's plot is carefully planned not to flag, but it is awkward at times; every tree, storm, and sunset seems to be a symbol, and a number of characters (a crusty handyman, a nosy neighbor) are the sort of stick figures that turn up in detective stories. There is a scene, however, at the outset—a cat-and-mouse game between an unattractive pair of young people—that is nicely underplayed and that sets the tone, and haunts the couple, straight through to the end.

Headlong, by Emlyn Williams (Viking; $12.95). What if England's entire Royal Family, assembled to mark some historic occasion, were accidentally *obliterated*? The nation would go into mourning and then into shock, and the headless government would hunt through family trees in search of some obscure heir to the throne. Emlyn Williams conjures up just such a crisis in 1935 (his catastrophe features a gas-powered airship embarking on its maiden voyage), and his narrator, before he becomes King John II, is a cheerful young actor called Jack, from Cornwall. Mr. Williams has a keen ear for the various English dialects, and all his renditions ring true—from the Queen Mother's letters ("Our only plague is the crowds achattin up along our Hill mornin & nite, what they expectin to set eyes on, freaks? Your Father has put a notice on the gate, WILD BULL ON PREMESES, it baint true but in this case the Lord will look the other way, Your Lovin Mother & Subject, Alice Lavinia Green") to the giddy headlines of London's tabloids ("FROM THRESHER TO THRONE!" "FROM COWSHED TO KINGSHIP!"), which turn mean as the King attempts to grapple with the country's labor troubles ("KING JACKANAPES!" "CORNISH TERRIER BARKS UP WRONG XMAS TREE") and suspects that the days of his reign are numbered.

GENERAL

Cannibals of the Heart: A Personal Biography of Louisa Catherine and John Quincy Adams, by Jack Shepherd (McGraw-Hill; $15). The author of "The Adams Chronicles" moves to the next generation—another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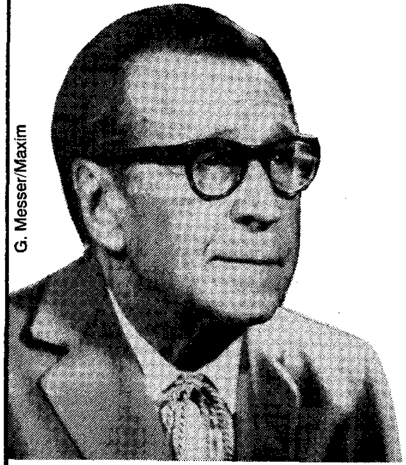

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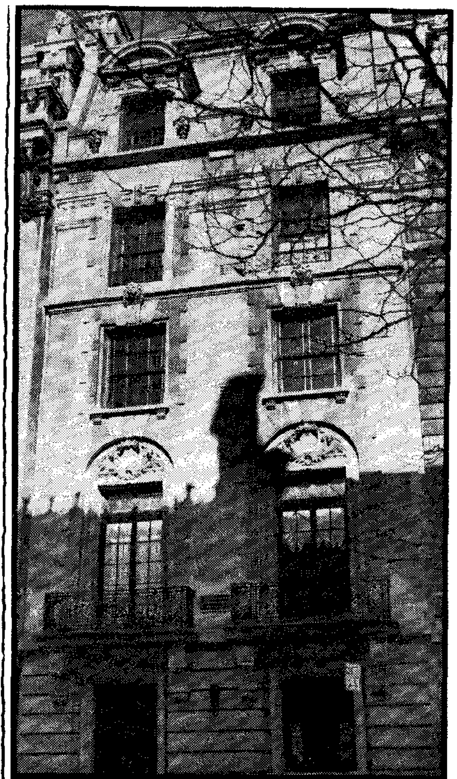
Adams President, John Quincy, and his wife, Louisa, née Johnson. In some respects, this tale is a degree more fascinating, because it is considerably less happy and lucky, and hence more believable and accessible. John Quincy and Louisa, unlike his parents, John and Abigail, were not well matched, and the biographer agrees with Louisa that her husband sacrificed her and their children to his ambitions, and that the suicide of their oldest son, at twenty-eight, was largely the result of his having been left with relatives in Massachusetts when John Quincy was appointed American Ambassador to Russia, in 1809. (The family was not reunited until 1815.) Mr. Shepherd shows us John Quincy's greatness, but at the same time he insists on Louisa's contributions: her charm repaired the damage done by his aloofness when he was seeking the Presidency. In her old age, she was converted to abolition and women's rights, making the identification—common among American women of her time—between the plight of slaves and the legal status of women.

HIGH SCHOOL, by David Owen (Viking; $12.95). Last year, the author—married, three years out of Harvard—took it into his head to assume a fictitious identity and join the senior class of a high school in a small city in New York State as a transfer student. His idea was to relive his adolescence and to find out how this generation of American students differs from the one he knew in 1973, the days of anti-Vietnam rallies and thirty-cents-a-gallon gasoline. Mr. Owen's account of the folkways of the Class of '80 at "Bingham High" is poignant and often brutally funny; his observation of the state of public education in a large school where some of the teachers are not wholly literate and where the students, almost without exception, are cheerful know-nothings who cannot speak, much less write, their own language properly, is something else. Significantly, not a single person at the school seems to have seen anything odd about a twenty-four-year-old man who claimed to be a seventeen-year-old high-school boy.

LAND OF SAVAGERY, LAND OF PROMISE: THE EUROPEAN IMAGE OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by Ray Allen Billington (Norton; $18.95).



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A couple of centuries' worth of improbabilities and impossibilities that were credited from Land's End to the Urals—implausibly good, bad, big, little, friendly, inimical Indians, white men, animals, and landscapes that might afford romantic or moral inspiration or abysses of terror and degradation. Some were pure inventions, others genuine travellers' tales hoked up because the reality was not salable; the violence of nineteenth-century adventure stories set in our West reminds us that sadism has been a longtime staple of entertainment. The author suggests that many of the negative images served various Europeans' purposes—to devalue democracy, say, or to deter the emigration of European working people. Many of the positive images arose from the experiences of immigrants who had made good on the frontier and wrote home about opportunities for success and the delights of equality. Mr. Billington follows images of the frontier down to its disappearance; its memory lives on in Europe's Wild West clubs—bands of specialists, hobbyists, and fantasists who stage mock powwows and rodeos.

STAN: THE LIFE OF STAN LAUREL, by Fred Lawrence Guiles (Stein & Day; $12.95). This is the first full-length biography of the creative half of the Laurel and Hardy comedy team. The unhappy facts of Laurel's career are pretty well known—the drinking, the money woes of a restless man who was bored by marriage but entered into it six times, the quarrels with studio heads. What makes this book worthwhile is the quality of the man himself—decent, gentle, uncompromising in his artistic integrity. Mr. Guiles hardly needed to tell us as much as he does about the quality and nature of Laurel's talent. George Burns, who toured with Laurel on the same vaudeville circuit during the First World War, said it all in one sentence: "You wanted to take him home."

TRACKS, by Robyn Davidson (Pantheon; $11.95). The vivid and vivacious memoir of a seventeen-hundred-mile walk with camels through the Australian Outback—an adventure that the young author, a city girl, undertook by herself for no particular reason. Miss Davidson is as natural a writer as she is an

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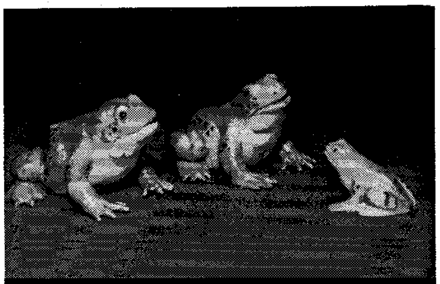

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adventurer. She contrives to make all sorts of unexpected information (about, say, camel harnesses) fascinating. She portrays herself as intense, peppery, and sometimes naïve; her journey was toughening in its psychological as well as its physical aspects. It was not lonely—she had, for example, the company of an elderly aborigine for one leg of the trek, and, as an animal lover, she found companionship in her camels and her dog.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

REFLEX, by Dick Francis (Putnam; $11.95). This is Mr. Francis's twenty-second suspense novel, and, like all but a handful (and those his least impressive), its scene is the English racing world and its hero is a slightly aging loner jockey. The plot is also cut from the usual pattern. That is to say, there are some lively races mingled with some suspicious goings on—in this case, the death in an auto accident of an apparently blackmailing race-track photographer. The hero, here called Philip Nore (and himself a gifted amateur photographer), gets involved, thugs appear, and Nore's life is threatened. A girl shows up—the usual bright, spirited, not immediately compliant girl. There is a makeweight subplot having to do with Nore's uncertain parentage and a congregation of Jesus freaks. The resolution centers on some very abstruse photographic-developing techniques. The entertainment level is moderate. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

•

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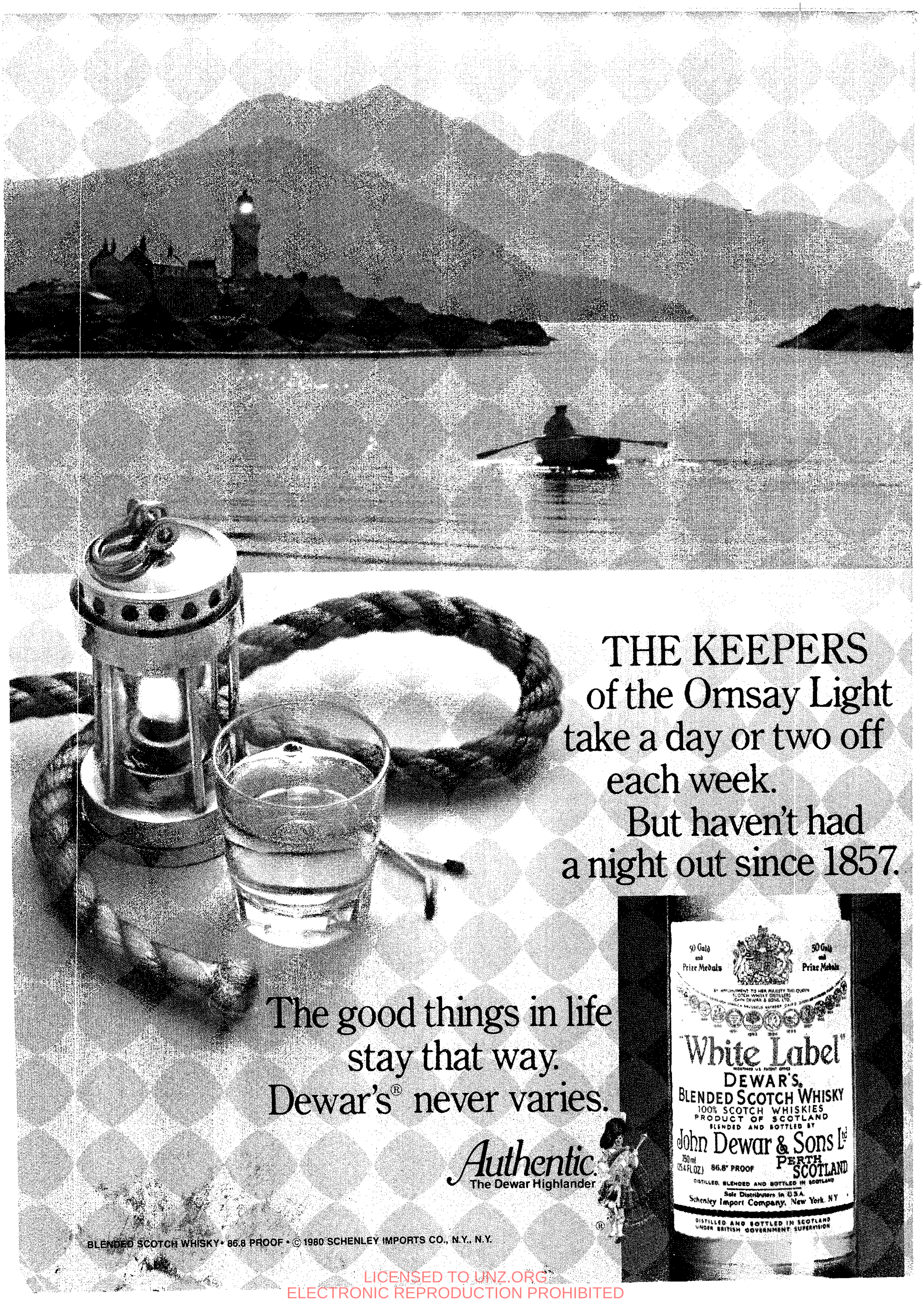
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